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ANNALS AND OCCURRENCES

OF

NEW YORK CITY AND STATE,

IN THE OLDEN TIME;

BEING A COLLECTION OF

MEMOIRS, ANECDOTES, AND INCIDENTS

CONCERNING THE

CITY, COUNTRY, AND INHABITANTS,

FROM

THE DAYS OF THE FOUNDERS.

INTENDED TO PRESERVE THE RECOLLECTIONS OF OLDEN TIME, AND TO EXHIBIT SOCIETY IN ITS CHANGES OF MANNERS AND CUSTOMS, AND THE CITY AND COUNTRY IN THEIR LOCAL CHANGES AND IMPROVEMENTS.

IN TWO BOOKS—ONE VOLUME OCTAVO,

EMBELLISHED WITH PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

"Oh! dear is a tale of the olden time!"
Sequari vestigia rerum.

BY JOHN F. WATSON,

AUTHOR OF THE ANNALS OF PHILADELPHIA, AND MEMBER OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETIES OF PENNSYLVANIA, NEW YORK, AND MASSACHUSETTS.

PHILADELPHIA:
HENRY F. ANNERS, CHESNUT STREET.
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PREFACE.

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It is impossible to contemplate the wonderful progress of *New York City and State*, in its actual advance to greatness, without feeling our hearts stirred with deep emotion, inciting us to gratitude and praise. * * * * But two centuries ago, it began its career as a little *Dorp*, or village, and now it is the great Commercial Emporium of the Union!

It should be the just pride and exultation of *an American* to belong to such a country;—and if so, what should offer him more interesting and edifying reading than the history of the infancy and progress to manhood, of such a people? Embued with such thoughts, we have supposed it might prove profitable to awaken in the breasts of the present generation, a fond regard for the Annals of their Forefathers,—to whose enterprise, skill and industry (under God,) they owe so much of their present enjoyments and distinction, as a new people.

Man has by nature an ardent desire, and an earnest curiosity, to learn the causes of things around him;—and it is equally the dictate of Parental indulgence, and of Bible instruction, that, "when your children shall ask you, wherefore are these things so, then shall ye answer them." From views and feelings like these, we have been induced to prepare the present pages illustrative of the early events of the City and County—of their inhabitants, their manners and customs;—such as things were in the days of rusticity and simplicity, when so wholly unlike the present display of fashion, pomp, and splendour. We aim, there-

fore, to lay before our readers such *a picture of the past*, as may present to their contemplation the most prominent and striking doings and things of the Founders and Settlers of the City and State,—intending herein, to restrict our exhibition to those incidents which could most *surprise, amuse, or interest their mind*,—while at the same time, it may increase their store of knowledge concerning *Country and Home*,—by delineating those early times, and by-gone days, when New York was but a Provincial town, and the Country a ragged, woody region, with only here and there an humble village—" few and far between."

It is by multiplying these local associations of idea, concerning our country, that we can hope to generate Patriotism, binding the heart by forcible ties to the parental soil.

> " Go call thy sons, instruct them what *a debt*
> They owe their Ancestors, and make them vow
> To pay it,—by transmitting down entire
> Those sacred rights to which themselves were born."

Philadelphia County, July, 1843.

☞ The reader is advertised that all references in these pages to occurrences said to have happened some 30, 40, or 50 *years ago*, are to be regarded as *so many* years preceding the year 1843, that being *the time* of finishing the present work.

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NEW YORK, IN GENERAL.

FIRST SETTLEMENT OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

"The *city* rear'd in beauteous pride—
And stretching street on street,
By thousands drew aspiring sons."

It was in the year 1609, in the delightful month of *September*, a month always furnishing pleasant days in our climate, that the celebrated Hudson, the discoverer, first furrowed the waters of the present New York harbour with the keel of his adventurous yacht the Half Moon. Then "a still and solemn desert hung round his lonely bark!" How unlike was all which he could then see or contemplate, to what we now behold! How little could his utmost reach of forethought realize the facts of present accomplishment—a populous and wealthy city; and a river scene, crowded with numerous vessels freighted with foreign and domestic plenty! Then the site of New York presented only a wild and rough aspect: covered with a thick forest, its beach broken and sandy, or rocky and full of inlets forming water marshes—the natives, there, were more repulsive than their neighbours, being gruff and indisposed to trade. We proceed to facts.

Whether Hudson actually landed upon New York *Island* is a little dubious, since he does not expressly mention it in his journal, but speaks of the reserve and gruffness of its inhabitants; and contrasting their unfriendliness, so unlike all the other natives, who were every where warm-hearted and generous. Of the Wappingi, the people on the western shore of the harbour, he speaks with warm regard; they were daily visiters and dealers, bringing with them for trade and barter, furs, oysters, corn, beans, pumpkins, squashes, grapes, and some apples. Among these Indians, say at Communipa and neighbourhood, *Hudson landed.*

But although Hudson has not himself mentioned any thing special of his landing in the harbour of New York, we possess a very striking tradition of the event, as told by the Delawares, and preserved for posterity by Heckewelder, the Indian historian. They described themselves as greatly perplexed and terrified

when they beheld the approach of the strange object—the ship in the offing. They deemed it a visit from the Manitto, coming in his big house or canoe, and began to prepare an entertainment for his reception. By and by, the chief, *in red clothes and a glitter of metal*, with others, came ashore in a smaller canoe; mutual salutations and signs of friendship were exchanged; and after a while, strong drink was offered, which made all gay and happy. In time, as their mutual acquaintance progressed, the *white skins* told them they would stay with them, if they allowed them as much land for cultivation as the hide of a bullock, spread before them, could cover or *encompass*. The request was granted; and the pale men thereupon, beginning at a starting point on the hide, with a knife, cut it up into one long extended narrow strip or thong, sufficient to encompass a large place! Their cunning equally surprised and amused the confiding and simple Indians, who willingly allowed the success of their artifice, and backed it with a cordial welcome. Such was the origin of the site of New York, on the place called *Manhattan*, (i. e. Manahachtanienks,) a revelling name, importing "the place where they all got drunk!" and a name *then bestowed* by the Indians as commemorative of that first great meeting. The natives then there, descendants of the once warlike Minsi tribe of the Lenni Lenape, were the same class of people called by Heckewelder the Delawares or Munseys. The Indians, in their address afterwards to Gov. Keift, said, "When you first arrived on our shores you were sometimes in want of food. Then we gave you our beans and corn, and let you eat our oysters and fish. We treated you as we should ourselves, and gave you our daughters as wives."

The first concern of the discoverer was to proceed up the "Groot Rivier,"—the great North River; the facts of which will be told in another chapter. After Hudson had occupied himself in exploring and returning, twenty-two days, he set sail for Europe; and his favourable reports gave rise to an expedition of two ships in 1614, under Captains Adrian Blok and Hendrick Christiaanse. 'Twas under their auspices that the first actual settlement was begun upon the site of the present New York, consisting in the first year of *four houses*, and in the next year (1615), of a redoubt on the site of the Macomb houses, now on Broadway. To this small *Dorp* or village, they gave the stately name of New Amsterdam. The settlement was wholly of a commercial and military character, having solely for its object the traffic in the *fur trade*. At the same time another similar settlement was formed at Albany. Colonization and land culture was an after-concern.

At the time *Holland* projected this scheme of commercial settlement, it was in full wealth and vigour, building annually 1000 ships; having 20,000 vessels, and 100,000 mariners. *The City of Amsterdam* was at the head of the enterprise. Its *merchants*

projected the scheme of sending out Capt. Henry Hudson (an Englishman) to discover a northern passage to the *East Indies.* In this attempt he of course failed; but as some reparation for the consequent disappointment of his employers—" the Directors of the East India Company," he fell upon the expedient of sailing southward to Virginia, to make something there by traffic, &c. In so doing he fell upon the eventual and memorable discovery of the Delaware and Hudson rivers. This was in the year 1609.

In March 1614, the States General gave out their grant, for the purpose of the *fur trade,* of this new country to "the Amsterdam licensed trading *West India* Company," intending New York as a part of their fancied West Indies! Although the Dutch thought little or nothing of colonization, the *English* then in Holland, exiles for conscience sake, early desired to form a colony at New York, and actually embarked for that purpose in 1620, but were prevented by the fraud of the Dutch captain, as it was alleged, and were actually landed at Plymouth; forming there the memorable "Pilgrims of Plymouth"—the forefathers of New England.

In the year 1623, "the Privileged West India Company," under its new charter of 1621, began its operations along the Hudson, for the first time, with a direct view of colonization. In 1623, colonists and supplies were sent out with Capt. Kornelis Jacobse Méy, and were most heartily welcomed by the few previous inhabitants. Before these arrived, they had been two years without supplies and destitute; so that some of the Staten Islanders had cut up the sails of their boats for necessary clothing. In compliment to Capt. Méy, and in memory of his welcome arrival in the bay of Manhattan, they named the bay *Port May.* At this time they commenced their Fort Amsterdam, on the Battery Point, southward of their former redoubt; and finished it, under Gov. Wouter Van Twiller, in 1635.

It might serve to show the state of the fur trade about this time, to state, that in the first year of Governor Minuit's administration, they collected and exported 4,700 beaver and otter skins, valued at 27,125 guilders, or 11,300 dollars; and that in ten years afterwards, they shipped in one year 13,513 beavers and 1661 otters.

The settlement and fort continued to bear the name of Nieuw Amsterdam, by the Dutch, down to the time of the surrender by Governor Stuyvesant to the English, in 1664. Then for ten years under the rule of Cols. Nicolls and Lovelace, acting for the Duke of York, it was called *New York;* but in August, 1673, a Dutch fleet, in time of war, recaptured it from the British, and while exercising their rule for their High Mightinesses of Holland, to the time of the peace in 1674, they called the place *New Orange,* in compliment to the Prince of Orange, and the fort they called Willem Hendrick.

The city being restored to the British by the treaty, was redelivered to the British in October, 1674. The fort then took the name of Fort James, being built of quadrangular form, having four bastions, two gates, and 42 cannon. The city again took the name of New York, once and forever.

The city was laid out in streets, some of them crooked enough, in 1656. It then contained by enumeration "120 houses, with extensive garden lots," and 1000 inhabitants. In 1677 another estimate of the city was made, and ascertained to contain 368 houses. In the year 1674, an assessment of "the most wealthy inhabitants" having been made, it was found that the sum total of 134 estates amounted to 95,000*l.*

During the military rule Governor Colve, who held the city for one year under the above-mentioned capture, for the States of Holland, every thing partook of a military character, and the laws still in preservation at Albany show the energy of a rigorous discipline. Then the Dutch mayor, at the head of the city militia, held his daily parades before the City Hall (Stadt Huys), then at Coenties Slip; and every evening at sunset, he received from the principal guard of the fort called *hoofd wagt*, the keys of the city, and thereupon proceeded with a guard of six to lock the city gates; then to place a *Burger-wagt*—a citizen-guard, as night-watches at assigned places. The same mayors also went the rounds at sunrise to open the gates, and to restore the keys to the officer of the fort. All this was surely a toilsome service for the domestic habits of the peaceful citizens of that day, and must have presented an irksome honour to any mayor who loved his comfort and repose.

This sunrise parade of the mayor and his suite, elicited the poetic and graphic effusion of Mrs. Sigourney, and which as a tribute to the author, and not having been put in print, is now inserted here.

Lo with the sun, came forth a goodly train,
  The portly Mayor with his full guard of state:
Hath ought of evil vex'd their fair domain,
  That thus its limits they perambulate,
With heavy, measured steps, and brows of care,
Counting its scatter'd roofs with fixed portentous stare?

Behold the keys with solemn pomp restor'd
  To one in warlike costume stoutly brac'd,
He, of yon Fort, the undisputed lord,
  Deep lines of thought are on his forehead trac'd,
As though of Babylon, the proud command,
Or hundred-gated Thebes were yielded to his hand.

See, here and there, the buildings cluster round,
  All, to the street, their cumbrous gables stretching,
With square-clipt trees, and snug enclosures bound,
  (A most uncouth material for sketching)—

Each with its stoop, from whose sequester'd shade,
The Dutchman's evening pipe, in cloudy volumes play'd.

Oh, had these ancient dames of high renown,—
  The Knickerbockers and the Rapaeljes,
With high-heel'd shoe, and ample tenfold gown,
  Green worsted hose, with clocks of crimson rays,—
Had they thro' time's dim vista stretch'd their gaze,
Spying their daughters fair in these degenerate days,

With muslin robe, and satin slipper white,
  Thronging to routes, with Farenheit at zero,
Their sylphlike form, for household toils too slight,
  But yet to winter's piercing blast, a hero,
Here had they marvell'd at such wonderous lot,
And scrubbing-brush and broom for one short space forgot.

Yet deem them not for ridicule a theme,
  Those worthy burghers, with their spouses kind,
Scorning of heartless pomp, the gilded dream,
  To deeds of peaceful industry inclin'd.
In hospitality sincere and grave,
Inflexible in truth, in simple virtue brave.

Hail mighty City,—high must be his fame
  Who round thy bounds, at sunrise *now* should walk;
Still wert thou lovely,—whatsoe'er thy name,
  New Amsterdam,—New Orange, or New York,
Whether in cradle sleep on sea-weed laid,
Or on thine island throne, in queenly power array'd.

It may amuse some of the present generation so little used to Dutch names, to learn some of the titles, once so familiar in New York, and now so little understood. Such as,—

De Heer officier or Hoofd-Schout—High Sheriff.
De Fiscael, or Procureur Gen.—Attorney Gen.
Wees-Meesters—Guardians of orphans.
Roy-Meesters—Regulator of fences.
Groot-Burgerrecht and Klein-Burgerrecht—The great and small citizenship, which then marked the two orders of society.
Eyck-Meester—The Weigh-Master.
The Schout, (the Sheriff,) Burgomasters and Schepens—then ruled the city, "as in all cities of the Father land."
Geheim Schryver—Recorder of secrets.

FIRST SETTLEMENT OF ALBANY.

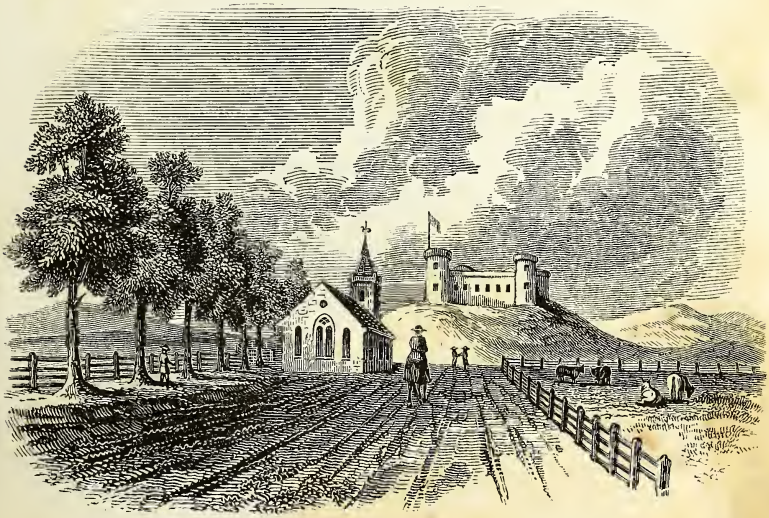
"But times are alter'd—trade has changed the scene,
A *city* rears its form where only huts were seen."

This city began its career cotemporary with New York, having been visited and explored, as the head of navigation, by the discoverer, Capt. Hudson, on the 19*th September*, 1609; a day long to be remembered and respected as their *natal day*, as a people, by the present Albanians. In this vicinity he remained with his little ship the Half Moon four days, cultivating friendship and trade with the natives, by whom his ship and people were much visited. The Mohawks—Maquas, were dwelling on the western side of the river, and the Mohiccans on the eastern side. The frank and generous natives made them every where welcome, and they in turn offered to make their hearts gay "with wine and aqua vitæ;" so much so, that one of them became much intoxicated, and so astonished the others, "that they knew not how to take it, and made ashore quickly in their canoes." The story of this drunken revel became a memorable tradition, long retained among all the Indian tribes; and this incident, connected with a similar one remembered at New York island, gave rise to the name of Manhattan; i. e. "the place where they all got drunk." The descendants of the Delawares often spoke to Heckewelder of the manner in which the white skins first dealt out strong drink from a large *hock-hack*, (a gourd or bottle,) which produced staggering and happy feelings.

It was under the visit of Schippers (captains) Blok and Christiaanse in 1614, that it got its first redoubt and first settlement on *the island* below Albany ferry. To this they gave the name of Casteel Eylandt, (Castle Island,) in allusion to its defence; having mounted there two brass and eleven *stone* guns, (these "stien gustuckers" pieces of arms, meant *iron* guns, which were to discharge *stone* shot:) with a little garrison of a dozen soldiers, commanded by an *opper-hoofdt* or chief: the whole making just as many men as big guns! This little castle fort was abandoned in 1617, having encountered there an unexpected enemy in the annual flood. They went thence four miles southward, to the shore of a creek called Nordtman's Kill, where they erected another defence, and there held a memorable treaty with the Indians, which they long remembered and often referred to.

In 1623 they laid the proper commencement of the present Albany, in the construction there of *Fort Orange*, and giving to the little village the name of *Aurania*—names in compliment

Fort Amsterdam and Village, New York, p. 10.



Dutch Fort and English Church, Albany, p. 14.

and respect to their Prince of Orange. This first fort in Albany was on the river side near to the present Fort Orange Hotel in South Market street.—It seems to have been slightly constructed, for in 1639 it is complained of as in decay; and as being injured by the action of the hogs.

Albany was always fruitful in names, sometimes bearing several at the same time. They might be noticed generally thus, to wit: It was called Beverwyck until 1623; then Fort Orange until 1647; then Williamstadt until 1664; when it first received, by reason of the British conquest, the name of *Albany* or Albania after the duke. During all the preceding period it bore also the popular nickname of *Fuyck*, which means hoop-net, in reference to their use of it in fishing. The Indians of the Munsey tribe had given it another name, calling it Laaphawachking, which meant the place of stringing wampum beads, for which the Dutch of Albany were prized. It had also other names among other tribes; thus it was called Skaghneghtady, or Schenectadea, a term signifying "the other side of the river." The Mohiccans called it Gaschtenick; the Delawares called it Mahicawaittuck; and the Iroquois, Chohotatia.

It having been the advanced post for the fur trade, it was of course, for numerous years, the proper *Bever wyck* for the beaver and otter sales of the Indians. It was the proper market for all which "the great five nations" could gather from their proper hunting grounds—their *Couxsachraga*—importing the dismal wilderness. From this cause Albany was, more than a century, a place almost as common to Indian visiters as to whites.

The second fort, a great building of stone, was constructed on a high steep hill at the west end of State street, having around it a high and thick wall, where they now have a state-house and a fine commanding view over the town below. The English church was just below it, at the west end of a market: and the original old Dutch church, now down, of Gothic appearance, stood in the middle of State street at the eastern end—of which see a picture.

The original Dutch church, founded in 1656, was supplied in 1657 by the Rev. Gideon Schoats from Amsterdam, to whom there was soon after sent out a bell and pulpit, for what they then called the little church. When they enlarged this church in 1715, they did it (as has been said to have been done with the first Christ Church in Phladelphia,) by building outside of it a new wall—enclosing the whole, and roofing it in before taking down the inner church, so as to lose only three sabbaths of worship in effecting the change. The windows of this new church were richly ornamented *with coats of arms.* This church, after standing upwards of 90 years at the intersecting angle of State, Market and Court streets, was taken down in 1806, and *the stone of it,*—

to preserve its remains, was used in the construction of the South Dutch Church, between Hudson and Beaver streets.

It does not appear that any stone or brick buildings were erected, for many of the earliest years of the settlement—say till 1647, when the first stone house was built, near to the Fort, and upon this occasion we are informed that they celebrated the occurrence with an extreme regale of one hundred and twenty-eight gallons of liquor! Log houses were those in common use.

Albany was originally surrounded by palisades, as a means of defence—some of their remains have been occasionally found, in digging in places, within the last forty or fifty years.

The town being under the military government of three commissaries appointed by the governors from year to year, made it in some cases too rigorous for some of the Indian traders, and they, to get from such surveillance, went on to Schenectady Flats, where they succeeded to intercept considerable of the fur trade intended for Albany. This became a vexatious annoyance to the Albanians, and produced much of ill-will and bickerings between the two settlements. It was a part of the ordinances of the commissaries, that no one could build houses, buy or sell, or keep stores or taverns, without their grant and permission.—This may have seemed a restraint of undue severity;—but it was doubtless founded upon the necessary precaution of excluding unsuitable settlers.

Albany was incorporated as a city in 1686, under the administration of Governor Dongan.

In 1842, in making some excavations in the street near Fort Orange, they dug out a dozen cannon balls, some of them weighing from twelve to fourteen pounds. They had of course many years of peaceful and harmless slumber, and have now none to tell their tale of former doings.

Professor Kalm, who visited Albany in 1749, has left us some facts. All the people then understood Dutch. All the houses stood gable-end to the street; the ends were of brick and the side walls of planks or logs; the gutters on the roofs went out almost to the middle of the street, greatly annoying travellers in their discharge. At the *stoopes* (porches) the people spent much of their time, especially on the shady side; and in the evenings they were filled with people of both sexes. The streets were dirty, by reason of the cattle possessing their free use during the summer nights. They had no knowledge of stoves, and their chimneys were so wide that one could drive through them with a cart and horses. Many people still made wampum to sell to the Indians and traders. Dutch manners every where prevailed; but their dress in general was after the English form. They were regarded as close in traffic; were very frugal in their house economy and diet. Their women were over-nice in cleanliness,

scouring floors and kitchen utensils several times a week; rising very early and going to sleep very late. Their servants were chiefly negroes. Their breakfast was *tea* without milk, using sugar by putting a small bit into the mouth. Their dinner was buttermilk and bread; and if to that they added sugar, it was deemed delicious. Sometimes they had bread and milk, and sometimes roasted or boiled meats. The New Englanders thought the Albanians much too close, and there was no good will to them in turn.

State of society, manners, customs, &c., as they existed at and about Albany before the Revolution, as told by Mrs. Grant in her Memoirs of Mrs. Schuyler.

Herein we aim to bring up "the very age and picture of the past." To wit:*

The Van Rensselaer family held a manor beginning at the Church and extending twelve miles in every direction. He was called the Patroon of Albany.

On the Mohawk river, forty miles from Albany, was the confederacy of the Five Nations, who cultivated rich fields, built castles, and planted maize and beans, &c. They were possessed of eloquence, and generous and elevated sentiments, heroic fortitude, and unstained probity.

At Albany, was a palisadoed fort, occupied by one company, who were however scattered through the town, working at various trades, for their own profit.

The Flats, (the Watervliet,) upon which the first Col. Philip Schuyler lived, fourteen miles north of Albany, was a frontier position, and would have been considered dangerous but for his high character and just interests with the Indians. In the time of Queen Anne, he took with him four of the sachems to visit England, about the year 1709. They were gone a year, and were much pleased with all they saw and considered.

Education then was difficult to attain, especially for girls. They were taught to read Dutch in their Bible; very few could read English, all however could talk it imperfectly.

Fashion had no influence there. All was simple and unpretending, hospitable and kind. They had a universal respect for religion and morals.

The women were great gardeners. You could see them going out to their garden labours with a great calash, a little basket of seeds, and the rake on the shoulder. Women in very easy circumstances, would so work incessantly; they were also great florists.

*Mrs. Grant, once Miss Anne MacVicar, was born in 1754—became acquainted with Mrs. Schuyler in 1762, (at eight years of age,) and died in Scotland in 1838. She was the danghter of an officer in the 55th Regiment, on the Indian frontier, and married in Scotland to Mr. Grant, a Clergyman.

The city was a kind of semi-rural establishment. Every house had its garden, well, and green plot behind. Before every door a tree was planted, many of them of prodigious size and beauty. At every house was an open portico, surrounded by seats, and ascended by a few steps.

Every family had a cow, fed in a common pasture at the end of the town. In the evening they returned all together of their own accord, with their tinkling bells, hung at their necks, along the wide and *grassy* street, to their wonted sheltering trees, to be milked at their masters' doors.

Nothing could be more pleasant to a simple and benevolent mind, than to see thus at one view, all the inhabitants of a town which contained not one very rich or very poor, very knowing or very ignorant, very rude or very polished individual ;—to see all these children of nature, enjoying in easy indolence, a social intercourse, clothed in the plainest habits, and with minds as undisguised and artless.

These primitive beings were dispersed *in porches*, grouped according to similarity of years and inclinations. At one door matrons; at another the elders of the people; at a third *the youths and maidens*, gaily chatting or *singing* together; while the still younger,—the children, played round the trees, or waited by the cows, for their share of milk, which they generally took sitting upon the steps; making their supper of bread and milk, before going to bed. The cows in the meantime were treated with a few vegetables, and a little salt. They patiently waited the night to be milked again in the morning, and then they went off slowly in *regular procession* to their pasture.

At the other end of the town was a fertile plain along the river of three miles in length, and near a mile broad, in which every inhabitant had his lot, wherein they raised sufficient of Indian corn for the food of two or three slaves, (the number usually owned by families severally,) and also for the use of the horses, pigs and poultry. Their flour and other grain they purchased from country farmers.

Then slavery was of the mildest form—their slaves were really happy. They seemed like Abraham's servants, who were all born in the house. Nothing pained them so much as the fear of being sent away, or to be sold *for bad conduct*, to the West Indies. All children so born in the house, were solemnly presented when three years old to a son or daughter of the same sex and family; and from that day the strongest attachment subsisted between the black and the destined owner. They were, in fact brought up together. The blacks were indulged in great freedom of speech, in giving their opinion and advice, &c. It was indeed *wonderful* to see so little of servility and fear on the one side, and so little harshness or authority, on the other. They were the most devoted and affectionate and honest servants imaginable.

The owners had no idea, then, that slavery was wrong, and still less did the servants themselves think of it. All thought that they saw slavery in their Bibles, and thought that all that could be required of Christians, was to lighten and soften the chains of servitude. Free and civil as was the intercourse between black and white, no case had ever occurred of "amalgamation;" and no instance of mixed colour had been seen until produced by some in the British army, coming among them. The first instance of the kind produced emotions of surprise and dislike.

They had a custom after the manner of Geneva, of dividing the children of the town into companies: beginning at about five to six years of age, and continuing till they were marriageable. Every company contained as many boys as girls. They kept annual festivals, and every child was permitted to entertain his whole company on his birth-day, at which time the parents were to leave home, and let them have full range of the house and their plays.

The girls showed early industry; being fully employed in knitting stockings, or making clothes for the family and slaves; they even made all the boys' clothes. Their dress was slight and cheap in summer, and warm in winter. Their dress of ceremony, was only used, when *company* was assembled.

The wild pigeons in April used to be very numerous. They begin to fly in the dawn, and are never seen after 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning. They go to the banks of the lakes, where they eat the seed all summer of a plant like the wild carrot. They are then breeding and rearing their young. While they were passing over Albany, every body kept holiday, to shoot them down in vast numbers. After them came the feasting upon the emigrating wild geese and ducks, all coming with the pigeons from the South.

Contracts for marriage were early and easily formed. Youths married by nineteen years of age. A new married man soon set out upon a trading adventure with the Indians, going up the Mohawk with his black assistant in their canoes, enduring much hardship cheerfully, and making money readily by it. In travelling inland, they were obliged to depend much upon their skill in hunting and fishing for their supply of provisions. At night they had to go ashore and light their fires, to drive off musquitoes, and to scare the wolves and bears away, of which there was no lack, "rendering night hideous" by their dismal howls.

The Albanians were exceedingly social, and visited each other very frequently, besides the regular assembling together in their porches. Dinner, which was very early, was always without ceremony, and in a family way. They loved each other; but of strangers they were shy, but came to be kind and civil if you did not act intrusively or insolently. Their tea was a perfect regale, having many sorts of cakes, sweetmeats, confectionary and

pastry. They received many sweetmeats from the West Indies in return for their shipments of lumber.

They were extremely fond of sleighing in Winter. The young people went out in parties, stopping at any or every house along the road, whether by night or day. They were always well received though not personally acquainted. They shared their banquet wherever they stopped.

In town, the *boys* were all extravagantly fond of sledding *down hill* on the snow; descending from the Fort hill in State street, afforded them a long run of a quarter of a mile. All the youth from eight to eighteen, had each a sled. Down such a hill one hundred could be seen at once descending rapidly. The exercise brought out all the young people to their porticos to see the sport, where they would continue to sit, wrapt in furs, till ten or eleven at night.

They had a practice among the young men to steal a turkey, or a pig, and to have a supper therefrom at some inn. It was necessary to be done with *Spartan* dexterity, so as not to be discovered, and not to commit any other injury. Cases have occurred where they have been caught, and they then have made interest with the owner, to join their party, and perhaps to go and prey upon some other. But all this had to be abandoned, when they arrived at matrimony.

When houses were located in the country, great care was taken to preserve one stately tree in the back yard, on purpose to make shelter for the birds. There the limbs were pollarded (cut), in midsummer, so as when they decayed to leave a little hole for nests. Such a tree was at Col. Schuyler's. They also saved all the horse and ox heads, so as to place them on the tops of the posts of the fences near the house to afford nesting places for the birds. Thus hundreds of birds were domesticated near the houses, to kill off the flies, musquitoes, crickets, &c. Old hats too, were nailed about the negro houses, for nests.

The barn was an immense building at the Flats. All were built upon the plan of four sides, and the roof highest at the centre. The roofs above were filled with swallows.

About the year 1750, there came to Albany a regiment of British soldiery, having many gay and licentious young officers. They excited much fear and distrust among the graver people. Even the mass of the young did not like their free and confident deportment. The Dutch minister, Domine Freylinghausen, was much concerned for his moral and quiet people. He preached and spoke against innovations, vain-glory, and pride. Some of the officers however managed to get billeted in sundry families of the lighter and more frivolous sort. In time they succeeded to get up plays and dances in a barn. With this came in an *anglomania*, forming a sect among the young people, who affected a lighter style of dress and manners. From all this however,

Madame and the Colonel kept wholly aloof, nor would they welcome any of the free officers to their mansion. In time, the young colonel of the regiment got into a dilemma with the young lady of the house where he resided, which produced great scandal and much affliction to her distressed and unsuspecting parents. It was a new thing—an unheard of deception. Before this time, there was not a single family that even knew what was meant by a play.

I here give some incidents in the life of Madame Catalina Schuyler, much of which is much like facts and traits in the life of the distinguished Mrs. Deborah Logan, of Germantown, here preserved as some of the characteristics of society, in the olden time. To wit:—

Catalina Schuyler, born in 1702, at Albany, was the niece of the first Col. Philip Schuyler, and was married in 1719 to her cousin Col. Philip Schuyler, son of the former. He died in 1757, and she in 1778-9. The first of the family known to us, was Col. Peter Schuyler, who in 1690, was mayor of Albany, and commander of the northern militia.

She was early distinguished for a great desire of knowledge, and an even and pleasing temper. At that time it was very difficult to procure education; few girls then read English; and if they did, it was thought an accomplishment. They however generally spoke it; but in an imperfect manner. Miss Schuyler had an early taste for reading: but her books, though choice, were but few. In early life, she was majestic and graceful, and her countenance extremely fine. In later years, she became heavy and corpulent; but always dignified and benignant. She had a high regard for the Indians, and spoke their language, many of whom often came and set down in her neighbourhood in "the Indian field," left open for their encampment and use.

The house was a large brick building, of two or three stories, for it had excellent attics, besides a sunk-story, finished with the exactest neatness. Through the middle of the house was a very wide passage with opposite front and back doors, which in summer admitted a stream of air, refreshing to the languid senses. This was furnished with chairs and pictures like a summer parlour; and here the family usually sat in hot weather, when there was no ceremonious stranger.

A large portico at the door, was laticed round and furnished with seats; vines run all through this portico, and in it were a number of little birds domesticated. While breakfasting or drinking tea in the portico, birds were constantly gliding over the table with a butterfly or grasshopper for their young who were chirping above. Nests were all around on the trees; none were allowed to injure the birds, they were useful to destroy the flies, musquitoes, &c.; and besides they gave the chorus of their song.

In summer the negroes resided in a slight outer kitchen, where food was dressed for the family.

The winter rooms had carpet; the lobby had oil-cloth; the best bed room was hung with family portraits well executed.

The house fronted the river, on the brink of which under shades of elm and sycamore, ran the great road towards Saratoga, Stillwater, and the northern lakes. A little avenue of morilla cherry trees, led from the house to the road and river, not three hundred yards distant.

The Indian field was the resting place of all the travelling Indians, and marching military. Every summer the place was so occupied; sometimes there were wigwams erected there; all manner of garden stuff, fruit and milk, were plentifully distributed to wanderers of all descriptions from the Colonel's hospitable store.

Her husband, Col. Philip Schuyler, was the first who raised a corps in the interior of the province. This brought him much into intercourse with British military, and with the governor, &c. Mrs. S. by the good sense and good breeding with which she accommodated her numerous and various guests, without visible bustle or anxiety, showed herself worthy of her distinguished lot.

Mrs. Schuyler, early in life, was delivered of a dead child; she had none of her own afterwards; but was constantly adopting and bringing up others. This indeed was the practice of the country; it was also done by the Indians.

She was called "Aunt Schuyler" when advanced in years, by all who knew her familiarly; and "Madame Schuyler," by the public in general. The last soubriquet she derived from the French Canadian prisoners, to whom she had showed much kindness.

It was one of her singular merits, that after acting with grace and dignity at New York in the governor's circle, while with her husband making the usual annual visit to New York city, she could return to the homely good sense and primitive manners of her fellow citizens of Albany, free from fastidiousness and disgust. Few indeed without study or design, ever better understood the art of being happy and making others so too. All the children she adopted and brought up were all married to advantage, as useful and refined women.

At the liberal table of aunt Schuyler, where were always intelligence, just notions, and good breeding to be met with, both among the owners and their guests; there were to be met British officers of rank and merit; only such could find a welcome there; and to be unwelcome there, was a sure disparagement upon any person of pretension and name.

At the flats, the self-righted boor learned civilization and subordination; the high-bred and high-spirited field officer, gentleness and respect for unpolished worth.

Neither influenced by female vanity, or female fastidiousness, but always taking liberal views of every thing, she might very truly say of popularity, as Falstaff said of Worcester's rebellion, "it lay in her way, and she found it:" for no one ever took less pains to obtain it. She had all the power of superior intellect, without the pride of it. But though her conversation was reserved, for those she preferred, her advice, compassion, and good offices, were always cordially given where most needed. In the large family she had always about her, she was the guiding star, as well as the informing soul, at the same time enjoying and encouraging innocent cheerfulness. She was eminent in christian virtues and graces, and gave her time to her devotions. Her reading was always solid and improving; she loved and quoted Milton; she had always with her some young person "who was unto her as a daughter." She began the morning with reading the Scriptures. After arranging her orders for the day, she retired to her closet to read, where she generally remained till about eleven; then she went with guests into the bower, in the garden, or into the portico to sit and converse on useful topics. In conversation, she certainly took delight and peculiarly excelled: never engrossing or seeming to dictate therein. Whenever she laid down her book in the course of the day, she immediately took up her knitting. Her advice and opinion was often consulted in the public affairs.

There was probably no family possessing such uncommonly well trained, active, and diligent slaves. There were two races of them of two excellent mothers, who were severally ambitious to bring up their children to usefulness in the family. Some of them could make good tradesmen, such as wheelwrights, carpenters, and masons on the place. Being well treated themselves, they were all kind and gentle to the inferior animals under their charge. They all had pets of their own about the place, such as squirrels, raccoons, and beavers.

Mrs. Schuyler, when her husband died in 1757, had him buried in a family ground near to his own house. The grave she used to visit often, and sit there and meditate.

The Schuyler family, at the origin of the American war divided. Some took to the King, and some to the Independence. Those who adhered to the crown, were rewarded with grants of land in Upper Canada. Madame Schuyler, however, remained in Albany, and with much prudence avoided to take part on either side,* though her bias was for the crown. She died 1778-9.

Mrs. Schuyler, after the conflagration of her mansion, at the Flats, went to live permanently at her house in town; and it so

* Maj. Gen. Philip Schuyler, and his services in the Revolution, are well known in our history. Burgoyne destroyed his property at Saratoga, to the amount of £10,000, and was then generously banqueted at his house in Albany while a prisoner.

happened, as to be the next door to Miss Anne MacVicar, the lady who became Mrs. Grant, she then being a child, when their acquaintance began. At that time her leading negresses had become old, and laid by; sitting up in the kitchen, and chiefly employing themselves in talking and smoking. Madame too had become aged, and had lost many of her former connections. The future, from the near approach of colonial opposition, was beginning to look dubious and cheerless; which was one reason probably, why her active mind turned *mostly on retrospection.* She loved to recount to young Miss MacVicar, (Mrs. Grant,) *the tales of other times;* because she found in her so good and so interested *a listener.* Her conversation generally related to the origin and formation of all she saw around her in this new world, and afforded ample food for reflection to considerate minds.

The earliest English church in Albany, used to be held by the army chaplain. The same ministers used to go and serve occasionally in Schenectady.

To myself, who so well knew the traits of Mrs. Logan's character, I saw so many points of resemblance, in the foregoing quoted work of Mrs. Grant's "Memoirs of an American lady," as made me pleased and surprised at almost every page. The foregoing extracts are only a few of the many which could be *felt* to bear their relation to the manner and habits of Mrs. Logan. They were both superior women—both above the pride and vanity of the world around them—both religious—and both women of easy elegance and refined conversation—both of them owed much to their self-training and useful reading—both had but ordinary means of original education. They lived at a time when schools were only instituted for elementary objects; and all the future advancement was to depend upon their own use of books, and intercourse with intelligent society.

The Dutch forefathers were very religious in their views and feelings—always manifesting great reverence for holy things. A lease of 1651, now in existence and in the possession of Stephen Van Rensselaer, "for the old maize land at Catskill," reads thus: —"The tenant is to read a sermon or portion of the Scriptures every Sunday and high festival, to the christians in the neighbourhood, and to sing one or more psalms before and after prayers, agreeable to the customs of the church of Holland." Certainly such a reverent regard for the institutions of religion in a new settlement, showed a very considerate and commendable trait in "the Director of Rensselaer Wyck," the grantor of said lease.

In the Dutch records found in the archives at Albany, is a letter dated the 1st of January, 1680, signed by Thomas Ashton *commander,* Martin Garretse, Derck Wassels, and others, *commissioners* of Albany, directed to Captain Brockholst, then Governor of New York, concerning the *Great Comet,* which had

filled them with superstitious dread, wherein they thus set forth their excited alarms, to wit: "Hon'd Sir, According to former practice in this season of ye year, wee have sent *this post* to acquaint you how all affares are here with us, which is (thanks be to God) all in peace and quietnesse. The Lord continue ye same through ye whole government. Wee doubt not but you have seen *ye Dreadful Comet Star*, which appeared in ye southwest on ye 9th December last, about two o'clock in ye afternoon, *fair sunshine weather*, and which takes its course more northerly, and was seen the Sunday night after, about twy-light, with *a fiery tale or streamer in ye west to ye great astonishment of all spectators*, and is *now* seen every night in clear weather. Undoubtedly *God threatens us with dreadful punishments if we do not repent.* We would have caused ye *Domine* to proclaim *a fast*—a day of *fasting and humiliation* to-morrow, to be kept on Wednesday, if wee thought *our power and authority did extend so far:* for all persons *ought* to humble themselves in such a time, and pray to God *to withdraw* his righteous judgments from us, as he did to *Ninevah.* Wee should be glad to receive *your approbation in this matter*, and to have *monthly*, a day of fasting and humiliation, and wee pray you answer by the bearer."

We perhaps think we are much wiser now—certainly not more reverent and God fearing, however better we may now understand the nature of harmless comets. Had it been "withdrawn" as they then prayed, who knows the greater evil which might have ensued! The Pilgrim Fathers of New England were not less reverent when they saw only purposed judgments in their influenza, of that period, when it, however, afflicted almost specially, their best saints.

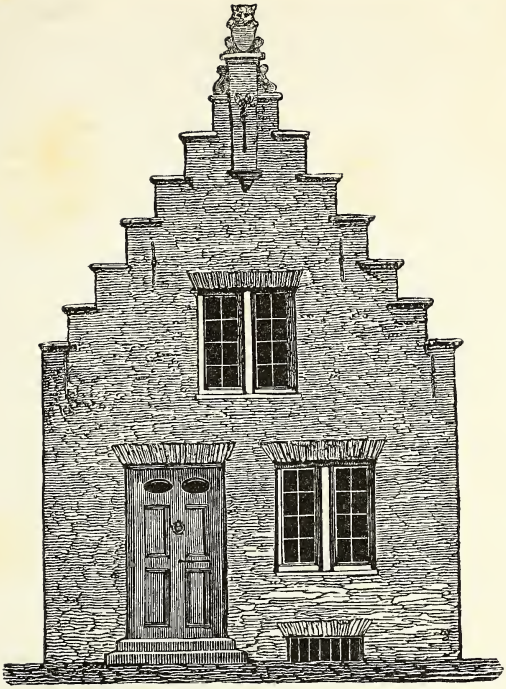
Patroon island, about a mile below Albany, was visited by an *unprecedented* flood, in May, 1833. It washed off in some places the entire soil to the depth of several feet; exposing human skeletons buried after the Indian manner, in a sitting posture. The island contained 160 acres of rich soil, occupied by a dozen families as cultivators of vegetables for the Albany market.

The state of the *Patroon*, such as was enjoyed by Van Rensselaer, was the nature of feudal prerogative. As *the Lord* of his domain, he held a supremacy in judicial and military matters. The courts administered justice in his name; and the people took their oath of allegiance and fealty to himself alone.

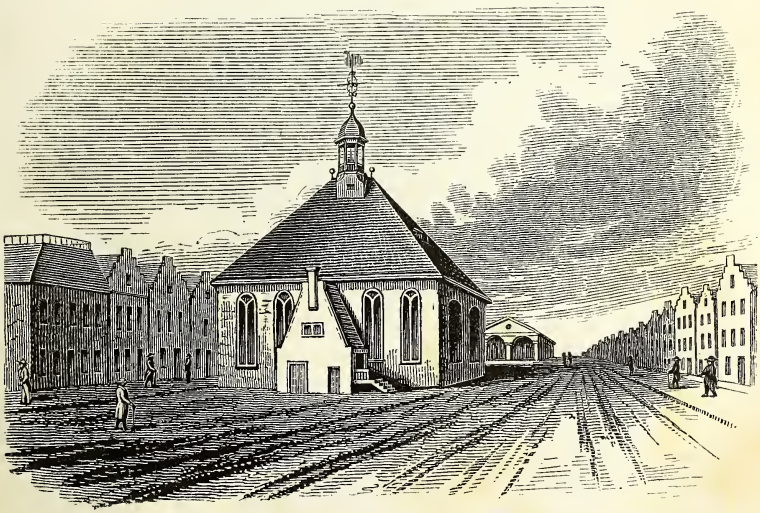
SCHENECTADY.

This place was the earliest settlement inland from Albany—being sixteen miles distant, and was formed at that place by the Dutch, as the nearest proper landing at the foot of the Mohawk navigation. It was the proper place of the fur trade, where the Indians brought their skins and received their supplies in return. It was also for numerous years, the proper place of shipment of military supplies, going inland up the Mohawk. Even before the settlement of the whites at this place, it was the great concentration of Indian population,—it having when first known as many as eight hundred warriors, and as many as three hundred of them lived within the space of what now forms only one farm in the neighbourhood. All of the earliest houses were formed like those of Albany after the manner of the Dutch construction. The first Dutch settler at Schenectady was named Corlaer—before 1666. Its name signifies "beyond the pine plains."

Being essentially a Dutch town, and far off from city population, and city life, they retained their primitive character unaltered for numerous years. They were money making and frugal in their habits; familiar and hospitable in their social relations, and being daily in intercourse with the Indians, they were assimilated to them in habits and feelings. Their characteristics have been aptly drawn by Judge Miller, who speaking of them says, that the story of their lives is only by tradition and memory—we know that they had industrious habits, resolute minds, proverbial economy and signal integrity; they were not men of learning as that term is *now* understood; they may not have been polite men in the present acceptation of the word; and very certainly were not fashionable men. None have ever known an old, respectable and sensible Dutchman that had ever been a fashionable, nor has any ever known a young Dutchwoman who ever made herself disfigured by her costume, or injured her health, for the sake of display. Their raiment as well as their food was plain, necessary and useful, and to this day, the plain, straight coat of the pristine Dutchman, the neat cap, and the ruddy countenance, smiling under the plain sun bonnet of the Dutchwoman, give delight in the recollection. But these men and women are seen now no more,—they are gone, and with them their simplicity, and other interesting qualities which garnished and beautified men and women in the olden time. To such ancestors and matrons, the present generation owe an everlasting debt of gratitude and respect. They encountered all the difficulties and



Dutch House, Schenectady, p. 26.



Dutch Church, State Street, Albany, 1656 to 1806, p. 15.

hardships common to a new country; they were a stalwart and hardy set of veterans, who made the forest fall before them. If our condition is now more safe and comfortable, let us remember that these Dutch forefathers have been the instruments and agents of the most of what we now enjoy.

Schenectady as a frontier post and town had its defences of stockades and palisades, its gates and its block-houses. Prepared for war it was thus enabled to avoid it, even if hostilities had been apprehended. They however had no enemies until they became exposed to the machinations and sinister designs of the French in Canada. These with their Indians, becoming desirous of avenging the successful assault of the Iroquois on Montreal, undertook a winter surprise in the year 1690, intending, if successful here, to pursue their attack upon Albany itself. In managing such a winter expedition through the snow, a party go before in snow shoes, so as to beat a track for those who follow. At night, groups would dig holes in the snow, casting the snow excavated on the side next the wind—then they would collect branches of fir-trees for their flooring, make their fire in the centre, wrap themselves in their fur skins, and lay down with their feet towards the fire. In the dead of night of the 8th of February, when the ground was covered with snow, a small expedition of two hundred French and a number of Indians, arrived unapprehended, and entering the guard gates before the inhabitants could be armed for defence, they forced and fired almost every house, butchering sixty persons of every age and sex, and bearing off several prisoners. The rest fled almost naked in a terrible storm and deep snow. Several of them lost their limbs through the rigour of the cold. It was an awful time; and long, long was the calamity remembered and related by the few who survived to keep alive the fearful story. Those who most felt for the sufferers, and sighed most for revenge, had an opportunity in the next year, to join an expedition under the command of Major Peter Schuyler of Albany, "the Washington of his day." He conducted about three hundred men, of whom the half were Mohawks and Schakook Indians; at La Prairé they encountered twelve hundred men under De Collieres, and in several conflicts slew thirteen officers and three hundred men, returning home in safety. This was certainly executing wonders against so superior a force!

It is said to have been a fact, that just before the massacre occurred, Colonel Glen tried to convey intelligence to the Schenectadians of the approach of the Frenchmen, while they were still on the other side of the river, and that for this purpose, he used the services of a squaw, who had been in the habit of selling brooms in the doomed village. But when she informed some of the villagers, they were incredulous, as deeming it impossible that such an invasion, could be meditated in such an

inclement season and from such a distance. Tradition says, that she paid a visit to a certain widow who was regaling the pastor of the place with chocolate, then a luxury. On entering the house, she gave some offence to the widow by shaking off the snow from her moccasons on the newly scrubbed floor, which quickly sent off the squaw, muttering as she went, "it will be soiled enough before to-morrow!" The name of the pastor was Tassomaker, and he was the first ever settled in the place. He took the alarm, however, and went away saying nothing; but following his *own* fears. He was never seen or heard of afterwards, which led some of the good people to apprehend that he was spirited away. The widow too, somehow, made her retreat, and left descendants who used to relate these facts to subsequent generations.

A curious memento of the calamity has been singularly preserved in a family of Albany, being an original manuscript, written by Walter Wilie, one hundred and fifty years ago. It is a relic of the olden time in itself; and if the poetry flows not in Lydian measures, it was probably equal to the poetic standard of the day and place. The writer designed, that it might long survive him, and it is certainly curious, that *his wish* has been so well fulfilled, to wit:

"A ballad, in which is set forth the horrid cruelties practised by the French and Indians on the night of the 8th of last February. The which I did compose last night, in the space of one hour, and am now writing, the morning of Friday, June 12th, 1690. W. W."

God prosper long our King and Queen
  Our lives and safties all,
A sad misfortune once there did
  Schenectady befall.

From forth the woods of Canada
  The Frenchmen tooke their way,
The people of Schenectady
  To captivate and slay.

They marched for two and twenty daies.
  All thro' the deepest snow;
And on a dismal winter night
  They strucke the cruel blow.

The lightsome sun that rules the day,
  Had gone down in the West;
And eke the drowsie villagers
  Had sought and found their reste,

They thought they were in safetie all,
  And dreampt not of the foe;
But att midnight they all awoke,
  In wonderment and woe.

For they were in their pleasant Beddes,
  And soundelie sleeping, when
Each Door was sudden open broke
  By six or seven Men.

The Men and Women, younge & olde
  And eke the Girls and Boys,
All started up in great Affright,
  Att the alarming Noise.

They then were murthered in their Beddes,
  Without shame or remorse;
And soon the Floores and Streets were strew'd
  With many a bleeding corse.

The Village soon began to Blaze
  Which shew'd the horrid sight:—
But, O, I scarce can Beare to Tell
  The Mis'ries of that Night.

They threw the Infants in the Fire,
  The Men they did not spare;
But killed All which they could find
  Tho' Aged or tho' Fair.

O Christe! In the still Midnight air,
  It sounded dismally,
The Women's Prayers, and the loud screams,
  Of their great Agony.

Methinks as if I hear them now
  All ringing in my ear;
The Shrieks & Groanes & Woeful Sighs,
  They utter'd in their Fear.

But some ran off to Albany,
  And told the doleful Tale:
Yett tho' We gave our chearful Aid,
  It did not much avail.

And We were horribly afraid,
  And shook with Terror, when
They told us that the Frenchmen were
  More than a Thousand Men.

The News came on the Sabbath Morn
  Just att the Break of Day,
And with a companie of Horse
  I galloped away.

But soone We found the French were gone
  With all their great Bootye;
And then their trail We did pursue,
  As was our true Dutye.

The Mohaques joynd our brave Partye,
  And followed in the chase
Till We came upp with the Frenchmen,
  Att a most likelye Place.

Our soldiers fell upon their Reare,
  And killed twenty-five,
Our Young Men were so much enrag'd
  They took scarce One alive.

D'Aillebout them did commande,
  Which were but Thievish Rogues,
Else why did they consent and Goe
  With Bloodye Indian Dogges?

And Here I End the long Ballad,
  The Which you have just redde;
And wish that it may stay on earth
  Long after I am Dead.

WALTER WILIE.

Albany, 12th of June, 1690.

The Dutch of this land, have always been pre-eminent for their attachment to their church—its ordinances and their "Domines." It is therefore but matter of necessary consequence, that we should feel a satisfaction in preserving the little history of their origin and perpetuity.—The church records show—that their first pastor was the *Rev'd Petrus Tasschemaker,* from Holland, beginning his charge in the year 1684. Before that time only occasional service could be performed, in private houses, by visiters from Albany—and in the meantime the better Christians made their church visits to the Albany church by going and returning in two days. This honoured Domine, as has been told, disappeared mysteriously in the time of the massacre, and was succeeded in 1702, by the Rev'd Thomas Brower, also from Holland, who continued his services till 1728, when he died. The Rev'd Bernardus Freeman and Rynhard Erkson, also from Holland, served next in order. In 1740, we find the name of Cornelius Van Santvoord, as the settled clergyman,—he coming from Staten Island. He died in 1754, and was succeeded by a Domine of the place named Barent Vroomer, who continued till his death in 1782.—His successors down to the present time were all Americans, to wit: the Rev'd Derick Romeyn, of New Jersey, the Rev'd John H. Myers, also from N. J. The Rev'd Cornelius Bogardus and the Rev'd Jacob Van Vechten, the present pastor.

The first church was built between the years 1684 and 1698. It was located at the south end of Church street near the head of Water street. In 1733 a more commodious one was erected in the *centre* of the street, where Union and Church streets intersect. —This venerable pile was, by innovation, razed in 1814—like a similar church in the street in Albany. Before going down, it fell into secular use—such as a watch house—a school house and market. The bell of this church was remarkable for its silver tones, said to have been because of a good proportion of that metal in its composition.—It is at all events a fact that it gave out a more distant sound, than one of twice its size, since

used in another and more modern church of another religious denomination.

It is to be told to the honour and good feeling of Mr. Jan Rinkhout, that he made this church a donation of that tract of land now called the "poor pasture,"—so called because the avails were formerly applied to the use of the poor of the congregation. He reserved to himself a small spot on which he had his hut, partly under ground—the remains of which are still to be seen. The good man himself is now underground—and his soul we trust is in heaven.

The first English church, called St. George—was erected under the auspices of Mr. John W. Brown, who came from England sometime preceding the year 1762,—when the Episcopal church was founded. Its principal benefactors were Sir Wm. Johnson and John Duncan, Esq. Previous to the Revolution, this church owned a valuable library. This together with the organ and a greater part of the interior work was destroyed by some Indians and a gang of lawless whites. Strange as it may seem, these whites were *Whigs !*—of such as were all passion and little sense! It was called and considered "the *English* Church," and as such their rage was against every thing *English.* They of course thought it was under British influence. —They even meditated the destruction of the pastor's—Mr. Doty's property; but they knew not his place of abode, and as none would inform them, he escaped their ire. Their first pastor was the Rev. Wm. Andrews—he was succeeded in 1773, by the Rev. Mr. Doty—who left his charge in 1777, probably as a Tory. There was no settled minister again until 1791, when the Rev. Ammi Rogers took the charge, and has since been succeeded by the Rev. Mr. Whitmore, the Rev. Cyrus Stebbins, and the Rev. P. A. Proal.

We are indebted for several of the preceding facts to the industry and kindness of Giles F. Yates, Esq.

In excavating the earth through a little hillock, for the track of the Utica and Schenectady railroad, in the vicinity of Fort Johnson, four miles west from Amsterdam, a number of human skulls and bones were found about two feet below the surface, being evidently the remains of Indians. At the head of the bodies was a copper kettle and a quantity of wampum, a piece of rich Indian blanket, and a silver breast plate.

As late as the year 1785, a deer was shot in the town of Rotterdam, by Lewis Peek. Since then none have been seen in this county, although they formerly abounded, as did also wolves and panthers. Only twenty-five years ago a wolf was seen in the neighbourhood of this city. Major J. J. Tonda of Glenville, pursued and killed it. No bear has been seen in the vicinity since 1770, not a single buffalo since 1783, nor a panther since 1784. Grouse once numerous have not been seen since 1740.

The first settler on Norman's Kill, within the present bounds of Schenectady nigh Princetown, was John Hendrick Van Bale, who received his patent in the year 1672. The Indian name of the creek is To-was-sent-haw, meaning a place of "*many dead.*" The word *haw* is used as an affix to many Indian words, and implies *place*, and "Ha-ga" the inhabitants of a place, and thus Caugh-nawaga-haga, means the people of Caugh-nawaga. A Norman family of the name of De Foix, corrupted to De Fox, gave the name to Norman's creek, and also to Fox's creek. This family at a very early period owned land at both places.

The first settler at Amsterdam, was Albert H. Vedder, who went there in 1784. The Indians called the place Chuck-ta-nunda.

Such names as Amsterdam and Rotterdam, evince their Dutch origin, just as the Haldeburgh, shows that of the Germans.

Scenuscios, an Indian of the Oneida tribe, lived many years on the Bouwlandt. His wigwam stood on the land of Van Otto. He died in the year 1781, at the age of 96 years; he was the father of the celebrated Skenando, who lived to 110 years.

Sechehowan, a chief of the Mohawk tribe, spent the whole of a long life in the Bouwlandt. He was the last of the *Sachems*, was very brave and intelligent, and was much attached and serviceable to the whites. He died in 1783, upwards of 100 years of age. In dying he said, now I am going; the whites may come and take all! His grave still known, is on the west of Schulenberg creek, near the residence of Bartholomew Schermerhorn, Esq.

The cone-roof'd cabins melt away,
And pale-fac'd strangers bear the sway!

"Mill creek," which now seems a creek, was originally a canal, dug 110 years ago. The object was to furnish a mill-site near the town of Schenectady, and for a long time, it sufficiently answered that purpose.

At the time of the great freshet in 1832, nearly the whole of the Bouwlandt was overflowed, a deep hole was made in the Erie canal, near the city, and at the bottom, at 20 feet below the surface of the flats, was found a stratum of leaves, more than six inches thick. A similar deposit was found in digging a well for Judge De Graff. At a few rods distance, on the south side of the river, at the depth of 20 feet, trunks and bodies of trees are still to be seen, projecting into the water, and showing, probably, the shifting of the banks in ancient times.

In the Bouwlandt, at the foot of the verge of the hills skirting the flats, near the residence of John J. Van Eps, Esq., a *mound* has been noticed for many years. In levelling it for building in 1832, the workmen came across a human skeleton of great stature. It was seated in the centre of the mound, with his face to the east, (why the east?) and by its side was an earthen vessel in fine preservation; it was 18 inches high, rested upon four feet of two

inches length, and would have been preserved as a curiosity, had not the foolish workmen broken it up in the hopes of finding money!

As a proof of the entire *Dutch* character of Schenectady, we here add the names of sundry streets, as originally called. We feel a penchant for their preservation in this way. The reading of them seems to bring us back to the freshness of olden time. *Longen gang* was the ancient name of the present Maiden lane. It was long the place and scene of their horse and foot races. It was also famed as the night resort of *sphooks* and spectres dire. *Aghter straat* was the name of the present Green street. Niskayuna straat is now Union street. The "old Fort," (once the new Fort,) was at corner of Cherry and Church streets. Sundry localities or *quarters*, for there were not many streets, may be thus designated as *Hoeckjen*, viz: "*Mathemas*" should be Marthamet, (i. e. aunt Martha,) "*Boshe-boys*" should be Bathsheba, and "*Honsum*" should be Hanson. Judge Tomlinson's corner was called *Wilhelmus Vaders Hoeckjen.* The Mohawk Bank corner, *Garret Simondse Hoeckjen. Helenamet Hoeckjen* was the quarter at the west end of Front and Washington streets. This last place was also called *Gouden Hoeckjen*, meaning *the Golden*, because the richest people generally resided there.—[There was a similar *Golden* place in New York City—such as Gouden berg, i. e. Golden Hill?] The principal *points* of the city called "*Hookeys*" were also thus designated, viz., *Honsum's Hookey*, at the corner of Church and State streets, where the old men assembled, leaning on their staves, smoking their pipes, and discussing the topics of the day. How different from any present topics! *Shuter's Hookey*, corner of Washington and State streets —still retains its ancient appellative. Thank the moderns for this! *De Noord Hoek and De Zuyd Hoek*—(north and south corners,) and Caleb Beck's corner or Hookey, is now the corner of Union and Church streets. For all these illustrations of names of bygone days, we are indebted to the gentleman before named, Giles F. Yates, Esq.

In the year 1748, during the French and Indian war, one Daniel Toll, a farmer, being out three miles from Schenectady in search of his stray horses, was fired on and killed by Indians. His servant giving the alarm, there went out sixty young men from the town in pursuit; but while they were viewing the body, the Indians in ambush, surprised them and killed half of the party. Their corpses were returned to their homes in the same evening. What a time of deep mourning it must have been to families to lose so many young men at once, from a town of small population!

In June 1759, a party of Indians assaulted a woman, servant, and child, between Fort Johnson and Schenectady, and attacked some men in a boat on the Mohawk. The woman was scalped,

and reached Schenectady, and the child and servant were borne off as prisoners.

On one occasion, of about a century ago, a young couple who were to have been married, and were to pass the Tomhanic creek to meet their parson, were prevented from joining their minister by the sudden flood of the creek, and they were actually married, by the reading of the marriage ceremony, with the parties divided on the two sides of the creek.

EARLY SETTLEMENT AND INCIDENTS AT BROOKLYN AND LONG ISLAND.

"These are thy annals, briefly told."

Brooklyn, originally spelt Breucklyn, and meaning broken land, was first settled by George Jansen de Rapaelje, and other *Frenchmen*, who located themselves at the place called the Waal boght or Waloon bay. His compatriots were Le Escuyer, Duregee, Le Sillier, Cershaw, Conscilleur and Musserol, members of the Hugonaut emigration. The earliest deed for land there is from Governor Keift, in 1638, to Abraham Ryckern; and the oldest recorded grant is to Thomas Basker, in 1639. This must be considered as among the first of the permanent *Dutch* settlements on Long Island. The Dutch commenced their settlements on Long Island at the west end as early as 1625. The English about the same time at the east end.

In 1659, the inhabitants made a call of the Rev. Henry Solinias as their pastor, sent out from Holland. Their first church was built in 1666, and stood about forty years, when another was erected on the same site, and stood till 1810, when a new one was built on Jerolemon street, which is again superseded by another of more costly character.

Brooklyn was originally connected with Governor's Island at Red Hook point, so that cattle were once driven across the present Buttermilk channel. This channel has probably been since deepened by the extension of the wharves on the East River.

The Dutch on Long Island were always careful to obtain their lands there, by purchases from the Indians. Several of such deeds are to be found recorded, and therein show, that there were originally on the Island, several tribes of different national or distinctive names.

The redoubts at Brooklyn, formed by the Americans in 1776, before the British landed from Staten Island, near the present Fort Hamilton, formed a line of intrenchments, from a ditch near the late toll-house of the Bridge company, at the Navy Yard,

down to Fort Green, then called Fort Putnam, and from thence to Freek's mill-pond. A strong work was erected on the lands of Johannes Deberoice and of Van Brunt; a redoubt was thrown up on Bœmus' hill opposite Brown's mill; and another was on the land of John Johnson, west of Fort Green. Poniesburg, now Fort Swift, was fortified, and a fort was built on the land of Mr. Hicks, on Brooklyn heights. At the same time Chevaux de frise was sunk in the main channel of the river below New York. In a short time all this expensive and toilsome preparation of defence, went for nothing, when yielding to the superior appointments and strength of the enemy! Such is la fortune de la guerre!

While Gen. Washington was present, he occupied as his quarters a low Dutch house of 1699, on the Gowanus road, near the shore, and a mile and a half from the South ferry. The same now owned by Mr. Cortelyou.

Brooklyn is deservedly remembered as the depository of the bones of 11,000 American prisoners sacrificed to the cruelties of war. For further particulars concerning the Prison ships moored at the Wallabout, and their suffering and dying inmates, see the Chapter concerning the Incidents of the War.

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Gravesend, was settled in 1640 by emigrants from Massachusetts, who had before gone there from England. These were soon joined by Lady Deborah Moody, and her son, Sir Henry Moody. She was a woman of wealth, who with her associates were obliged to leave Lynn and other places of Massachusetts, because of their religious sentiments, such as her discountenancing infant baptism, &c. After her arrival her house was several times assailed by the Indians. She was held in much estimation by Gov. Stuyvesant. The original records of this town are still preserved from the year 1645.

Smithstown, was settled by Richard Smith, from Gloucester, in England. He settled first at Boston, in 1630, then at Narraganzett. In 1656, he came to this town on Long Island. He had great interest with the Indians, and acquired large tracts of their land, which was afterwards confirmed to him by Governor Andros, in 1677. His will of 1691, on record, shows a large estate, and numerous names of legatees and relatives. They became, indeed, so numerous, as to take distinctive family divisions, such as the *Bull* Smiths, (from the family use of a bull for riding purposes;) the *Tangier* Smiths, because once connected with Tangier. There were also the *Rock* Smiths, and the *Blue* Smiths. Thus showing even in that early day, the present perplexing difficulty of *identifying* the *abounding* progeny of the *Smiths!*

Gardiner's Island, a place of 3300 acres, was settled by Lyon Gardiner, in 1641. He was by birth a Scotchman, who had attached himself to Cromwell, he went to Holland, there married a Dutch girl, then went out to Saybrook Fort, where he had com-

mand, thence went to his island at Long Island. It has been made remarkable by having been a favourite visiting place of Capt. Kidd, the pirate; there he buried and hid some of his treasure, which became known to Gardiner, and was given up by him to the commissioners of Governor Bellamont, after Kidd's arrest and imprisonment at Boston. On one occasion Kidd presented Mrs. Gardiner with a cloth of gold, which has been preserved in the family. The original receipt given to the Gardiner family for the treasure surrendered, is sufficiently curious at this day to be here copied, as it tends to show the kind of treasure for which the "money diggers" have been so long and so fruitlessly employed. To wit:—

A true account of all such gold, silver, jewels, and merchandize, late in the possession of Capt. Wm. Kidd, which had been seized and secured by us pursuant to an order from his Excellency, Richard, Earl of Bellamont, bearing date July 7, 1699.

Received, the 17th instant, of Mr. John Gardiner, viz.

		Ounces.
No. 1.	One bag of dust, gold,	63¾
2.	One bag of coined gold,	11
	and one in silver,	124
3.	One bag of dust, gold,	24¾
4.	One bag of silver rings and sundry precious stones,	4⅞
5.	One bag of unpolished stones,	12½
6.	One piece of crystal, cornelian rings, two agates, two amethysts,	
7.	One bag of silver buttons and lamps,	
8.	One bag of broken silver,	173½
9.	One bag of golden bars,	353¼
10.	One do. do. do.	238½
11.	One bag of dust, gold,	59½
12.	One bag of silver bars,	309

SAMUEL SEWALL, NATHL. BYFIELD, JEREMIAH DUMMER, ANDW. BELCHER. } *Commiss'rs.*

If the proper owners of the foregoing certified treasure could but appear to tell their separate tales of woe, in their several losses of wealth and life, by the hands of the pirates, what an array of *ghosts* would appear.

Flushing.—This ancient village was begun in 1644. Soon after it was visited by the Quakers, sundry of whom settled there. George Fox preached there in 1672, under the two great oaks still there, at the Bowne house. The Episcopal church was formed there in 1720, under the auspices of the Society for the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

It has lately come to pass that by opening a railroad half through

the length of Long Island, to the Babylon watering place, they have reached the wild pine lands, filled with "herds of tranquil deer." This, strange to tell in four hours move from New York, and we are sorry to add, with the prospect of their extermination, there having been as many as eight hundred of these foresters slain there within the last year!—all is going.

THE ORIGINAL EXPLORATION OF THE COUNTRY.

"My soul, revolving periods past, looks back
On all the former darings of that vent'rous race."

THE memorable *landing day* of the discoverer and his crew was on the 3*d September*, 1609. On that day, so soft and genial as a grateful summer season, as Capt. Hudson was ranging the line of our Jersey sea-bound shore, in going northward from the mouth of the Delaware, which he had just before discovered, he beheld far a-head in the northwestern sky, the Highlands of Nave-sink, and not long after the lofty and woody lands of Staten Island; both at once designating the locality and conferring the name of "the Great River of the Mountains." Such conspicuous objects seen far off at sea, and mounting upward into the calm blue sky, were too attractive and unusual not to invite a nearer approach and closer inspection. Their hearts beat high with vague and mysterious conceptions about the unknown—*Terra Incognita.* Examination alone could allay or repress the feverish curiosity of the mind, and to sail inward to the land, and to visit this new region of the west, became at once the object and the desire of every mariner. Little thought they, however, as they passed the sea-beach strand of Monmouth county, and looked ashore upon the rude and blank margin of Long Branch, of the improvement and fashionable resort to which it was destined; and still less did they imagine they were to find and explore a great river, which was to take the name and confer an immortality of fame upon its discoverer and explorer. Thus events in time, sometimes trivial in themselves, become by the force of circumstances the counters of whole ages.

The first land so made, on the day aforesaid, was Sandt Hook—Sandy Hook. There he observed the waters were swarming with fish, and he soon after sent his boat's crew with a net to procure a supply. The tradition has been that in so doing they first made ashore on *Coney Island*, (wishing perhaps to see the opposite side of the bay,) and that there Hudson was at first received by the natives, the Matouwacks. There they found vast numbers of plum-trees loaded with fruit, and many of them

surrounded and covered by grape vines. While the ship, the Half Moon, was at her anchorage at the Horse-shoe harbour, she was much visited by the natives of the Jersey shore, a race of Delawares called *Sanhikans ;* they rejoicing greatly at the arrival of the strangers, and bringing them for their acceptance green tobacco, dried currants or whortleberries, &c. The shores were lined with natives, wearing mantles of furs and feathers, and having copper ornaments and pipes. The crew on going ashore, were received with great cordiality, and were conducted for observation some distance into the woods of Monmouth county. During the week which was passed at this anchorage, a boat was sent with an exploring party to sound and examine the passage of the Narrows, called by them the *Hoofden*, or head lands; but the men, in returning, were unexpectedly attacked by two passing canoes of 26 Indians, in which rencontre one Colman, an Englishman, was killed, and two others wounded, by their arrows. The Indians were supposed to have acted in alarm, and seemed to have had no design of conquering, but made off as hastily as they could. Possibly they were of the same race who dwelt on York Island, and who, from their dread of reprisal, may have been afterwards so reluctant to free intercourse and trade. Colman was buried at the Hook, at the place called Colman's Point.

The country thus discovered took the name of New Belgium (Nova Belgica) and New Netherland (Nieuw Nederlandt). The North River was called by Hudson, not after his own name, as we since should designate it, but "the Great River"—Groot Rivier. After the year 1623, it was sometimes named in writings the *Mauritius*, in honour of Prince Maurice; by others it was often called Manhattan river. But its most prevalent name in common acceptation was the Noordt Rivier (North River), both as a distinction to the Delaware river, which they called their South River, and as discriminating it from the Oost Rivier—East River. To the Indians it was known as the Cohohatatea and Shatemuc, and Heckewelder says it bore the name of Mohicannittuck, meaning the River of the Mohiccans, who dwelt all along its eastern side.

Staten Island was also called Staaten Eylandt by the Dutch, and Aquehonga Manacknong by the Indians residing there. They were Mohiccans, a tribe of the Lenni Lenape or Delawares. Seals were once numerous back of the Island, and in New York harbour, near to the Communipaw side. Robins' reef near there (originally spelt *Robyns rift*), meant the seals' place; "Robyn" being the name of a seal. Governor's Island was originally called Nooten Eylandt, or Nut Island, in reference to its abundance of nut trees; and was formerly nearly joined to Long Island by a low intervening morass and a small dividing creek.

On the morning of the 12th September, Capt. Hudson entered the mouth of the "Groot Rivier" and cast anchor, when 28

canoes, full of men, women, and children, came off to them; but from fear of treachery they were not permitted to board. At noon his ship went onward two leagues higher. And now, having begun the memorable exploration of the river, we shall endeavour to mark his daily progress of ascent and descent, and carefully note the names of Indian tribes, and the names which they bestowed on localities; for as their names were always expressive of things about the place, their preservation may some day serve to elucidate some dubious question in history.

In two days more Hudson reached the high and wild regions of West Point, where, looking around upon the elevation of 1500 feet, he records that "the land grew very high and mountainous." These mountain regions bore the name of *Máteawan;* and there the Indians held the traditionary tale of the fearful mammoth, called by them the *Yagesho*, which sometimes dismayed these highland Wabingi. The scenery was grand and sublime. "He perceived (says Moulton) at one time the narrow stream upon which he had entered, abruptly struggling with the angles of the hills, through broken rocks, under overhanging precipices, or along the base of perpendicular iron-bound summits, whose opposite sides indicated a former union which some convulsion of nature had severed. Here a perpendicular presented, there a declivity; here terrace rose upon terrace, there rocks upon rocks; the whole a wild and magnificent scene." How their hearts must have throbbed with pure sublimity of emotion, seeing such rugged and horrific wilds, contemplating their own loneliness, so far in an unknown and dubious region; fearing dangers, yet delighted with actual vision, with scenery so grand and picturesque!

By the 15th September he had passed the high mountains between Peekskill and Newburgh, making 50 miles in one day, and observing "great store of salmons in the river" (now all gone). He came at night to the place of the present Catskill Landing, where he found "a very loving people and a very old man, by whom he and his crew were very well used." The manner of this reception may be interesting now to contemplate. Hudson was taken ashore in one of their canoes with an old man, a chief. The house he entered was neatly made of bark of trees, well finished within and without. He saw much of Indian corn and beans drying, enough to load three ships; mats were spread to sit on, and eatables were immediately brought to them in wooden bowls. Two men were quickly sent off with bows and arrows for game, and soon returned with two pigeons. They also killed a *fat dog*, and skinned it with shells. Pumpkins, grapes, plums, and tobacco, grew about the place.

The next day, the 17th, Hudson anchored in the neighbourhood of the present Hudson city, little dreaming then of his ever giving name to the place or to the river. About this place he lingered some time, as being near the head of navigation, and still more

he rested near the same place on his return, by reason of head winds; just as if there was some mysterious connection between his choice of a stopping-place and the choice made by posterity, in the year 1784, of a city in the same place to bear his distinguished name! It was in this vicinity that their eyes were gratified with the sublime heights of the *Kaatberges*, where the highest, the Round Top, lifted its awful form 3,800 feet.

After making the necessary soundings, by boat, over the *Overslaugh*, the yacht reached in safety the Castle Island just below Albany. She was of course of easy draft, and must have been a small vessel, though called a ship; probably of the burthen of sixty tons.

On the 19th September he again weighed anchor, and ascended six miles higher up; thus making his highest point of ascension equal to the upper end of the present Albany. The particulars of his stay there are related under the article concerning that settlement.

On the 23d, Hudson started on his return from Albany. In their descent they stopped in the neighbourhood of the present Red Hook, and caught within an hour "two dozen of mullets, breames, basses, and barbils." When they anchored off the present Poughkeepsie, they were visited by some natives bringing with them Indian corn.

By the 29th he had arrived at the head of the Highlands, called by him "the northernmost of the mountains," where he anchored in or near the bay of the present Newburgh; and then he could not forbear to make the remark, since so obvious to others, that "*here* was a very pleasant place to build a towne." Newburgh, so beautiful in its aspect and surrounding scenery seen from the river, has every thing to delight the eye. At this place he was visited by the Wabingi.

The next stopping-place was in the vicinity of Stony Point, and at the mouth of Haverstraw Bay. Here the natives, the proper Highlanders, came in numbers to the ship, expressing their admiration at what they saw of the great canoe and the white skins. One of them, in his eagerness to get something away which might gratify curiosity at home, had attempted clandestinely to enter the cabin windows, when the mate with heedless cruelty struck off his hand with a sabre, and the poor fellow fell back into the water and was drowned.

The next day, the 2d of October, they reached the neighbourhood of Fort Washington, where they were assailed with the arrows of some assembled natives, who came off in canoes. Firearms and cannon were discharged in return, by which nine of the Indians were killed; a deplorable severity.

On the 4th October, Hudson "left the great mouth of the great river," and with full sail put off to sea. Thus terminated about one month of successful exploration, in a fine season, and with

almost continual fine weather. He was just eleven days in ascending and eleven more in returning. Several times he was grounded, but was readily got off. Such small vessels was the practice of the age. Vessels of from only 20 to 30 tons went out to Virginia, from England. A steam vessel, since, bearing the name of "Hudson," performs now the same voyage in almost as many hours as Hudson then used days! Such were the results to which he was so unconsciously opening *his* introductory measures.

As a navigator, Hudson seems to have been prudent, skilful, dignified, and humane; and well deserved to have lived to have witnessed some of the developments of his eventful discovery. But his noble career was soon closed. After arriving at Dartmouth in England, on the 7th November, after a safe voyage, and acquiring great fame for his discovery, he embarked again in April 1610, on his favourite expedition—the discovery of the northwest passage to India. In the neighbourhood of Iceland his crew mutinied; and on Sunday the 21st June, 1611, they forced Capt. Hudson and his youthful son, and seven others, adrift in a shallop; and, painful to tell, they were never heard of more! Whether they got to Digg's cape, which was purposed, and massacred; or whether involved in inextricable masses of driving ice and perished, heaven only knows. The mutineers, after much peril and sufferings of hunger, and a loss of more than half their number, reached Ireland September 6, 1611.

None of the name of Hudson appeared to survive and to enjoy, as a family pre-eminence, the honours of this famed navigator, probably because he may have left no male issue. One of his family connection, Wm. Hudson, who settled at Philadelphia at the foundation of that city, was a distinguished man; once a clergyman in Barbadoes, he became a friend, and left a respectable family, now extinct in its male issue.

Another exploration was instituted by the West India Company in sending out, in 1614, two ships commanded by Capt. Adrian Blok and Hendrick Christiaanse. The former arrived first, and his ship having accidentally burned, he built another on the East River; a first demonstration to the simple natives of the superior skill of the Charistooni—iron workers. With this vessel he made his examinations along that river to *Helle-gadt.* To the Sound he gave the name Groot Bai—great bay, and examined, as he proceeded, the places along its shores. At the far end he met with Schipper Christiaanse, and both vessels soon after proceeded to their investigations up the great river, the Hudson; leaving behind them to perpetuate their memory Blok Island and Christiaanse Eylandt, the same since called No Man's land or Martha's Vineyard. They proceeded up to Castle Island, Albany, and there made a settlement.

It may be mentioned in conclusion, as to the nations and residences of the Indians, that the Mohiccans (Mohicanni) dwelt on

the eastern side of the Hudson, from the Tappan sea up to its head. The Mohawks (spelt Maquas and Mackwaas) held all the western side, from the head waters to the Kaatskill mountains. The Wabingi, called Wappingers in later years by the English, together with the Sankikani, occupied from thence down to Amboy bay. The Mohawks on the western side, were in general unfriendly to the Mohiccans on the other side, and eventually became their conquerors.

The "Racks" so called, along the river, were Dutch names for Reaches. Thus Martelaers rack meant the Martyr's reach or struggling place; Lange rack, was Long reach; and Klauver rack, Clover reach, &c.

It might perhaps serve to show the former peaceful state of the Hudson waters, to state a fact recorded by Vanderdonck, as a fact known to himself at the time, and sufficiently strange to us now, that in the spring of 1647, *two whales* swam up the river many miles: one returned and stranded about 10 or 12 miles from the sea-shore; the other kept on, and stranded not far from Cahoe's Falls, at what is since called Whale Island, opposite the city of Troy. The oil was secured by the inhabitants, but the flesh long tainted the air of the country. Kalm, in 1749, confirmed the above in saying it was then a report at Albany that a whale had once got up the river quite to the town; he also mentioned that porpoises even then occasionally got up there.

THE FIRST COLONISTS.

"First in the race, that won their country's fame."

The earliest colonists who came out for professed purposes of permanent settlement, were those brought out in 1623, in the ship of Capt. Kornelis Jacobse Méy. Soon after, two ships of the West India Company brought out as professed agriculturists, the *Waalons* from the river Waal, and having for their first governor or director, *Peter Minuit.* They appear to have settled in 1625 upon Long Island, at a bend of the shore at Brooklyn, called *Wal-bocht*, a word importing the *Waaloon bend:* a place since noted for being, as its high river bank, the depository of *eleven thousand* of the American dead, from the prison ships in the time of the war of the revolution. Jan Joris Rapaelje appears to have been their chief man; and his daughter Sarah, born 9th June, 1625, and afterwards the widow Foley, was long honoured as "*the first-born child;*" and for that cause was presented a tract of land by the governor, in consideration of that distinction and her widowhood.

The terms of encouragement to agriculturists and settlers was great, and especially to those who should go out to the "Groot Rivier" of Hudson, with the enterprise, force, and capital of *Patroons;* a name denoting something baronial and lordly in rank and means. They were such as should undertake to plant a colony of fifty souls, upwards of fifteen years old; taking them out, if needful, in divisions of a fourth each in four years. To such the preference was given in absolute property, of such lands as they should choose, being four miles along the river and as far back as they desired; and all goods which they should want at any time imported, was to be done for them at $7½ a ton. The passengers were to have been transported in the ships of the company, paying only for passage and provisions six stuyvers daily, equal to but 12½ cents per day. Only think what an inconsiderable sum to allure emigrants to settle a land such as New York is now known to be. And yet but very few so took up lands as virtual lords of manors! All other individuals going out as settlers, were free to take up as much land "as they should have ability and property to improve;" and provided also, *that "they should satisfy the Indians for the land they should settle upon."* One of the most exceptionable features in the terms, in our sense of morality now, was, that the company would "use their endeavour to supply the colonists with as many blacks as they conveniently can." To this cause the hateful traffic began; and the Indians who first saw them, pronounced them a *race of devils.* Killian Van Renselaer, a director and merchant of Amsterdam, was among the first-named Patroons, who procured his location at and about the present Albany, to which lands he in 1630 gave the name of Renselaerwyck. The Patroon himself settled on the first large island below the present Albany, where he laid out a place called Renselaerburgh. Those who can now pass the place in the steamboats should look out the position, and reflect on its change from then to now! The same family, now resident in Albany, and very wealthy, bear now the name of "*the Patroon.*" Michael Pauuw, another director, took up the lands of "*Hobocan Hackingh,* lying opposite the island Manhates," New York, to which he gave the name of *Pavonia;* but as he never made any settlements, his lands reverted.

Although we are accustomed, after the early declaration of Vanderdonck, to regard Hudson as the first visiter at Manhattan, it is nevertheless, supposed to be true, that one of Verrazzano's vessels had before visited Sandy Hook, as early as 1524, being eighty-five years preceding the arrival of the Half Moon.

The first trading house of the Dutch being surrounded by a palisade, took the name of the first fort—this was in 1615. Its site was the place now known as Bunker's Hotel, on Broadway. A real fort was erected in 1623-4, in a square form, on the then bank of the North River, along the west side of the Trinity church.

Governor's Island, so called because it was always regarded as a perquisite attached to their office, was originally so near to Red Hook, main land, that cattle crossed the channel to and fro at low water. Gov. Keift had a plantation on the island which he leased for 150 lb. of tobacco per year. His farm at Paulus Hook he sold to Planck for £75.

Fort Amsterdam was finished by Van Twiller, on the then *bluff*, in 1640. The church within the fort was built under Gov. Keift, in 1642-3, and its first minister was the Rev'd John Megapolensis. He published a short description of the country. He says that strawberries were so plenty in the fields, that they were accustomed to go and lie down among them to eat them, and that good grapes were in much abundance. The Indians went nearly naked in summer, and wore bear and other skins for clothing in winter.

There are several instances of the Dutch making purchases of lands in given places from the Indians, sufficient to show that it was their general practice to make terms with the Indians, as proper proprietors of the soil. Staten Island was so purchased.

The Dutch church, in Garden street, was built about the year 1693. The middle church in 1729.

The Trinity Church was built in 1696. The Friends in the same year built their meeting-house in Crown street, since Liberty street.

Before 1700, the ordinary transactions of the country were paid in produce—six bushels of corn was the price for killing a wolf. A minister was paid £60 a year in wheat or corn,—even decrees in court, were sometimes paid in the same way. The minister at Albany had one hundred and fifty beavers.

Gov. Petrus Stuyvesant, arrived from Amsterdam the 27th May, 1647. He had been before wounded in Curracoa, and lost his leg, and in lieu of it had a wooden one, banded with silver straps, called his *silver leg!* He married when here, Judith Bayard, one of the Hugonot emigrants.

Doctor Adrian Vanderdonck, in his account of New Netherlands, where he had resided fifteen years, published in 1653, speaks of sundry facts, to wit: they cultivated vineyards and introduced grape of foreign stock, and sent out vine-dressers from Heidelberg—they had also a botanic garden, where much of the wild flowers of the country were gathered. They also tried canary seed, "which did well." The Indian hunting season is about Christmas—deer are then fattest. The woods were made open and clear by the Indian practice of burning the under brush. The Indians constructed long narrow wigwams, to contain many families in the same structure; the roof was formed of wide bark, one hole in the top to let out the smoke. Their towns or castles were stockaded with logs and palisades. Their general remedy for disease was fasting or sweating. They despised falsehood,

but fell from this as they mixed more and more with the settlers. They went out in large parties for beavers, and staid out from one to two months, bringing home generally forty to eighty skins a man, besides other skins. They used bows and arrows and clubs and large shields.

The town wall from river to river, raised as a defence along Wall street, was first erected of stones and earth by Gov. Stuyvesant, in 1653.

The daily meeting of the merchants was determined by the order of Gov. Lovelace, in 1699, to be *near the Bridge*, at the foot of Broad street. It afterwards became the locality of *the Exchange.*

In 1682, the population of New York as officially returned, was upwards of 2000 souls, besides slaves, and 207 houses.

In 1686, the province contained twenty-four villages, in six circuits, the militia was 4000 and the inhabitants 20,000. About the same time, slaves were brought from Barbadoes, and sold for produce.

The first case on record in the Mayor's Court, in 1672, *is in Dutch*, the others which follow are all in English.

The word "*Bos*" had a meaning to the Dutch of New York a century ago, not since as well understood. It was originally written and printed *Baas*, and literally means *Master*—a name, howbeit, which many of our republican labourers feel disposed to reject, although they like well enough to acknowledge *a Bos.*

Staten Island, so majestic and grand in its elevation, was the favourite spot of the primitive Dutch settlers. It was first bought from the Indians for Michael Pauw, by a deed on record, dated 10 August, 1630. The Indians again sold it in 1638, to Heer Melyn, and afterwards, strange to tell, they *again* sold it to Baron Van Cappellen. But the colony of Van Cappellen being assaulted and massacred by the Raritan Indians, the Island was confirmed to Heer Melyn.

EARLY INLAND SETTLEMENTS.

> "Bold master spirits—where they touch'd they gain'd
> Ascendance,—where they fix'd their foot, they reigned."

For numerous years after the first settlement, Albany constituted the *ultima Thule*—the remotest point of interior civilization and improvement. Even as late as the war of independence, the present flourishing towns of Troy and Lansingburgh were scarcely named. Saratoga Springs and Ballstown, now so famed and fashionable, were in their native barrens.

Kinderhook, *Esopus*, *Rhinebeck*, were among the earliest Dutch settlements along the banks of the Hudson. They are mentioned as early as 1651 by Joost Hartgers; and in 1656 by Vanderdonck. Esopus having been made a place of depot for our military stores, was assaulted in 1777 by the British General Vaughan, and taken and burnt.

Old as Kinderhook was, as an early settlement, yet it was visited by hostile Indians, in comparatively modern times.

In the year 1755, as some half dozen of the inhabitants were working in their corn field at that place, they were fired upon by as many Indians; our people ran to their arms, whereby two of the Indians were killed.

Soon after, between 30 and 40 Indians again appeared and were pursued by Robert Livingston and 40 men. At Claverack, there was also a small inroad and assault of Indians.

As late as the year 1764 the Indians attacked a family near Kinderhook, assaulting six persons in the field when hoeing corn. They had their guns with them, and used some of them. One Gardner fought bravely, and being wounded, was scalped and yet survived it all!

Rhinebeck, as well as Strausburgh nigh it, were at an early period much occupied by Germans. The former place, in 1749, had its separate church and German pastor, the Rev. Mr. Harturig. The Germans were encouraged to settle in New York state in the time of Queen Anne. Several got dissatisfied there and moved into Pennsylvania, under some encouragements received from Gov. Sir W. Keith.

Saratoga springs, are in what was the Mohawk's country. They were discovered by a party of surveyors in 1770, while the country was still a wilderness. Our troops at Saratoga in the revolutionary war used them: but the earliest regular notice of them was in a communication of Dr. Tanney of the army, who in Sept. 1783, writing to a scientific society said, "I think they only want a suitable introduction to the world, and some convenient houses for boarders and lodging patients, to render them of important service to the country."

It is supposed that the Indians may have known and used them before the whites.

The village of Saraghtoga near Albany, was announced in the Gazette of 1745, as having been destroyed by Indians, and as many as ninety persons were missing. A friendly Indian reported that he had seen as many as sixty of these prisoners going off to Canada. Upon this intelligence troops at New York were ordered off for Albany.

Since then how wonderfully important has Saratoga become! Once a deeply sandy place, now, macadamized and adorned with spreading elms. Once its pine lands were an uncultivated waste, now they have learned to make them into cultivated and profita-

ble farms. Almost every year some new fountain is discovered, and all superior in their kind. The new fountains near the Pavilion, are evidences that others of equal excellence will hereafter be discovered. If the consecrated springs of England, though much inferior, had their saints and shrines to give them countenance to exact gifts from their grateful beneficiaries, in the form of pilgrims and devotees, as at the pool of St. Nun, the holy well of St. Wenefrede, of St. George, St. Ælian, St. Cheyne, St. John, &c., may *we* not with classic and mythological remembrance invoke *Hygeia*, to assign to every spring a nymph, or a minor deity! Whether or not, we shall doubtless see *Temples* in some form, erected on their sites, where the infirm and the world of fashionables, will crowd to offer their tributes.

In the time of the summer visits to Saratoga and Ballstown, steamboats in the top season arrive at Albany, surcharged with gay travellers—"six hundred passengers in the North America" —"450 in the Erie," &c.

How it might astonish the former Dutch burghers to arise again and see such wonders as steam vessels and their passengers at their wharves,—canals of 300 miles in length, railroads to the springs, newspapers too, daily ones, every day at their tables from all the cities of the Union, and those of New York city at their tea-tables, the same day they were printed! All these wonders wrought within the term of a short life! It is something to have lived in such an era, it even beats the stirring incidents of the *Revolution*, which happened whilst we were *non est.*

Lake George, &c.—This little lake and its vicinity, is full of historical recollections and exciting imagery of the past. Its original name of *Horicon*, being the most poetical, is thus apostrophised by poetry itself, to wit:

> And here thou art sweet *Horicon*, the same
> As when of old thy silvery bosom bore
> Armies in bright array, in search of fame,
> Of conquest, glory, and of something more—
> Of *Empire*—aye:—and long did barb'rous war
> In blood, wheel round thee his destructive car.

Along this lake are now the quiet remains of forts and defences —such as Fort George and Fort William Henry. There, had been the gallant Montcalm with his besieging army compelling a surrender which eventuated in a massacre of our people, by the savage Indians—on this lake, General Abercrombie in 1758, embarked his 15,000 men for his attack upon Ticonderoga. In later years, our gallant Colonel Allen surprised and captured the same fortress.—Now, all the forts are demolished; all is hushed in peace and silence, save when boat parties wake the echoes which strongly reverberate along these waters, and among the numerous islets of

the narrow lake. How few now survive of our soldier defenders, to be witnesses of the present pleasure parties of travellers, who now contemplate these regions as only formed for delight.

But we could still tell a tale of terror to many of this same region. 'Twas only in the past year, that two men on the East side of the Tongue mountain, killed in the course of three days, eleven hundred and six rattle-snakes, found among the rocks and the prevailing solitudes.

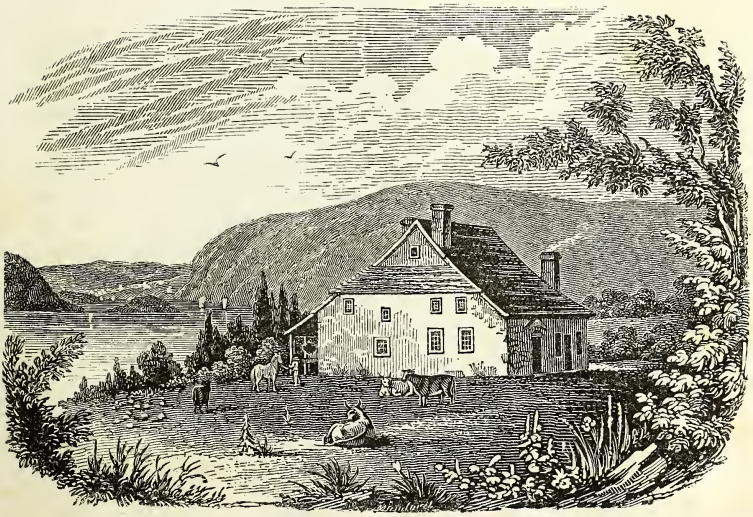
Some Scotch presbyterians went out early under the auspices of the Livingston family. At the first settlement of Albany, Livingston was secretary to the Dutch government, his family being at the same time, Brownists in Holland, from Scotland. I have seen an autograph letter of his mother to his address, written from Amsterdam when in the eightieth year of her age, and providing therein for his receiving out fifty of that people at a time, as his working men, to serve seven years a-piece for only food and raiment; all for the sake of freedom of conscience. The Livingston family settled near Hudson city; and one of the Livingstons (Robert) in later years (1752) took up 300,000 acres of forest land, extending from Esopus to the Delaware river, and proposing to rent them out forever on the condition of fifty bushels of wheat her one hundred acres yearly.

Hudson city is but a modern affair, having been, till the year 1784 cultivated as a farm. It was then purchased by a few enterprising persons of capital from the eastward, chiefly for the purpose of conducting there the whale fishery to the Pacific ocean. Such was its rapid progress, that in two years there were as many as one hundred and fifty dwelling-houses erected. During the snowy winter of 1786, it was visited daily, it was said, by one-thousand two hundred sleds, bringing in and taking out articles of traffic. It is deemed at the head of tide water and ship navigation.

Newburgh existed before the revolution; and being a place beautifully situated, and not far from West Point, it was occasionally made a place of visit and relaxation by General Washington, and other superior officers serving during that war at that post.

The Hasbrook House, at Newburgh, acquired an eminence and just fame (though but of one story high,) as having been the humble quarters of General Washington. Though low in roof, it covered ground enough to contain many rooms. There, was received and entertained by the General and his lady, many distinguished men and officers of the Revolution. A fine engraving has been made of it by Weir, with all its adjacent woodland shade. In the year 1834, it was advertised for sale "as built in the Dutch style, and being the *most ancient* and durable building above the highlands," —also as having been "said by General Washington and his officers, to surpass any other situation on the Hudson, for beauty and

Arrival of Hudson at Sandy Hook, 1609, p. 3.



Hasbrook House, Washington's Quarters, p. 48.

grandeur of prospect." Do any of the picturesque seekers and travellers know it now?

> Square and rough hewn, and solid in the mass,
> And ancient, beside yon rock-ribb'd hills—
> There let me reverent tread, for
> There the spirits of the dead are still
> In memory, and in fame and name.
> Let no rash hand, attempt its
> *Desecration*,—for here the great Patriot
> Once had trod—trod by him,
> Who fought to make us free!

When General Washington was at West Point, and Newburgh, &c., in 1779, he wrote a facetious letter to Dr. Cochran, the Director General of the Hospitals, which will well serve to show the specimen of the homely fare of his table, and serve as a vestige of the Hasbrook house and its concomitants, to wit:

"West Point, Aug. 16, 1779.

Dear Doctor,

I have asked Mrs. Cochran and Mrs. Livingston, to dine with me to-morrow; but ought I not to apprise you of their fare? As I hate deception, even when imagination is concerned, I will.

It is needless to premise that my table is large enough to hold the ladies—of this they had ocular demonstration yesterday. To say how it is usually covered, is rather more essential, and this shall be the purport of my letter.

Since my arrival at this happy spot, we have had a ham, sometimes a shoulder of bacon to grace the head of the table. A piece of roast beef adorns the foot, and a small dish of green beans—almost imperceptible, decorates the centre. When the cook has a mind to cut a figure; and this I presume he will attempt to-morrow, we have two beef-steak pies or dishes of crabs in addition, one on each side of the centre dish, dividing the space and reducing the distance between dish and dish, to about six feet, which without them, would be nearly twelve apart. Of late, he has had the surprising luck to discover that apples will make pies; and it is a question if, amidst the violence of his efforts, we do not get one of apples, instead of having both of beef.

If the ladies can put up with such entertainment, and submit to partake of it on plates, once tin, but now iron—not become so, by the labour of scouring, I shall be happy to see them.

Dear sir, yours,

George Washington."

Such a letter is a choice relic of the days of self-denial, self-devotion and peril, and presents us with a lively picture of the Hero and his domestic state. But above all, it is almost a solitary

proof of his power to be playful and merry, for the adaptation of female society.

What a pity it is, that we have not also *a description* from one or both of the ladies of that "feast of reason and flow of soul," as it really occurred, at such an eventful crisis. What a fine subject for a chapter, from a female witness and observer is thus lost!

Strange, that so many should have had chances to see such *peculiar things*, and yet never have had a thought of setting them down upon paper,—but allow them quietly to die with themselves! But so goes the world! "What is remembered dies, what is written lives;" and therefore, so far, this record now.

The *Mohawk* river, extending far westward through a narrow and long valley of fruitful soil, presented the earliest allurement for agricultural purposes inland; and yet it was not until after the war of independence that it began to be sought after by white men. Filled as it now is with a prosperous and wealthy population; planted with numerous thriving villages, traced along its margin with the recent grand canal, and made the line of the grand tour to Niagara by numerous passengers from the opulent sea-board cities; yet it was not far beyond the period of that war, when it was still the beaver country of the aborigines or their wigwam locations; and the general region of country, their hunting ground, through which ranged bears, foxes, wolves, deer, and other game; the Indians themselves calling the lands *Couxsachraga*—the dismal wilderness.

Men are still alive while we write this (in 1830,) who in the time of the revolutionary war, were in the defence of several of its military redoubts as frontier posts. Mr. Parrish, Indian agent, now resident at Canandaigua, was with a predatory party of Indians as a prisoner when they came into the neighbourhood of the present town of Herkimer, only eighty miles westward of Albany. Col. Fry of Conojohari, above ninety years of age, still alive, was commissary for these outposts in the "old French war." In his vicinity, at the town of Mohawk, but thirty-six miles west of Albany, at the junction of the Schoharie creek with the river Mohawk, is the old Mohawk town; and their old church, still there, is the same built as a missionary station in the reign of Queen Anne, having Fort Hunter to cover and defend it from predatory enemies. At this very place the Mohawks were actually dwelling as a nation until the year 1780.

Not far from the "Little Falls," now so romantic and picturesque by reason of its rocky rapids and the expensive constructions for the canal along its margin, once stood the advance post of Fort Herkimer. An old church near it, by lock No. 28, is still standing, which was used as a place of defence against an Indian assault, even in the time of the Revolution. From the village of Herkimer up to Canada creek, a distance of fourteen miles, are the very

lands, embracing now the present fashionable resort and elegant place of entertainment, called "the Trenton Falls," which were once given by King Hendricks, our good ally, to Gen. Sir Wm. Johnson, who had taken his wife from the Indian race. King Hendricks himself lived at "Indian Castle" on the Mohawk river, sixty-six miles from Albany. As late as the revolution, a son of Sir Wm. Johnson, coming from Canada, made a hostile incursion with his Indians through all these lands, once his father's!

At the present flourishing city of *Utica*, only ninety-five miles west of Albany, once the site of old Fort Schuyler, the settlement is so recent that in 1794 it had but two houses; and in 1785 the whole region of country had but two families, dwelling in log houses as advance pioneers: says Judge Hugh White, after whom Whitestown is since named, and Moses Foot. From Utica to Canandaigua, they travelled for several years by "blazed paths;" that is, by chipping pieces out of trees, to show the traveller his way through boundless forests.

Dr. Elezier Mosely, who died in 1833, at the age of seventy-three, was one of the earliest settlers of Whitestown, having come there soon after Judge White had begun the settlement. He had been the first appointed Postmaster at Schenectady, and wishing to have a post from their new place, it would not be granted unless the inhabitants themselves would *bear the expense.* This was agreed to, and Judge Platt, Thomas R. Gold and others of the first settlers, took it under contract for six years; but at the end of three or four years, so much had the postage increased beyond government expectation, that it bought back the contract, by paying a considerable sum for the indulgence!

At first, the western mail was carried from Albany once a week, in *a valise* on the shoulders of a *footman,*—the same individual to whom the same route of country has since been so much indebted for *Stage* conveyances!

Such facts sufficiently evince the rapid progress of settlements!

When Utica first began its career, John Jacob Astor, and Peter Smith, travelled the ground from Schenectady to Utica, purchasing furs at the Indian settlements on the route. The Indians aided them in carrying them back to Schenectady. They opened a store in New York city for their sale—and when their stock was exhausted, they again penetrated the lonely forests of the frontiers and replenished their store. Astor continued his business many years, but Smith commenced the purchase of land, and died at Schenectady very rich.

Summers went and came, and wave after wave of emigration, rolled up the long defile of the Mohawk. Mark the change—Judge Smith died leaving millions of acres to his heirs—but lived long enough, to travel from Schenectady to Utica in four hours. And to-day, when the sun's evening rays shall hide from the un-

dimmed eye of John Jacob Astor, behind the blue hills of Jersey, its vertical beams will be falling on his fur traders of our *new* ultima thule, the mouth of the Oregon. Bishop Berkely never dreamed of such changes, when he penned the line,—

"Westward the star of empire takes its way."

The name of the late Judge Peter Smith,—father of the present Gerritt Smith, Esq., of Peterboro', stands in an interesting connexion with the first *white* settlement in central New York, and especially with the small beginnings of the *city of Utica.*

In the year 1787, Judge Smith, not yet twenty years of age, left his clerkship in the store of Abraham Herring, an importing merchant in the city of New York, to seek his fortune, inland. He went to Fall Hill, near the village of Little Falls, and opened store. The following year, he built a log store at Fort Schuyler, (now Utica.) The ground for it, which is now a part of that occupied by the celebrated "Bagg's Tavern," he leased of the widow Daymuth, at the annual rent of *a pound of bohea tea!* There were at that time, three other log, but no frame buildings, at Fort Schuyler. Mr. John Post spent six weeks there the previous year, in selling goods to the Indians: but Judge Smith was before him *and all others*, in establishing *a store* at Fort Schuyler.

Judge Smith frequently referred to "the Kanes," who had stores at Canojoharie and Whitestown, as his most formidable rivals for the trade with the Dutchmen and Indians. The late Elisha Kane of Philadelphia, was one of "the Kanes." Among the stories of olden time, with which he was wont to make himself and friends merry, was that of Judge Smith's inviting him to dine with him on a hen which he was fattening for the occasion. On arriving at Utica, he found the lonely hen, tied by the leg, and still under the fattening process.

It is worthy of mention, that in the early times of which we are speaking, while Mr. Astor was associated with his friend Peter Smith, in the purchase of furs from the Indians, and also in the purchase of various tracts of land that Mr. Astor cherishes lively and pleasant reminiscences of their visit to Oneida Castle, and other groups of Indian habitations in its vicinity. It is hardly probable, that it was amongst the dreams of the business-efforts of these young gentlemen, that one of them should acquire one of the largest estates, and the other the very largest estate, ever acquired in this country.

Judge Smith frankly confessed, that he was indebted to the Oneida Indians for a large share of his wealth. He spoke their language fluently, and had great influence with them. The steady friendship for him of their distinguished chief, Skenandon, who died, very aged, in 1815, induced the Judge to name his eldest son, Skenandon;—a circumstance which added to the family influence with those warm-hearted sons of the forest.

The good Abraham Van Eps, of Vernon, is perhaps, the only survivor of the conspicuous gentleman, who, in the times which we are contemplating, became well acquainted with the Oneidas, and acquired the knowledge of their language.

The worthy Judge Dean, of Westmoreland, was another of those who were ingratiated with those Indians; and when my kinsman, the late Dr. Azel Backus, President of Hamilton College, preached the funeral sermon of Skenandon, Judge Dean, acted as the interpreter of the discourse, to the assembled Indians.

At Fort Stanwix, called also *New* Fort Schuyler, still seen in its elevated embankments,—on the site where now the town of Rome is flourishing, at but a few miles beyond Utica, was once sustained a most deadly and protracted conflict with Indians, by the late aged Col. Marius Willet, of New York city.

Even until now, the Oneida Indians themselves, a little beyond Utica, are settled in their own town, the "Oneida Castle;" dwelling in their own houses, and cultivating their own lands; occasionally saluting the travelling tourists passing the place on the turnpike road, and sending out their racing children to hold up hands for a few pennies. The Onondagoes were settled only 20 miles westward of them; and it was only as late as the year 1779, that Gen. Clinton went out with a regiment from Albany against them, surprised their town, killing fourteen, and bringing off thirty-three prisoners.

As we leave Utica, we enter upon the "New York military lands," containing 28 townships, severally ten miles square; "the proud and splendid monument of the gratitude of New York to her revolutionary heroes; giving to each of her soldiers five-hundred and fifty acres of lands, now so valuable." The very gift of such lands, since the revolution, for services then performed, is itself the evidence of the recent cultivation of all those districts, now so essentially adding to the aggrandisement of this great state. Had the poor soldiers been individually benefited by this generosity, and their descendants have found *an easy home* on the soil, the reflection would be much more grateful; but rapacious speculators, in most instances, were the beneficiaries!

Those military lands extended as far west as the Seneca lake, at which place begins the eastern boundary of that great purchase of the celebrated pioneer, *Oliver Phelps*, who in 1787 purchased the immense and unexplored wilds of the west, from the line of that lake to the west boundary of the state, comprising a mass of *six millions of acres*, for the inconsiderable sum, as we now think it, of one million of dollars. To this *Cecrops*, this primary adventurer, the people of the west owe a lasting monument of gratitude and praise, for his successful efforts in opening to them and their children, their happy *Canaan*.

In the year 1788, O. Phelps first penetrated the wilderness, making his departure from Herkimer, the then most advanced

settlement. Going thence, one hundred and thirty miles, through wilds and Indian hunting grounds, to an Indian settlement, the present Canandaigua, a name then importing *chosen place*, where he held a treaty with the Six Nations, and purchasing from them, their grant to the same, as far as to the Genessee river. In the next year he opened his land office in that town, the first in America, for the sale of forest lands to settlers, and giving a model, since adopted, for selling all new lands in the United States, by "townships and ranges." In 1790 Phelps sold out 1¼ millions of his grant, to Robert Morris, the celebrated financier, for only 8*d. an acre;* and he again sold it to Sir W. Pulteney, whose land office is now opened at Geneva and Bath. In 1796 Robert Morris made a further purchase of about two thirds of the western part, a part of which he sold out to the "Holland Land Company," which company in 1801 opened their land office at Batavia. Canandaigua and Geneva, now such elegant towns, so delightfully placed by their several picturesque lakes, had all their first houses constructed of logs. But wild as the country was, it was all traversed in the summer of 1792-3, by the present Philip, king of France, and his two brothers, all on horseback, and making their rest for a short time at Canandaigua, at the house of Thomas Morris. Finally, such was the early history of a woody waste of country, so little valued then, and now so populous and productive. Through such regions, original settlers made their way, with families, cattle, provisions, wagons, and carts; crossing waters without bridges; sleeping and eating in forests; and, finally, dwelling without shelter, until they could build a log house and home. The obstacles, and hazards and perils, which beset a pioneer family, going through a wilderness of hundreds of miles; their constructing of rafts and canoes, at water courses; their swimming of horses, oxen, sheep, hogs, &c.; their occasional mishaps and losses; their hopes and fears; altogether, might form an eventful tale of truth. Such a tale has been well told of Laurie Todd, (G. Thorburn of New York) in his "Settlers"—showing the operations of *the Pioneers*, at Genessee.

In the very midst of those great purchases of Phelps, and where his earliest efforts were concentred, is now the great and wonderfully prosperous town of Rochester, filled with wealth, and luxury and elegance; having a population in 1827 of eight thousand persons, and *not one adult a native of the place!* for then the oldest person living, born in the place, was not seventeen years of age! The site was originally given to O. Phelps by the Indians, as a mill seat, in allusion to which they called him Kauskonchicos, "waterfall." The very territory in which it was situated, was but forty years ago the hunting ground of such remnants of the Six Nations as survived the chastisement of Gen. Sullivan; and many a veteran warrior is still alive, on the neighbouring reservations of Canawagus, Tonewanda, and Tuscarora,

&c., to recount to their surviving sons the exploits of his meridian vigour, when not a white man's axe had been lifted in all their forests! In the time of the revolution, the Six Nations were in alliance with Great Britain, and in hostility with us; but in 1779 they were entirely defeated, and their towns destroyed.

Rochester, so remarkable in its recent creation, and in its rapid improvement, is already *a city*. Its water power, so famous, is capable of an exertion to the value of ten millions of dollars annually. It already (in 1835) has twenty-one flour mills, with ninety-five runs of stone, capable of making five thousand barrels of flour a day; thus consuming the incredible quantity of twenty-thousand bushels of wheat. Besides all this, it has many large establishments, working by water power in manufactories. It has one very large manufactory for woolen carpets, one for rifles, one for edge tools. This place, published the *first* daily paper west of Albany, now it prints two; and has besides, six weekly prints. The revenue of its post-office, and canal collection office, is now greater than any place west of Albany.

Buffalo too, now a second time a city, and aspiring to be the 'New York of the lake,' was only a frontier fort, at which were assembled in 1796, *for the last time*, in treaty, with one thousand Indians, the last remains of the once mighty Six Nations. There, they then relinquished to us their feeble claims to their once vast domains!

Can we contemplate such wonderful transitions, in so short a term of years, and not exclaim with amazement, "behold, what a land of successful change we possess!" All these changes, wrought, within the lives of numerous patriarchal pioneers, still alive, who live to *see* turnpikes and canals traversing the same lands where they, for several years, had only "blazed paths;" and comfortable or splendid mansions replacing, throughout all the country, the former log houses, with their wooden chimnies, and their bark or stave roofs! The same lands have, in the hands of the sons of toil, been made to rise to incalculable value; and all this, effected in a term so short, that the burnt stumps of the "cleared lands," peeping from among the luxuriant fields of grain, like *black bears*, are still every where visible along the public highways.

Those who may be favoured to travel through all these western lands, on the route of the "grand tour" to Niagara; who see now good turnpike roads, first rate stages and extras, and splendid hotels, wherever they go; must bear in mind, that all these are the erections of only a few years: that it is only since the peace with Great, Britain of 1816, that such accommodations for travellers were created; that the roads, in that desperate "border war," were then terribly rude and toilsome, filled in numerous places with "cord du roy" annoyances of logs. Niagara, now so splendid, was still "old fort Schlosser:" and the single

house of entertainment, was a log tavern, where travellers took every thing as rough as the rude scenery of the Niagara itself.

Let the traveller contemplate too the splendid enterprise of the *Grand Canal*, stretching through a former woody waste of 360 miles; see on its bosom the numerous vehicles gliding through the surrounding forest foliage, bearing and scattering riches and plenty, to every village and hamlet along its shores; then reflect, on the active commerce, now traversing every lake and inland sea, where was lately loneliness and solemn stillness: the heart must exult in the contemplation, it must apostrophise our sires, and say,

> ——————"Ye who toil'd
> Through successive years, to build us up
> A prosperous plan, behold at once
> The wonder done!——————
> Here cities rise amid th' illumin'd waste,
> O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign;—
> Far distant flood to flood is *social join'd*,
> And *navies* ride on seas that never foam'd
> With daring keel before!"

We proceed now to give, in specific detail, our several historical notices of the rise and progress of the earliest inland settlements, *westward* of Schenectady—namely:

Johnstown, Schoharie, Cherry Valley, German Flats, Herkimer, and *Fort Schuyler.*

JOHNSTOWN, AND SIR WM. JOHNSON AND FAMILY.

This place, near the Mohawk, was chosen as the home and settlement of Sir Wm. Johnson, created a baronet, with a gift of £5,000 sterling, in consideration of his usefulness in bringing the last French war to a successful termination.

Here he built himself a beautiful residence, called Johnson Hall, where he lived many years, surrounded by the Mohawks, who regarded him with veneration and esteem, and always depending upon him for advice and counsel. Col. Guy Johnson had also a separate mansion, where both lived, essentially in the rank and abundance of noblemen.

Sir Wm. Johnson was born in Ireland, and came to the Mohawk in 1734, in consequence of the call of his uncle, Admiral Warren, then residing in New York, and who from marrying an American lady, had become possessed of a large estate, on or near that river, called Warren's Bush. While settled here, he made it his business to become acquainted with, and to conciliate the regard, of the Indians: he acquired their language, carried on an extensive trade with them, was made General Superintendent of Indian affairs, married an Indian girl, the sister of Brant, often wore the Indian dress, and frequently entertained the Indians. He had two daughters, who were educated by a white lady, a resident in his house. One of these was married to Col. Guy John-

son, the other to Col. Claus. His only son became afterwards Sir John Johnson; and both he, and Col. Guy Johnson, joined the British, in the war against us, in the Revolution, and did us much harm, even by invading and devastating the very country, where they once had many friends and neighbours along the Mohawk. They burned upwards of twenty houses belonging to the whigs! Such is the estrangement of war, and especially, as in their cases, when assisted by savage Indians!

Sir William died just before the Revolution began, but not until he was pained to see and hear of its approach, to wit, in July 1774, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. He died suddenly, and was buried under the old stone church at Johnstown; but in 1806, his bones were redeposited. In his coffin, was found the ball, with which he was wounded, in his successful conflict with Baron Dreskaw, in 1757, at Lake George.

Many traditionary accounts, are still given in the neighbourhood, of the rustic sports encouraged by Sir William, and of the influence which he exerted over the Indians and white inhabitants. Among others, it is related, that he showed his ingenuity and tact, with the celebrated old king Hendrick, who, from a desire to possess a military suit, had told Sir William, that he had dreamed that he had been given such a suit, by him—the suit was therefore given. Sometime after, Sir William told to the old king, in turn, his dream, which was, that he had given him a tract of land, and describing its position: the same in the county of Herkimer, extending from the East to West Canada Creek, being about twelve miles square. The old king said he must have it, but also adding, significantly, "you must not dream again!" The title was confirmed by the king of England, and in a double sense, was called the "Royal Grant!" Afterwards, these, and all the possessions of the Johnson family, were confiscated by the American Congress, because of their tory adherence, and the number of royalists whom they won to their interest and action in the revolutionary struggle. They were, however, suitably rewarded and honoured by the British government.

When the Revolutionary war began, Col. John Johnson, under pretext of keeping himself and his Indian interests from violence from the whigs, began to arm his tenants and dependants, to erect defences around Johnson Hall, and when he was urged by the committees of vigilance to desist, and was required by Congress to say explicitly whether he would not allow the enrollment and discipline of the militia, in his district, he coolly answered, that they might take all *who would serve*; thus intimating, that he sufficiently understood their attachment to him and his family interests. Not long after, Sir John, was taken for the public security, to Albany, and held as a prisoner, under his parole. This, he however broke, and made his escape, with a large number of his tenants, to Montreal.

In August 1781, Major Ross, and Walter Butler, came from Canada, by the way of Sacondaga, to Johnstown, with five hundred men, one hundred and thirty of whom were Indians. To encounter these, Col. Willet moved from his command at Fort Plain, with about three hundred levies, and sending Col. Harper, with a detachment of one hundred men, to gain their rear. At a short distance above Johnson Hall, Col. Willet encountered Ross, with all his force. Willet's men, at first retreated, but were stopped by him at the village, where he was joined by two hundred militia, just arrived. Harper now opened his fire on the rear, and the attack being renewed by Col. Willet, the enemy were finally beaten, with the loss of seventeen of their force killed; the Americans losing thirteen men.

Major Ross retreated up the north side of the Mohawk, marching all night after the battle. He was pursued by Col. Willet, but not overtaken. The region over which Ross retreated, after he had passed the settlements, lies twenty or thirty miles north of Fort Schuyler (now Utica), and at that time was uncultivated and desolate. His army therefore suffered much from hunger. In this retreat Walter Butler was killed, at West Canada creek, at the place since called Butler ford, by one of a party of pursuing Oneida Indians, who also succeeded, after tomahawking him, to bring away his scalp. This Butler, was of a very savage and cruel temper, far more so than his father, Col. John Butler, who as a tory and Indian leader, had more humanity of character, and was heard to speak in his calm moments, of his regrets at the cruelties occasionally committed, by the Indians and tories. It may be remarked also, that many of *the British officers* did not approve of the severities of the same classes of warriors. They sometimes said, it was the disgrace of their army, to make such savage depredations, and to bear off *women and children* as prisoners.

In the winter of 1781-2, Col. Willet undertook a perilous expedition, peculiarly suited to the spirit of the man; he marched a portion of his men, from Fort Plain to Oswego, passing up the Mohawk on the ice, and going the remainder of his way, in *snow shoes.* But on reaching that fort, he learned to his grateful surprise, that the preliminaries of the peace were signed, and an end thus put to the further struggles of his suffering countrymen.

The invasion of Ross and Butler made the last incursion of the enemy. Indeed, there remained but little more to be destroyed. The inhabitants had lost nearly all but the soil; their fields, except in the vicinity of the forts, had mostly become as wild as the surrounding wilderness. Famine was often threatening them, and especially in the winter. Their defences however, of places so unproductive were nevertheless of great importance to the towns on the Hudson, thus shielding the citizens from approaches to them, and thus hindering the British from opening communications with New York, so desirable and important. Many of these

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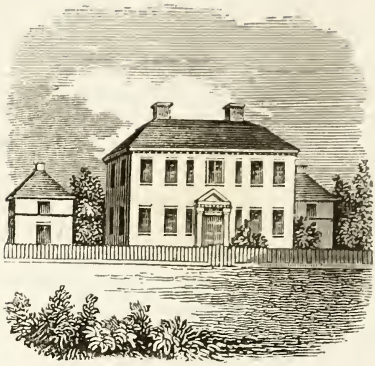


Johnson Hall, p. 59.

Gen'l. Herkimer's House, p. 59.

frontier settlers, fell in battles in the regular army, and in skirmishes and battles with the enemy, at their homes, and many fell silently by the rifle, the tomahawk, and scalping knife. "Their ashes flew, no marble tells us whither!"

Several of the soldiers, who at the close of the war, were without homes, and who had been stationed along the frontier, returned and settled upon the places of their former trials and perils. Who that looked upon central New York *then*, would have dreamed of its sudden growth, and the rapid displacement of the Indians, so that in less than fifty years, the same land should teem with a million of inhabitants, rich in comforts, and in beautiful embellishments!

In the time of Mrs. Grant, the residences of Sir Wm. Johnson consisted of Johnson Castle, and Johnson Hall. The Castle was on an eminence, stockaded round, and slightly fortified. The Hall was on the side of the river, on a most fertile and delightful plain. This last was his summer residence; and its two wings had loopholes, like a block house, for the use of musketry. The Castle, contained his store of goods, *for trading* with the Indians. Sir William was tall in person, well formed, of fine countenance, and sedate; the latter a very commendable quality in the estimation of the better class of Indians. He was indeed, wholly a man to please them, in all that goes to make a superior man.

At the time of which we speak, the country was uninhabited, with a few exceptions, from his Fish House, to Johnstown. Near the bridge, at the Fish House, formerly stood a house built by Sir William, where he generally spent the fishing season, surrounded by a few of his European friends, with some of the provincial officers that were attached to his suite, and the head men of the Mohawks.

The first inhabitants of this section, formed the guard of the English frontier; and from this exposed situation, they were of necessity, compelled to act as farmer, hunter, or soldier, as the case required. The exciting incidents of such a life, laid the foundation of that high personal spirit and resolution, that love of adventure and liberty, that form such a distinguishing feature in the American character. Such a location, so early formed, very naturally became, as it did in time, the proper capital of Tryon county, and where the first court-house for the county, was built.

It was the French war, that first brought out the military talents of Sir William, till when, he only seemed to be the country gentleman, and the good liver. His prudence in planning, and the boldness of his execution in war, soon made his name in itself, a host; and it is a curious fact, that throughout the whole war, wherever he had the command, he never met the enemy but to conquer.

In 1754, there was advertised in the New York Gazette, as to be leased or sold, 40,000 acres of "Mohawk country land," near

Mount Johnson, four miles from the Mohawk river, and sixteen from Schenectady, adjoining to Stone-Rabie, a *German* settlement, of about sixty able families, who have a Lutheran and Calvinistic church, and have many *Dutch* settlements, on the south and east side thereof, and *laying out* of the general tract of the Indians, in time of war.

In 1768, Sir Wm. Johnson, as superintendent of Indian affairs, held a treaty at his residence at Johnson Hall, at which were present seven hundred and fifty Indians.

Nancy Landerse, widow, born in Sept. 1733, was still alive at one hundred years of age, in 1833, of the town of Glenn in Montgomery county, living on lands fifty miles from Albany, which she purchased in 1783, on the south side of the Mohawk river. She still possessed health and mental vigour. There is another widow, (Clute) in the same town, as old as herself.

SCHOHARIE.

This earliest settlement inland, in New York, began its operation as early as 1713, when sundry German Palatinates, who had before been encouraged to emigrate to this country, under the auspices of Queen Anne, went on from Albany and Schenectady, over the Helleberg, to Schoharie creek, where they settled the rich alluvial lands, bordering upon that stream. The Queen, by her proclamation of 1709, in Germany, had promised land *gratis*, and an exemption from all taxes.

Afterwards, small colonies from here, and from Albany and Schenectady, established themselves in various places *along the Mohawk;* and in 1722, had extended as far up as *the German Flats*, near where stands the present village of Herkimer; but although these advanced pioneers knew very well, that they were wholly committed to the tender mercies of the Indians, when so remote from white population, they did not dare to venture beyond the neighbourhood of boatable streams, which might serve them in cases of emergency, for a better means of escape, when none had ventured out in that unbroken wilderness, which lay to the South and West of these settlements.

We are indebted to an old publication, by a Mr. Brown, of Albany, for sundry facts in relation to these first settlers inland. They left their homes in Germany, in a large party, on the first of January 1710; going first to England; a great many died on their passage, which seems to have been long, for they did not reach New York till the 14th of June 1710. About one thousand of them joined the army at Albany, under Col. Nicholson. Others were sent up the Hudson river, to East and West Camps, so called, because they encamped at those places. They remained there till the spring of 1713, when they went as far as Albany, where they were provided with provisions and tools, and proceeded on

foot to Schoharie, as their previously determined place of destination. On the third day, they fell into a quarrel among themselves, and some of them actually got to fighting, which led to the place being called "Fegtberg," that is, fight hill, at the place now the town of Berne. The next day they came in sight of the Schoharie, where they all concluded to rest, and have a general wash, and "lost some of their vermin." In a week after their arrival at Schoharie, they had three children born, which as *first borns*, deserve the record of their names, viz: Johannes Earhart, Wilhelmus Bouck, and Elizabeth Sawyer. They found the land good, and much of the flats clear. They went to work and planted corn, which they got of the natives. In working the ground with their hoes, they found a potato-like root, which they called earth beans, which they boiled or roasted, and ate as food.

In the fall of 1713, Lambert Sternbergh carried a spint of wheat *along the Indian foot path*, from Schenectady to Schoharie, where he sowed, or rather planted it, over more than an acre of ground, which grew well; and the next year, he reaped and threshed it, and measured out of it, 83 skipple. This was the first wheat ever raised in Schoharie: and in forty years afterwards, it was reckoned that the settlers carried to Albany as much as 36,000 skipples a year.

With such thrift, the settlers soon began to regard themselves as prosperous and happy. Fertility and industry, gave them plenty to eat and wear; they wore moccasins, buckskin breeches, and jackets of leather, which they obtained plentifully, from the Indians. Nine of them became the owners of *one horse*, the first; for a time, they had no grist-mill, no team, no horses, no roads bigger than the Indian foot paths. They stamped, and also peeled their corn, by the help of ley, and then cooked it to eat. Their wheat they carried on men's backs to Schenectady, to grind, a distance of twenty miles, each man carrying his skipple to his load. Sometimes they would go twenty in a drove, and often, men and women, together. This they had to do for three or four years; when, thanks to William Fox, he constructed a grist-mill among them.

They next thought themselves still more happy and prosperous, when they began to have stock, used horses, and made and used their own block sleighs, for home concerns, and their wooden shod sleighs, to go even to Albany, but they had no breech collars, (an invention of the Schenectadians) but still went to Albany and back, *in five days*. Their wagons for summer use, were made of blocks, sawed off of a thick water beach tree. All seemed to go on well; when lo! trouble of a *legal* nature came upon them; and here, Mr. Brown, whom we have been transcribing in the foregoing facts, exclaims upon the stupidity of these German countrymen. The case was this: the Queen, believing that by this time, her German settlers might be settled in comfort, sent out her agent

Nicholas Bayard, (a man of but one eye and ancestor of the Bayard race,) with powers to give to every man, a deed for his land in use and possession. He had arrived at the house of Hansberry Smith in Schoharie, and had scarcely sent out his requests, when the whole people ran together, in fear and anger, surrounding the house of Smith, and accusing the agent, of a design to enslave them to tyrannic landholders! There they were, men and women, some with guns, some with pitchforks, the women with hoes and clubs, demanding the agent, alive or dead! On refusal, they fired sixty balls through the house, exhausting thus all their ammunition! Mr. Bayard had his pistols, and showed signs of fight. When night came on, they left the house, and Mr. Bayard went off, and got back to Schenectady, in the course of one night. He sent them word from thence, that if any of them would come to him there, and acknowledge him as crown agent, and bringing the gift of one ear of corn, they should severally have a free deed, to all that they possessed. But none obeyed. Mr. Bayard feeling testy, went back to Albany and sold the whole land to seven partners, who afterwards went by the name of "the seven partners of Schoharie." Among them were, Rut Van Dam, Lewis Morris, Myndert Schuyler, Peter Vanburgh Livingston.

These partners, soon began to require them to take leases, and pay rent, or to purchase; and on their refusal, next, to take legal process, by sending the sheriff, one Adams, to apprehend the chief objectors; but when he began with the first man, the women rose *en masse*, headed by Magdalen Zee, and knocked him down, then dragged him through a mud pool near, then hung him on a rail, and carried him four miles; far worse this, than Shakspeare's merry wives of Windsor; for these, far more outrageous, then plucked up a fence stake, broke two of his ribs, and struck out one of his eyes, as a suitable reference perhaps, to Mr. Bayard's case, and then left him to lie, or to get off, as he could! Such was the mistaken tragedy of the primitive Schoharie! The poor sheriff got on as far as Venbergh, on the third day, and from thence was fetched in a wagon to Albany. After this the Schoharie people dared not to venture to Albany, but were fain to send their wives only, to fetch their needed salt, and that always on the Sabbath to avoid the law. In time they got less fearful, and came men and women together, when the partners had them all arrested, and clapped into jail. Upon this, the people of Schoharie resolved to send old Conradt Wise to England, to lay before the Crown the evils of which they deemed themselves the sufferers. But when he arrived, he found all the facts in the case had preceded him, and he was actually put into the Tower, and remained a year, to teach him and them, submission to law. When he returned, he and others, disappointed and disgusted as they were, resolved to leave the scene of contention, and to seek better feelings and another land, in Pennsylvania, where under the auspices of Gov. Keith,

who desired to make himself popular, at the expense of the New York authorities, offered them sundry allurements. They then took up their march south-westwardly for the Susquehanna, with an Indian guide, together with their cattle; having made canoes at the river, they floated down the stream, driving the cattle, along the shores of the same; a terrible march, in so wild a country; at length they arrived at Tulpehawken creek, where they settled, and where their descendants now live, the richest and best farmers in Pennsylvania. Wiser became a useful Indian agent, and interpreted for the governor, and authorities in Pennsylvania, was usefully employed on numerous occasions, lived respected, and died and was buried, at the place since well known as Womelsdorf.

What is sufficiently curious is, that twelve of their horses run off in the journey, and after eighteen months, all found their way back to Schoharie, a distance of from two to three hundred miles!

Those of the settlers that remained, submitted to buy their lands peaceably of the "seven partners;" to take Indian deeds for purchases, and to have them confirmed by the governor; now their descendants have the richest farms and are the happiest men in the state, in point of wealth and increase, and hardly know anything of this brief and eventful history of their forefathers' troubles and harassments!

In the neighbourhood of this Schoharie settlement, was the earliest and most inland fort of the British, to wit, old Fort Hunter, situated at the mouth of Schoharie creek, where was also the old Mohawk town, and a missionary station, with a church for the Indians, founded under the auspices of Queen Anne. Here the Indians made considerable advances in civilization, and did not abandon the place till as late as 1780, when they went off and settled in Canada.

From the preceding period down to the era of the Revolution, the settlers went on prosperously and contented. They then heartily entered into the cause of the Colonies, and appointed their committee of safety, &c.

In the fall of 1777, the inhabitants began to suffer from the inroads of straggling parties of Indians: aid was sought from government, and three forts were erected, called the Upper, Middle, and Lower forts. The middle fort, was near where the village of Middletown now stands; they consisted of intrenchments of earth and wood, thrown up in the usual form around some building, which could serve as a shelter for the women and children; the building in the middle fort, was a stone house, that in the lower fort, was a stone church. They were severally garrisoned with a few continental soldiers, and each was furnished with a small field piece. Many of the inhabitants repaired to the forts at night, and went abroad in the mornings to their employments on their farms, thus indicating, how very much a country so little

in advance of Schenectady, could still be in effect an Indian country, and exposed to their hostilities.

During two or three years, these forts afforded protection near them, but in the mean time, individuals and families were found missing in the outskirts, and the smoking ruins of their dwellings, and the dead bodies of men, and their domestic animals, were alone left to indicate their fate; occasionally a prisoner returned to relate the secret of their destruction.

The tories, who often commanded the Indians, were the most barbarous. This fact, to tell of the white men, is in itself some exculpation of the Indians. In one case, a party of Indians had entered a house, and killed and scalped a mother and a large family of children; a smiling infant in a cradle was alone spared, when a party of royalists entering, one of them reproaching the humanity of the Indian leader, took up the infant upon the point of his bayonet, and while it was struggling and writhing in its agonies, exclaimed, *this too is a rebel!*

Seven Indians, meeting a man of the name of Sawyer, took him prisoner, and having gone some distance, and being laid down and asleep, he succeeded in loosing himself, then taking up one of their hatchets, killed the whole six! The seventh escaped wounded, and Sawyer returned home!

In the year 1778, McDonald, a tory of enterprise and activity, with a company of about three hundred Indians and tories, fell upon the settlement with cruel barbarity. Col. Vrooman being then in command, deemed himself too weak to spare any help from the garrison; when a Mr. Harper, afterwards an active colonel, ordered his horse, and made his way cautiously and securely to Albany, going through the places occupied by the enemy. Having stopped at the house of a tory at Fox's creek in the night, his room was entered by four tories, he terrified them off with his sword and pistols, then fastened his door and kept awake till daylight, when he went off; an Indian followed him, who whenever he turned upon him, also turned and fled. At Albany he procured a troop of horse, and appeared soon again at Schoharie. The garrison seeing his approach sallied forth, and joined in driving off the enemy.

In the year 1779, the little settlement on Cobble creek, ten miles west from Schoharie, was assaulted, and defended by Capt. Patrick; he was killed, and his men retreated; the inhabitants seeing their flight, also made their escape, although pursued by about three hundred of the enemy; their escape was favoured by the desperate resistance of seven of the soldiers, who having gained possession of a house, kept up such a spirited fire from the windows, as to check and detain the pursuers. At length the house was fired, and six of the brave defenders perished in the flames, the seventh was afterwards found a few rods from the house, much burned and horribly mutilated, and having a roll of continental

money stuck in his hand, placed there in derision of the cause he had been supporting! Of the 45 who placed themselves under Capt. Patrick, 21 escaped, 22 were killed, and two were taken prisoners. The Indians also suffered severely. The tory who commanded them was afterwards killed by the celebrated Murphy, a man who had belonged to Morgan's rifle corps, and who was on many occasions serviceable to Schoharie. He usually directed their scouting parties, and being peculiarly expert in Indian warfare, in his manner of firing with a double barreled rifle, a new thing to them, he became their peculiar terror. At one time he was pursued by a party, all of whom he outran save one, whom he turned round and killed—then seizing his rifle he killed another nearest, the rest now sure of their prey, thinking from his fire that he had no other defence, rushed upon him, but he discharging his remaining rifle and killing another, the rest fled, thinking that he was assisted by some invisible spirit, and crying out, that he was the man who could shoot all day.

In the fall of 1780, the perils and the evils of war, were visited again upon Schoharie, by a force of 800 under the command of Sir John Johnson, consisting of British regulars, loyalists, tories, and Indians. They had designed a surprise, but being timely discovered in their approach, they avoided the middle fort, and began their destruction first upon the houses, barns, and the capture of the cattle. They next attacked the fort consisting of about 250 men. Major Woolsey in the command was despondent, and thought of treating for terms, but was prevented by the courage of Murphy and others. The assailants withdrew, and proceeding down the creek, destroyed every thing in their progress, and after a faint effort against the lower fort, pursued their course to Fort Hunter, thence upward along the Mohawk, devastating wherever they went, and burning the town of Caughnawaga.

After so general a destruction of the Schoharie settlement, the place was allowed to repose, and during the years 1781 and 1782, though often alarmed, they had no serious molestation.

There may be here added, as a sequel to the foregoing, some facts concerning the personal prowess and activity of Col. Harper before named. While he was in command in Schoharie in 1777, having occasion to visit and explore the state of Cherry Valley, and going alone along the Indian trail, he saw at a distance a company of Indians advancing; not knowing how to escape, he promptly resolved to encounter them, and to make the best shift he could. Concealing his regimentals with his great coat, he saluted their leader, whom he had before known, with a How do you brother? he was answered with, where do you go—his reply was, on a secret expedition—and pretending to have an object in common with theirs, he was allowed to pass. He then made a circuit and found fifteen men, with whom he pursued to the night camp of the Indians; these he found asleep, and with their

arms stacked near them; he succeeded to fall upon every man, to bind them with cords, and marched them all to Albany.

A Col. Fisher residing near Caughnawaga, at the time of the assault upon that settlement, after defending himself in his house with his two brothers, both of whom were killed, fled from it, and was overtaken by the Indians, who tomahawked and scalped him, leaving him, as they supposed, dead. The next day he was found by a friend, and taken to his house. *He recovered*, lived long after the war, a useful member of society, and a living spectacle of wonder.

Sir John Johnson sat down for awhile at Fox's Mills, two miles below the upper Mohawk castle; here he threw up a breastwork. General Van Rensselaer, who was joined by the Canajoharie militia, assaulted his position, driving off the Indians first, who pursued their return towards the Susquehanna. Sir John defended his position with spirit during the day, and in the night effected his retreat, destroying however, as they went, the whole country on the north side of the river from Caughnawaga to Stone Arabia and Palatine. This with the ravages of Brant on the south side of the river, in the previous August, completed the destruction of the Mohawk settlements.

Fort Hunter, at the mouth of Schoharie creek twenty-one miles from Schenectady, was so named in honour of Governor Hunter, and was the same place also named Mohawk Castle before that time. At that place, was a church as a missionary station, of which account is given to this effect in the account of Church Missions, London ed. 1730—to wit: In the year 1710 Mr. Barclay, Episcopal minister stationed at Albany, was accustomed to go to a village called the Mohawk Castle, then the most remote place of the English. There he often preached to the Indians coming there to traffic and to get provisions. After a time he set on foot a subscription for establishing and building a church, when the governor, Robert Hunter, contributed largely. The town of Albany gave £200, and every inhabitant of the poor village of Schenectady, something also. It was built and opened in 1716.

There has been no settled pastor in the church since the revolutionary war. During the war the building was occupied as a fort. Since then it went to decay, having never been used afterwards as a church. Finally, in 1829-30, it was, by reason of its standing near the site of the canal, unceremoniously demolished.

Mrs. Getty Vanderzee, who died lately at Greenbush, at the age of 86 years, (mother of S. T. V. Esq. of Troy,) was the last of *four sisters*, who, together with other females, assisted by an Ensign Becker, of sixteen years of age, gallantly defended the middle fort at Schoharie, when surprised and assaulted, by a large number of British and Indians, at a time, when the troops, and male inhabitants, were sent to the lower fort—four miles

distant. The females, with their children, had gone to the fort for protection, and the major in command, insisting on surrendering, was resisted by the young ensign, who, with the women, went to work to manage the guns, which they did with such success, as to prolong the defence, until relief arrived from the fort below, when the enemy was routed, and the fort, and its defenders were saved.

Among the novelties of New York, redeemed from the olden time, may be mentioned the discovery, in May 1842, of "*How's Cave*," found by Mr. How, on his land, four miles from Schoharie court-house, wherein he has entered *seven miles*, when he was stopped from further research, by *a lake*, and to traverse which, he will build a boat, to proceed and examine further. The cave has abundance of great halls and chambers, of from one hundred to three hundred feet long, twenty to fifty feet wide, and twenty to fifty feet high; ornamented above, and on the sides, with numerous stalactites, of various colours, and fanciful forms, some of which, by the aid of the imagination, present the forms, of men and women, such as Washington, Venus, &c; some also, resembling in form and sound, the *piano-forte*, organ, pipes, &c: and, to add to the picturesque scenery, there are streams of water, and waterfalls, with their adjuncts, of murmur and roar. One of the enormous stalactites, measures forty feet wide, ten feet thick, and thirty feet high, and one of the domes, is of three hundred feet in extent. It is easy to foresee, that such a cave must become a place of great resort, to summer tourists, and must bring a good revenue hereafter, to the fortunate discoverer. It was found, by observing at its closed entrance, occasional escapes of air; and by removing sundry loose stones, an easy and safe entrance was made to these chambers of subterranean wonder!

CANAJOHARIE.

In the spring of 1779, General Clinton, with two regiments of the New York line, encamped at Canajoharie—thus defending the valley of the Mohawk from much mischief in that year.

In the month of August, 1780, the Indian chief, Joseph Brant, at the head of four or five hundred Indians and tories, broke in upon the settlement, at a time when the militia were absent, guarding a number of batteaux, transporting provisions to Fort Schuyler—and succeeded to lay waste the whole country around Canajoharie—killing sixteen of the inhabitants, and capturing between fifty and sixty prisoners, mostly women and children, twelve of whom they sent back; of course showing some mercy even in their feelings of revenge and cruelty. They killed and drove away upwards of three hundred head of cattle and horses —burned fifty-three dwelling-houses—as many barns—a church —a grist-mill, and two small forts occupied by the women. This

had been the previous place of residence of Brant and his parents —of course he was warring against his former friends and neighbours! He had just before married the daughter of Colonel Croghan, whom he had had by an Indian women.

In the winter of 1781, requisition was made upon the justices of Canajoharie, for warrants of impressment for twenty *sleighs*, to be used in transporting provisions to Fort Schuyler, and to be attended by escorts of eighty men. They succeeded to fulfil the requisition; but it ought not to be forgotten, by the present generation, who now witness such easy conveyance along the same route, that such was then the impediments from the depth of the snow and the want of roads, that they made but two or three miles advance in a day, in some of the days of laborious travel. Such necessary duties imposed upon the inhabitants of the frontiers, were very severe and exposing—and on them essentially devolved the labour of transporting and guarding provisions and ammunition, intended for Forts Plain, Dayton and Schuyler. Besides this, in the early part of the summer of 1781, there was a constant warfare carried on in the vicinity of the forts—small parties hovered about Fort Plain, and cut off every soldier or inhabitant, who was so careless or unfortunate as to stray beyond the walls.

Fort Plain being remarkable as a block house of very superior construction, I here give a picture of it, as it once stood, on the brow of a hill, above the village. It derived its name, as is supposed, from its affording a *plain view* of the surrounding country. It was made, among other purposes, as a place for the safe retreat of families in cases of extremity. It was made of hewn timber, and contained three stories—the first story was 30 feet diameter; the second was 40 feet, and the third was 50 feet. Besides the port holes seen, there were also perpendicular ones, through the floors, which severally projected five feet—these to fire down upon assailants, when under the over-reaching and widening top. It had also cannon in the lower tier. At the close of the war, it was used for sometime, as a place of deposit for military stores. It was at this place, that old king Hendrick once had his residence.

This Fort Plain (Plank fort, originally called,) was commanded in the summer of 1781, by the hero, Col. Marius Willett. On one occasion, his scouts having discovered an Indian trail, followed it up to the Indian camp of about three hundred men, under command of the tory, John Doxtader, who the day before had destroyed the town of Curry, *only a short distance above* Schenectady. They returned and gave the information, when Col. Willett and Major M'Kean went off with a force of about one hundred and fifty men—going through a dark night, without a road, to the place just at day light. Then concealing themselves in the Cedar Swamp, two men were sent forward to pass

over a piece of open ground, in the sight of the enemy, and in case of pursuit, to lead in by different courses, to the two commands, previously divided, for the purpose of better effect. The stratagem succeeded; and as the enemy pursued, Major M'Kean opened at the proper time, a galling and destructive fire, upon the party nearest him, and the party under Col. Willett fell upon the other body. The camp of the enemy, and all their plunder was taken. The brave Major M'Kean received two wounds, of which he soon after died. The Indians fled toward the Susquehanna, and were pursued with considerable loss.

Mrs. Grant tells us, in her memoirs, of her visit to king Hendrick in 1761, at what was then called Fort Hendrick, and Indian Castle, but in fact, the present Canajoharie. The home of the king stood on rising ground, surrounded by palisades—the mode then of making forts. He was, indeed, a princely figure, and was dressed in his mantle of blue cloth, and silver-laced. He had two rooms on a floor, and in the same room where he was seated, was a pile of maize. While there, his son, a fine lad, playfully brought in his colt, as his pet and plaything. When we read of Indian castles as the names of places, now found in New York, where no castles appear, they must be understood to mark places, where once the Indian chiefs resided, and had them palisaded, as above mentioned, in the case of king Hendrick. He was killed in our colonial service, at Fort Edward. His home above mentioned, was once the principal seat of the Mohawks, and still abounds with apple-trees of their planting—and producing excellent cider. Near it, was Brant's church, so called after that chief, who is said to have left it and its associations, with great reluctance. In the same neighbourhood, the British had built a fort, in the French war. We saw this good looking, large church, surmounted with *its steeple*, but out of use, in 1828, then standing within ten feet of the canal. We saw also, the site of the aforenamed Fort Plain, on a hill,—then a *peaceful* pasture ground, and actually being "close cropt by nibbling sheep."

Canajoharie derives its name, from a deep hole of foaming water, in the creek formed at the foot of one its falls, and signifies a pot or kettle, which washes itself.

One of the remarkables of Canajoharie is their valuable Sulphur Springs at Sharon, a place, worthy to be herein named, because it is destined, at no distant day, to become very attractive to New Yorkers, and New Englanders, and even to Philadelphians, because so much easier of access, with less of expense, than the heretofore famed Sulphur Springs, so much visited, in Virginia. These springs, from their superior quality of sulphuretted hydrogen, will be deemed much more efficacious to rheumatic and cutaneous diseases, than those of Virginia. Already, there is a large hotel on the premises, to provide entertainment for three hundred visiters. Its elevation, and scenery, and healthiness, will command attention.

CHERRY VALLEY.

The original patent for this place, was granted in 1738, by George Clark, to John Lindesay and three others. In the next year, it became wholly the property of those two named gentlemen; and Mr. Lindesay made his settlement on the farm, called Lindesay's Bush, afterwards successively owned by John Wells, and Judge Hudson. The country, at the time, was filled with elk and deer, and had a full proportion of bears, wolves, beavers, and foxes, and for that cause, was the favourite hunting ground of the Mohawks, where they erected their cabins, and hunted their game upon the mountains—they being 1700 feet in elevation above the valley of the Mohawk. There, Mr. Lindesay, with his son-in-law, Mr. Congreve, a British lieutenant, dwelt in lonely solitude—they being fifteen miles from any settlement, and the intervening country could only be travelled by the Indian footpath.

In the deep snow of 1740, they became wholly isolated, and cut off from all possibility of supplies, and when likely to starve, they were visited by a friendly Indian, coming to them on his snow shoes, who from time to time, brought them such relief, and necessaries—carried on his back, as preserved the lives of these first settlers.

In the next year, they were joined by sundry Scotch Irish families, from Londonderry, New Hampshire; say the Rev. Samuel Dunlap, David Ramsay, William Gallt, James Campbell, William Dickson, &c., in all, about thirty persons. From these, their place of settlement received the name of Cherry Valley, in allusion to the many fine wild cherry trees, then growing there. For a long time, this, then far advanced settlement, became the distinguishing name of a large section of the country, south and west.

These first settlers, under the influence of the Rev. Mr. Lindesay, became a strictly religious community. They made a log church and school-house, a grist and saw-mill. In the course of ten years, they were joined by John Wells, and two or three other families.

In time, it occurred, that sundry disaffected Indians, of Oquago, began to threaten hostility, so that it became expedient to raise a defence of 800 rangers, for Tryon county, and to place a company of them at Cherry Valley, under the command of Captain McKean; to these were joined the occasional services of the few inhabitants. Some of these went on to join Sir Wm. Johnson, at Fort Edward, in 1757, and survived to come back and tell of their doings, in many years of after life.

During the harassing periods of the French wars, population continued to increase along the rivers and valleys, and among the rest, sundry settlements had been made, in various positions,

around Cherry Valley—among these, came the family of the Harpers. These, afterwards, removed from the Valley, and established themselves at Harper's Field, in the present county of Delaware, where they became distinguished for their courage and ardent attachment in the cause of American liberty. At the period of the Revolution, the whole population of Cherry Valley, was short of three hundred. Then came on the tug of war, and then this community came to learn all the terrors and the incidents, from the hostile incursions and ravages of the Indians, and their equally savage allies, the tories—stimulated and excited by such loyalists, as Colonels Guy Johnson, and Claus, Sir John Johnson, John and Walter Butler, and Joseph Brant. All names of terror and affliction to the inland settlers, every where. Deeply and feelingly did they make their names to be feared and remembered, by all the inhabitants, then dwelling beyond Schenectady.

In the summer of 1776, Capt. Robert McKean raised a company of rangers for the defence of the Valley—a defence of logs and earth, was thrown up around Colonel Samuel Campbell's house and barn, as a place of refuge, and to these were added two block houses—afterwards a proper fort was erected there, at the instance of General Lafayette, then at Johnstown. To this, came in many of the inhabitants, from Unadilla and other towns—even the boys of the place, formed themselves into companies of little soldiers. In one of their parades without the fort, they were seen by Brant and his Indians, at a distance, and taking them for real soldiers, he went off, without attempting his intended surprise. They however, met with Lieutenant Wormwood, bearing a message, who being shot from his horse, was tomahawked by Brant, who was his personal friend, but did not know it was he at the time. In the same year, Brant came with his party, to Springfield, and burnt it, carrying off several prisoners. At one time Brant wrote a letter to Captain McKean—for he could write, having been educated at Wheelock's academy, in which he gave him a kind of challenge.

In the fall of 1778, the garrison was increased under Colonel Alden, in consequence of intelligence received, that Brant and Walter Butler, were on their way to the place, with five hundred Indians, and two hundred rangers. The place, however, was assaulted by surprise—the advance body of them was composed chiefly of Senecas, at that time the wildest and most ferocious of the Six Nations. Colonel Alden was killed—they massacred the whole family of the Wells', except the late John Wells of New York city. He alone was saved, by being at his school in Schenectady. The Rev. Samuel Dunlap, and his daughter, were made prisoners, and protected by an Indian chief—his wife was taken and killed. A Mr. Mitchell, being in the fields, and seeing the Indians, hid himself in the woods, but he was obliged to see his house fired, and afterwards, to find his wife and four children

killed. The party which surrounded the house of Colonel Campbell, took his wife and four children prisoners, their lives were spared, and they endured a long and painful captivity. Mr. Clyde escaped, with four children, to the woods, and lay concealed under a large log. Thirty-two of the inhabitants, principally women and children, were killed, and sixteen of the soldiers; the terror of the scene was increased, by the conflagration of all the houses and out-houses in the settlement—some few escaped to the Mohawk river, the remainder were made prisoners. They who should like to see the particulars of this tragic affair, may read the facts at large, in Mr. Campbell's interesting history of Tryon county.

It is but justice to Brant, to say, that in the midst of his severity, he remembered mercy. He earnestly inquired for his friend, Captain McKean, saying that if he could have captured him, he should have been glad, as he should have liked to prove to him, that he respected his valour, and should be glad to show him friendship and mercy. On another occasion, finding a woman alone in a house, he told her to feign herself sick, and get to bed, and that when the Senecas should come, he could say she was only a sick woman. They did come, and passed away, and then he painted the woman and children with his Mohawk paint, as a sign of her protection. He was always jealous of his character as a humane chieftain. Several attacks were made upon the fort, but without success, and yet the garrison was not strong enough to make a successful sortie. The Indians went off, with between thirty and forty prisoners, and not long after, sent back the women and children—certainly a merciful action for Indians. Mrs. Campbell, and Mrs. Moore, and their children, they retained, because their husbands had been active partisans against them. After this, all the country was abandoned by the inhabitants, and in the next summer, the garrison also went away, to join Generals Clinton and Sullivan.

Mrs. Campbell and her children, before named, after a captivity of two years, were exchanged, for Mrs. Butler and children, the family of Col. John Butler, which he had left behind, when he first went off to Canada. At Mrs. Campbell's return, she joined her husband, and lived a while at Troy. It was not till 1784, that they returned to their homes, made waste and desolate, at Cherry Valley. There he was afterwards visited in his log house, by Gen. Washington, Gov. Clinton, Gen. Hand, and many officers of the New York line, then making a tour up the Mohawk —they were all equally satisfied, to take things rough as they found them—all being cheered by hopes of better days to come. While there, they made inquiries for a brave Irishman, of the name of Shankland, who had made a most gallant defence of his house, against sundry Indians, by firing at them from his windows. At last, they succeeded to set it on fire, and supposing that they had

been consumed with the building, they went off, but he had got out by a back way, through his hemp field, and now standing up in the midst of these distinguished guests, he went over the details of his perilous fight. Such a group, it has been said, would form a good subject for the pencil. On the occasion of the same visit, was shown the three guns of one Mayall, who when made a prisoner, a little after the peace, by two Indians, feigning friendship—he watched his chance, when crossing a river —struck down the man nearest him on the bank—fired at and wounded the second, then swimming the river, the third Indian fired at Mayall, missed and run—when Mayall with his own, and the guns of the two others, came to Mr. Campbell's house, and deposited them as trophies—and well they were qualified to add to the interesting group already proposed in the picture.

At the close of the war, the most of the surviving inhabitants of Cherry Valley, returned to their former homes—the places of many, however, were never re-occupied by the same owners, and many a tear was shed, and many a bitter remembrance was occasioned by their absence, and the thought of the cause.

It may possibly interest some, to know that this is the home and the birth place of *Cooper*, who has so well succeeded to draw the woodsman's life, and the Indian's character.

THE GERMAN FLATS AND FORT HERKIMER.

This place constituted the most advanced position of white population, lying on the north side of the Mohawk, sixty miles from Schenectady. It consisted of a village called the German Flats, originally settled by Germans, under the auspices of Queen Anne. There an old Fort had been built, by Colonel Charles Clinton, as early as 1758, and to which was given the name, afterwards, of Fort Herkimer, in honour of General Herkimer, of the militia, who fell in the battle of Oriskany, not far beyond the Flats. There was also another fort on the Flats, called Fort Dayton, which was built in 1776, and named after Colonel Dayton.

The people of the Flats, were called out for the defence of their country, in the summer of 1777, by a proclamation of General Herkimer, wherein he required the services of every male person, of from *sixteen* to sixty years of age; at the same time, all above sixty, were to remain at home, and to gather at a call, for the home defence of the women and children.

After the battle of Oriskany, in which General Herkimer lost his life, the whole district of the German Flats, was filled with grief and mourning. Almost every family had lost some relatives. "Rachell weeping for her children and they were not." Wives lamenting husbands and sons—sons too of only sixteen years of age, and their valued General, in whom they trusted, was also slain.

Among the individuals who most distinguished themselves for personal prowess and remarkable success, was the person of Christian Shell, of Shell-bush, in the present county of Herkimer. He had refused to go into any of the forts, but built his own block house, upon his farm. The first story had no windows, but several loop-holes, through which those within, could fire upon the enemy. The upper story projected over the first, two or three feet, in which were also apertures for fire arms. Being in his field, working with his two sons, he saw the Indians approaching, and got securely in the house, where his wife was already prepared with his arms. As the Indians and tories, sixty in number, neared the house, he fired with a blunderbuss, and caused their recoil. One McDonald he wounded, and then dragged him into his house. The fight was maintained the whole afternoon—his wife, all the time, acting as a true heroine, and "meet helper," was occasionally busy, in sundry sorties, among the wounded, in using the chopping axe—having herself, spoiled five of their guns. The result finally was, that they killed eleven and wounded six. The whole story is told, in very homely poetry, preserved in sixteen stanzas, in Campbell's history—concluding with the humble and devout confession.

> "But God was his assistant, his buckler and his shield,
> He dispersed this cruel enemy, and made them quit the field."

Remarkable as the story is, it is said to be true. We are sorry to add, that in the succeeding year, the Indians stealthily shot him, while at work in his field, after which, his wife and children moved into one of the forts.

When the German Flats were assaulted and burned, in 1778, by the Indians, the place consisted of thirty-eight dwellings, on the south side of the Mohawk river, and of as many on the north side—happily, but two persons were killed, as the inhabitants had a previous intimation of the approach of the enemy, and got off in time to save their lives—but it was surely an awful time, to be thus driven away and left houseless—a time of suffering indeed. Who can tell the measure of their sufferings, in such a state of exile.

In 1780, a party of tories and Indians, attacked the small settlement of Little Falls, for the purpose of destroying the mills.—These they burned, killed one man, and took off five or six prisoners.

It was my happiness, to have had the advantage of being accompanied along the valley of the Mohawk, in the year 1828, by Mr. Parrish, many years the Indian interpreter and agent. He had been captured near the Wyoming settlement, in Pennsylvania, by the Indians, when he was a lad of eleven years of age, and had been led along with the army of predatory Indians and tories, who destroyed the settlements along the Mohawk, in the Revolu-

tionary war. Having thus seen, with his own eyes, the things then done, and being seven years a captive, he was qualified to give abundant information, of all the things then passing under our notice, in travelling on as far as Canandaigua, where he resided. He of course confirmed many of the things written in these pages, and also pointed out to me the big *stone house*, where Gen. Herkimer once lived. He spoke five Indian languages—was given up at Fort Stanwix to his liberty—was afterwards, for thirty years, interpreter,—and has left a fortune honourably attained. He was a fine looking, large man, of gentle manners and disposition. He had a ready manner of imitating all the Indian manners and ways. He died in the year 1836, and in the same year, died Mr. Jones, another interpreter, and Indian captive, from Pennsylvania—a man much valued and esteemed. How they all vanish from the things that be!

The Col. Willett, who was conspicuous in relieving Gen. Herkimer's regiment, assaulted in the battle of Oriskany, lived to be quite an oracle and chronicle, concerning the Indian wars along the Mohawk, he having died in New York, in the summer of 1830—say on the 22d of August, the anniversary of his battle with Maj. Ross, and Col. Butler, aged 90 years. It was particularly remarkable, concerning him, that the coffin in which he was interred, was made of pieces of wood, collected by himself, many years before, from different revolutionary battle grounds. The corpse, in compliance with a written request of the deceased, was habited in a complete suit of ancient citizen's apparel, including an old-fashioned three-cornered hat. Several thousand persons passed through the house, for the purpose of viewing the remains. Thus he that was wondered at in life, was also wondered at in death!

FORT SCHUYLER AT ROME.

This post constituted, at the time, the most advanced military position inland, and was at the head of the Mohawk navigation. The fort was erected in 1776, by Col. Dayton, at the place now called Rome, upon the foundation of old Fort Stanwix, began in 1759, by General Broadstreet. At this time the *old* Fort Schuyler, once at the place now Utica, was gone down, and out of use since the time of the French wars. The new fort, was at the proper carrying place, between that river and Wood creek, whence the boats made their passage, to Oswego, and the lake.

While the British were advancing, under Burgoyne, towards Albany with the intention to open the communication, by the Hudson river, to New York, other expeditions were meditating, for the purposes of diversion and revenge, to operate along the line of the Mohawk.

Col. Claus, in Canada, (who had gone from Johnstown, as a

tory chief,) was using his best exertions, to engage the assistance of all the Indians, endeavouring to persuade them, that with their assistance, he should be fully able to capture new Fort Schuyler. This intimation gave rise to the appointment, of Col. Gansevoort, in April, 1777, with the third regiment to that post. The command of the British force, was given to Gen. St. Leger, who intended, after conquering that post, to pass down the Mohawk, and fortify himself at Johnstown; he arrived before the place, with 1700 men, via Oswego, in August, and soon after began his operations. In the mean time, Gen. Herkimer, a native of the country, was approaching with his militia relief. These were assailed on the way, at Oriskany, at a ravine a few miles from the fort, by Col. Butler, commanding the tories, and Col. Brant, the Indian chief, commanding the Indians; and being taken by surprise, they were of course, greatly cut up and dispersed, and their commander, Gen. Herkimer, slain. In that bloody conflict, there was found the Indian, and the white man, born on the banks of the Mohawk, lying side by side, in the embrace of death. The militia fought with great desperation, and sold their lives in the sternest courage, fighting hand to hand to the last. During the deadly strife, Col. Willett, of glorious memory, sallied from the fort, with two hundred men, and gave such effective aid, as effectually dispersed the assailants. The siege under St. Leger, was continued, during three weeks, when, upon the approach of Gen. Arnold, with a relief of nine hundred light troops, the British retreated, in precipitation and confusion. Facts stated, by Doctor Younglove, who was made a prisoner at this time, showed, that the Indians inflicted terrible barbarities upon the prisoners taken. He left a long poem, descriptive of his own and their sufferings, to wit:

> "There through the grove their flaming fires arise,
> And loud resound *the tortur'd* pris'ners' cries;
> Still as their pangs are more or less extreme
> The bitter groan is heard, or sudden scream."

Numerous were the families along the Mohawk, who survived to lament the loss of relatives, of husbands and brothers, in the terrible fight of *Oriskany*. Gen. Herkimer was in fault, to have allowed himself to have been surprised; but he redeemed his imprudence, by his courage. Early in the battle, which was waged for nearly five hours, the general had his leg fractured by a musket ball; he sat upon a stone, giving his orders to the last; mortification ensued from his wound, and he died in a few days. A monument, to cost five hundred dollars, was ordered by Congress to his memory, but to this day, it has not been fulfilled! Will not the rich inhabitants, now along the Mohawk, think of this, and show their patriotic feelings, by yet effecting it? The aged Col. Frey, till lately alive, at Canajoharie, was among the

prisoners taken and spared, and had survived to see the same regions blest with plenty and repose. How *he* must have wondered, to compare the present with the past!

We learn from Mrs. Grant, in her interesting memoirs, somewhat of the importance attached to the line of military posts, placed along the Mohawk, and intended to preserve an open communication, for military supplies going from Albany, to Oswego and the lakes. They were erected as early as the French wars. Some of the engineers, she says, were Swedes; possessed of polished manners and minds, and whom she often met, as guests, at the house of the Schuyler family, at the Flats, above Albany.

About the year 1761, Mrs. Grant, when a child of seven years of age, was started, with her mother, in a military expedition (her father being a British officer,) to go by the Mohawk and *Wood creek*, to reach the far distant post of *Oswego*. As they were probably the *first females*, above the very lowest ranks, who had then penetrated so far into the remote wilderness, it may afford some interest now, to notice some of the facts and occurrences in the case. Her child-like mind was delighted with the expectation of seeing wonders,—such as new woods, new rivers, and new animals, every day. Their military company were conveyed in six batteaux. The second day they arrived at Fort Hendrick, the home of king Hendrick, now called Canajoharie. The toil of lifting the boats from place to place, and of cutting off fallen trees, lying across Wood creek, requiring three days to get along only fourteen miles, was all full of interest and fun to her. The whole scenery was dark, thick woods. There she saw remains of beaver dams, and numerous black and grey squirrels were mingling with her, in disputing for nuts, profusely scattered on the ground. At the nights they made great fires on the ground, both to cook, and to scare away the wolves and bears, and also to cause any wandering Indians to believe they were a great body, by their many fires. They set fire to their cedar brush, for starting them into flame, by trains of gunpowder. At one place there seemed to be a general congress of wolves, howling all night, in dreadful chorus. Oswego, then, was wholly wild, and a real Siberia in the winter; but abounded with fish and fowl, and the woods then were thick, lofty, and interminable. The present writer, when he made a tour by the military road from Oswego to Rome, even as late as 1828, found it then, the very wildest region of New York, and the most occupied with the rough and rude mud and mire bridges, popularly called *Cord du roy*, being logs laid tranverse of the road, in all boggy and wet places. There were wolves and bears still to be occasionally killed there.

Mrs. Grant remarks, that expert woodmen, in her time, could

go through deep woods without guide or compass. They could tell the *north* side of timber, by its being invariably thicker in its bark; and was also covered with most moss on that side. They knew also, the quality of the soil, by the trees or plants most prevalent. They could tell the approach of a swamp, and with equal certainty, could foresee the vicinity of a river or high ground. Where grew the red oaks, marked a soil of loam and sand; and where chesnut trees abounded, with strawberries, there would be the best place for wheat culture. Where the poplar grew, there the soil would be wet and cold. Where grew hickory, there the soil would be rich, and deep, and there was the best places to procure the plants with which the Indians made their dyes of blue and orange. All the country *boys* were then possessed of such useful woodland knowledge. It was long a matter of frontier knowledge, that the leaves of the white ash tree, when bound about the legs and ancles, was a protection against rattlesnakes and other venomous serpents. They are made senseless by the touch of a branch from such a tree, besides this, the wearing of loose leggings was a purposed guard against their bites. Hogs readily devour serpents without harm.

Judge Joshua Stow, of Middletown, Conn., who was the first pioneer into Ohio—bordering on the Erie lake, did me the favour, in 1839,—in the seventy-eighth year of his age, to furnish me with a brief description of his progress inland, up the Mohawk. He and his party set out in the month of May 1796, for the benefit of the Connecticut Land Company, owning the "Western reserve" in Ohio. The company consisted of five surveyors and a physician, and sundry chain and axe men—in all fourteen persons. They started for Schenectady in four flat bottomed boats, of three tons each, having on board a quantity of freight for Indians to be met at Buffalo, in a treaty, besides their camp utensils, provisions, &c. Their progress was slow and arduous up the Mohawk; when arrived at Fort Stanwix, they lost a man by falling overboard and drowning. They here used a portage of a mile and a half, hauling the boats and goods, by teams, over to Wood creek, and went thence by it to Lake Oneida, and Oswego river, out to Lake Ontario, and thence onward by the Lakes. Their rejoicings were extreme when they reached the Ontario, and had got thus far beyond their fatigue, and into so broad an expanse of waters. On the fourth of July 1796, the party, to their great joy, first set their feet on the virgin soil of Ohio, at Conneaut,—where they did not fail to celebrate the twentieth year of our national independence. In the year 1839, he visited the same regions, in good health, and was received by the citizens of Cleveland, and by the inhabitants of the Western Reserve, as an honoured patriarch. But the great interest, intended to be noticed here, is, that such an individual, in his own person,

should live to revisit, such distant regions, so utterly changed, from their first appearance—being all since *improved,* throughout the whole route, like enchantment.

In the year 1768, there was held at Fort Stanwix (Rome) a great convention of Indians to treat and to settle affairs; they were met, to the number of three thousand, by Sir William Johnson, and by Governor John Penn, and his secretary, the Rev. Mr. Peters, and Benjamin Chew, Esq., of Philadelphia, and others; on that secular occasion, Mr. Peters preached to the Indians, and baptized sundry Indians.

In further illustration of the rapid progress of the country, as redeemed from its recent savage state, we here purpose to notice, a few facts of the wild and ferocious animals occasionally found in what are to be considered as improved and settled districts—to wit:

In 1759, an act was passed for destroying *wild cats,* in the county of Suffolk, also an act to destroy *wolves,* in the county of Albany.

In January 1754, a large bear, seventeen miles west of Schoharie, encountered a squaw and her child, in the woods, and killed them both. After nearly eating them up, he was killed by a passing Indian.

In January 1828, a party of hunters in the Warwick mountains, (seventy miles north of New York) trailed a bear to a cave there; after using the usual method of trying to smoke him out, without avail, they sent in their dogs, which were driven out, they then blasted the rock so as to admit the passage of a man, when one John Ward, entered with a torch and made his shot at him, and having missed, he returned, and again entered, and shot him in the fore legs. The bear advanced, and drove him out, Ward entered again, and shot him in the eye. The bear again made at him, and he retreated, and gaining a rifle, shot the bear just as he was making his escape. He measured six feet from the nose to the end of the tail, and weighed three hundred and thirteen pounds. As late as the years 1815, to 1820, the State treasury expended thirty-eight thousand two-hundred and sixty dollars, for killing *wolves,* in thirty-seven of the western counties.

In April, 1833, we had a remarkable exemplification of the presence of wolves, even in a settled country, like the northern end of New Jersey, say at Byram township, in Newtown, only about fifty miles from New York City! There, Adam Drake received three-hundred and sixty dollars, for one day's work in killing and capturing wolves! The case was indeed singular. He had been led out, from the howlings, to go in search. He found their lair in the rocks—two old ones and nine young ones. For these nine he received five dollars a head from the county, five dollars also from the township of Byram, and thirty dollars also from the township of Green, of which Drake was an inhabi-

tant. The old ones were shot at, but escaped, the young ones only were killed.

It may be worthy of special remark, to notice some of the monstrous trees, which have been particularly noticed for their size—to wit: in Genessee, in Mr. Wadsworth's meadow, is an oak of twenty-four feet in circumference. Near the mouth of the Walnut creek is a black walnut tree, of twenty-seven feet in circumference, and is very high. In Reading, is a white oak of seventeen and a half feet in girth. In Mentz, there is a hollow buttonwood tree of thirty-three feet round, wherein Mr. Smith *preached* to thirty-five persons, and which could have held fifty persons. Its diameter was seventeen feet. In Oswego there is another, which is thirty-five and a half feet in circumference. A sycamore tree, which grew on the banks of the Mohawk, required thirty-one yoke of oxen to remove the trunk, after it was cut down. It had been occupied as a booth, or tavern, near Utica, for two years, and is capable of holding forty persons. A similiar one, from New York state, was exhibited in Philadelphia as a show. At Salina, a tree measures forty-eight feet round.*

In 1760, an officer, who had gone from Schenectady to Ontario in the month of June, thus describes the difficulties of the water passage, saying, "We embarked in our boats on the 24th June, and reached the lake on the 24th July, continuing their progress all the time; the navigation was bad in the Mohawk, causing us often to get our batteaux over shoals, by main strength. The passage by Wood creek, was still worse, causing us eight days of hard work in that creek of but forty miles."

The first regular settlement of Rome, was by emigrants from New England, and much expectation was then entertained of its increase and future greatness, as occupying the position of the *carrying place* between the waters of the Mohawk and Wood creek, leading to the Lakes. The fort was at first built with great cost—said to have been two hundred and sixty-six thousand dollars. It was a square fort, with four bastions, with a covert way and glacis.

* Probably, the biggest tree in the United States of the Oak kind, is that of a *Red Oak* eighteen miles from Natchitoches, on the road to Apelousas, which measures forty-four feet in girth, at two foot from the ground, and is sixty feet high to its branches. There is an apple tree, still bearing, at Marshfield, Massachusetts, which was planted by Peregrine White, the *first male* person born in New England. The house built by the same individual is still standing, probably the oldest edifice in our country. What is still stranger, is, that the house and farm is still owned and occupied by the lineal descendants of the same P. White! In Danvers, Massachusetts, there is a pear tree, still alive, planted by George Endicott, in 1628. In Eastham, on Cape Cod, is another, planted in 1640, by Gov. Prince. Two pear trees are still living at Hartford, Connecticut, brought out from England and planted in 1633. The pear tree brought out from Holland, and planted by Gov. Stuyvesant, on his farm, is now bearing in New York *City.*

Nieu Amsterdam in 1659, p 146.

Log Cottage and Block House of Inland Settlers, p. 104.

GENERAL VIEWS OF NEW YORK—INLAND, BEYOND UTICA.

The recent and rapid progress of inland settlement in Western New York is, and ever must be, a matter of interest and wonder, to many. We therefore desire to present a condensed view of the facts in the case; several of which we have derived from Henry O'Reilly, Esq., of Rochester, assisted by Maude's Notices of 1800. Mr. O'Reilly is a gentleman who has been a commendable observer of inland improvement; and is therefore peculiarly qualified to be a useful contributor, to wit:

The principal tracts into which Western New York was earliest divided, were the Holland Purchase, the Pulteney Estate, and the Military tract. The lands in all these tracts are generally sold and occupied, although some minor tracts, bought from the Holland company, by associations, are still but sparsely settled. The public improvements, by canals and railroads, will, however, soon leave but little land unimproved, in the southern tier of the western counties, wherein those still wild tracts are chiefly located.

The Pulteney Estate, is of good size and immense value—comprising nearly all of Steuben and Ontario counties, the east range of townships in Alleghany county, and the east and principal parts of the counties of Livingston and Munroe. To the intelligent and industrious agent, Capt. Charles Williamson, the meed of praise is due for the stimulus to useful improvement. Capt. Williamson began his enterprise in 1792, forcing his passage through a length of wilderness, which the oldest and most experienced woodmen could not be tempted to assist him to explore, although offered five times the usual wages; his only companions were his friend, Mr. Johnstone, a servant, and one backwoodsman. The same year, there was laid out the town of *Bath*, which came in eight years afterwards, to contain about forty families. It was not until 1795, that the country could supply its inhabitants with food; for, till then, their flour was brought from Northumberland, and their pork from Philadelphia; yet, so rapidly has improvement advanced, and so quick has been the change, from the dark-tangled forest, (whose death-like silence yielded but to the growl of bears, the howl of wolves, and the yell of savages,) to smiling fields, to flocks and herds, and to the busy hum of men, that instead of being indebted to others for their support, they soon came to the profitable condition of making large exportations of their surplus.

On the first settlement of the country around Bath, those mountainous districts were so little regarded, in comparison with the rich flats, of the Genessee country, that few of the early settlers could be prevailed upon to establish themselves there, till Capt. Williamson set the example, and saying, "as nature has done so much for the northern plains, I will be doing something for these

southern mountains." Capt. Williamson made his beginning in Bath, by building himself a small log cabin for his wife and family; and if a stranger came to visit him, he built up a little nook to put his bed in. In a little time, a boarded or frame house was built for the Captain. His subsequent residence, is a very commodious, roomy house, situate to the right of where he had placed his first cabin,—since, consigned to the kitchen fire. In a few years, Williamson's mills were constructed near by, for the benefit of the population on Conhocton creek.

To the same Capt. Williamson, we are indebted, for the choice and beautiful site of *Geneva*, at the northwest end of Seneca lake. He, charmed with the peculiar beauty of the elevated plain which there commands so fine a view of the very picturesque lake, began to lay out his building lots for a town, parallel with, and *facing* the lake, and with conditions, that no buildings should be erected on the eastern side of the street, so as ever to obstruct the view of the lake. To give encouragement to this settlement, he built a very large and handsome hotel, which he placed under the management of Mr. Powell, an Englishman.

In 1792, Geneva did not contain more than three or four families; and in 1800, there was an accession of sixty families. Among the respectable families, then there, were Messrs. Colt, Johnstone, Hallet, Rees, Bogert, and Beckman; three of these were lawyers. There were also two physicians, two storekeepers, and one or two of several kinds of tradesmen. A hatter there, then made hats *entirely* of beaver, at ten dollars.

Canandaigua, near the lake of the same name, had in 1792, but two frame houses, and a few log cabins, and soon advanced in population; say in 1800, to ninety families. This town, by the inconsideration of the first settlers, was placed, unlike Geneva, at a little distance from its beautiful lake, and has so lost forever, all the charm which its superior water scenery could have afforded. Its earliest principal inhabitants were, Thomas Morris, Esq., Judge Atwater, and Messrs. Phelps and Gorham; the two last, great land-holders in the vicinity.

Rochester, was begun by the purchase, by Capt. Williamson, of the one hundred acre "Allen mill-lot," where he had intended to construct a much larger mill than had been used by "Indian Allen;" but after holding the site a couple of years, he sold out in 1802, at seventeen and a half dollars per acre, to Rochester, Carroll, and Fitzhugh (Marylanders), who in 1812, laid out their purchase, in a village plot, under the name of the senior proprietor, Rochester.

At the Big Spring, two miles from the Scotch settlement of Caledonia, Capt. Williamson laid out a town in acre lots, where only two families were resident in 1800; while at Caledonia, there were then eighteen families. These settlers purchased their lands at three dollars per acre, and received as an allurement to

settle, the gift of a cow to each family, and a supply of wheat for the first year, to be repaid in kind. At the same time the purchase money was deferred for five years, and without interest. With such generous terms to settlement and improvement, in so fine a country, how easy was it to increase in substance and wealth!

A few persons had penetrated northward, between Avon and Lake Ontario, as early as 1788-90. These were, Israel and Simon Stone, who settled in what is now Pittsford. They were followed by Glover Perrin, who settled in the place which since bears the name of Perrinton; and by Peter Schaeffer, who located on the flats of the Genessee, near to the present flourishing town of Scottsville, at Allen's creek, a stream named after "Indian Allen," who had resided there before his use of his first mill, at the present Rochester.

Mr. Orange Stone settled at the place now called Brighton, in 1790, and in 1791, Wm. Hincher took residence in the woods, about the junction of the river with Lake Ontario. These two individuals lived twelve miles apart; and were for several years without any intervening neighbour. Nevertheless, such was the mind of Hincher, that he looked with jealousy upon new comers, as those who might disturb the privileges of his lonely "neighbourhood!"

Of Schaeffer, it was remarked by Maude, who visited him in his lonely sovereignty, in 1800, that this individual, as "a respectable farmer," was then living in his new *boarded* house, the only one of that kind, then between the present Avon, and the mouth of the Genessee river, twenty-five miles distant. Schaeffer was the oldest settler, "Indian Allen" excepted, then on the Genessee river. When Schaeffer first settled on this river, about the year 1788, there were not more than four or five families between him and Fort Schuyler, (the present Utica,) a distance of one hundred and fifty miles.

The Genessee landing (now Hanford's,) was settled in 1796, some years before the village of Rochester was projected; being first occupied by Zadoc Granger, and Gideon King. The late Governor De Witt Clinton, on his western tour in 1810, made a short stop at this landing, at the then only public house, kept by Mr. Hanford, who was at the same time, carrying on considerable of trade with Canada, as a merchant. Much business was then doing with Montreal, having in six months sent there, from that landing, one thousand barrels of flour, one thousand of pork, one thousand of potash, and upwards of one hundred thousand of staves.

The first impulse to forming a town at Rochester, was caused by the public necessity of constructing a bridge across the Genessee river, some twenty miles below the earlier bridge at Avon. To the success of this measure Mr. Enos Stone, (the same who

killed in 1811, in his cornfield in Rochester, the largest bear ever seen,) and who is still alive to witness the wonderful advancement of the place, was earnestly devoted, by his attendance on the legislature. He had visited the place from his home in Massachusetts, in 1794, but did not come to reside till 1807-8. Among the obstacles and demurs which he had to encounter, before the legislature at Albany, it was alleged, that there was then nothing to justify such an expense for an *additional* bridge. "It is, (said one of the speakers,) a God-forsaken place! inhabited by muskrats, visited only by straggling trappers, through which neither man nor beast could gallop without fear of starvation, or *fever and ague!*" Such was the stigma cast upon Rochester, before it had a name, and by which its subsequent improvement would have been repressed, had a majority of the legislators been of equal hostility and distrust. Now, what do opponents and the public behold; a superior city, raised as by enchantment! A considerable portion of the site then, was marshy, now no longer such, and subject, as will hereafter be noticed, like the rest of the Genessee country, to fever and agues, since dispelled. The bridge was begun in 1810 and finished in 1812, at an expense of twelve thousand dollars, which was taxed upon the soliciting counties of Ontario and Genessee. The river had been previously forded, on the rocky bottom, near the present canal aqueduct. Before the erection of the bridge, accidents would occasionally happen, to those who attempted to ford while a freshet was flowing. In the spring of 1812, a farmer, with his team and wagon, were destroyed by being swept over the falls of one hundred feet, near by; the same place at which "Sam Patch" of notoriety, afterwards jumped into eternity, and "no mistake," while demonstrating his favorite diving maxim that, "some things can be done as well as others."

At the time of the first settlements, there were numerous families of Indians scattered around this place. Hot-bread, Tommy-Jemmy, Capt. Thompson, Blackbird, and other red men of note, spent part of their time there; and, as late as 1813, one of the great pagan festivals, (the sacrifice of the dog,) was solemnized publicly at the rising ground where now the Bethel church stands. Then the swamps back of the Mansion-house, were filled with rabbits, partridges, and other game, and deer might be seen almost any day, by watching at the Deer-lick, where is now the horticultural establishment of Reynolds and Bateham.

When John Q. Adams was visiting Western New York, in the summer of 1843, he so cordially expressed views and feelings, such as I have been endeavouring to inculcate in sundry places, in these pages, that I will not repress the desire I feel to connect some few of his remarks, so kindred with my own. "He regrets, *deeply regrets*, that he had not *earlier* visited those regions, so that he might have been better *qualified* thereby to contrast the

present, *with what it was!* Then, all was covered with forests, inhabited by wild beasts. Upon the lakes was no commerce, and they had no neighbours with whom to traffic. All was solitude;—now made by their fathers into a paradise!" "In travelling through the state, it has been impossible for him to *forego a constant comparison*, with what New York was in other days, *and what it is now:*"—"For (says he,) when I first set foot on New York soil, in 1785, the present great city of the Empire State, had but *eighteen thousand* inhabitants, and while he tarried at John Jay's, that gentleman was laying the foundation of a house in Broadway, at a distance of a quarter of a mile *from any other dwelling!*" Such are the men who are best qualified to see the contrast of the times, and *to wonder* at the enchantment by which towns and villages, and rural beauties and improvements, are created.

Think too, that twenty thousand persons should have been collected at Rochester, in 1843, to celebrate the annual gathering of the Agricultural Society, and at that assemblage, there should have been present from Canandaigua, Mr. Abner Barlow, in the ninety-second year of his age, who, in his own person, was *the farmer who sowed the first field of wheat in Western New York!* To be too, at a *city* now, which makes more flour than any other city in the world!

The earliest notice of roads and bridges, may be briefly summed up as follows, viz:

In 1792, the road from Geneva to Canandaigua was only an Indian path, and on this road, as told by Capt. Williamson, there were only two families, then settled. Then Canandaigua, the county town, consisted of only two small frame houses, and a few cabins, surrounded by thick woods. From Canandaigua to the Genessee river, at Avon—twenty-six miles, only four families resided on the road.

Patrick Campbell, who travelled westward in 1792, says that the whole distance, from the Onondaga Hollow to Cayuga, was in forests; and that in Marcellus township, he met with only one house, and two newly erected huts.

On the 22d of March, 1794, three commissioners were appointed, for laying out a road, from old Fort Schuyler (the present Utica), to the Cayuga ferry, in Onondago county, or to the outlet of Cayuga lake, as they might choose; thence to Canandaigua; and thence to the settlement at Canawagus (now Avon), on Genessee river.

The road from Fort Schuyler (Utica), to the Genessee, which in 1797, was little better than an Indian path, is stated by Capt. Williamson, as being in 1799, "so far improved," that a stage started from Fort Schuyler, in September, to arrive at Geneva on the *third* day, with four passengers. Soon as this line of road

was settled by law, as many as fifty families settled along it, in the space of four months. In the winter of 1797, two stages ran from Geneva and Canandaigua, to Albany, weekly.

Cayuga bridge, the longest in America, was commenced by the Manhattan Company of New York, in 1799, and finished in September 1800; being in length a mile and a quarter, with a width for three wagons abreast. The water which there rests on the lake is so clear as to permit you, when riding over the bridge, to see the sporting fish, and the stony and sandy bottom. It is, also, a glorious sight to look out upon the surface of the extended lake.

In 1815, Samuel Hildreth began to run a stage, and to carry the mail, twice a week, between Canandaigua and Rochester, a distance of twenty-eight miles; and in the same year, a private weekly mail route was established, between Rochester and Lewistown.

The directions given to travellers, about the period of 1798, may present a curious contrast to the contents of the "travellers' guides," as now published. Capt. Williamson, in a note to Maude's travels, then said:—"You are to proceed from Geneva, by the state road, to the Genessee river, which you will cross at New Hartford (now Avon), at west of which you will find the country settled for about twelve miles; and all beyond, for sixty-five miles, to the Niagara river, is still in its primitive wilderness state. This road, says he, was so much used last year (in 1797), by people on business, or by the curiosity of some visiting *the Falls of Niagara*, (now so well understood, by many,) that a *station was fixed at the Big Plains, to shelter travellers.* From that place, diverged two roads, leading to the same Niagara river: one by Buffalo creek, the other by *Tonawanda Indian village*, to Lewistown landing and Queenstown, in Canada. The road by Buffalo creek is most used, as it is better, and commands a view of Lake Erie; and the road from this to the Falls, is along the banks of the Niagara river, forming in itself a very interesting ride. Then Queenstown contained from twenty to thirty houses. Lewistown then had but two houses; one of which was the ferry-house, used as the proper landing, and as a portage place, for Fort Schlosser."

Delightfully pleasant and healthy as we now know that Western New York is, we cannot but feel some interest, in looking back upon its proverbial unhealthiness; and especially upon the terror of its climate, as once entertained, of "the sickly Genessee."

On the 7th June, 1792, says Dr. Coventry, I arrived with my family at my first residence near the village of Geneva. The seasons of 1793–94 were very sickly in the Genessee country. He remembered a time in the village of Geneva, when there was only a single individual who could leave her bed, and she went about, like a ministering angel, bestowing a drink of cold water

to the afflicted. The diseases were occasional dysenteries, and many fevers. In the summer of 1796, he settled at Utica, and found dysentery prevalent there.

Dr. Ludlow, speaking of the period of 1801, says the diseases of the spring and summer were principally intermittent fevers, partaking of the tertian type, attended with violent inflammatory action. None were exempt. In September and October, remittents of a mild form appeared, which continued through November, growing more severe as the season advanced. All fevers, except fever and ague, were called by the people "*Lake or Genessee fevers.*" Diarrhœa was the prevailing disease of the spring. Goitre, or chronic inflammation of the thyroid gland, then common, has since wholly disappeared. At that time and subsequent, phthisis pulmonalis was scarcely known; and it has been supposed, that it was occasioned by the prevalence of fever and ague, on the principle mentioned as early as Hippocrates, that intermittents have the power of removing other diseases. So he found it in his practice, through several years, among the early settlers. Time has since removed the decomposing vegetable matter, and man has graded, drained and paved the road. Since 1828, fevers have so declined, and become so mild, that death from that cause, has been but a rare occurrence. Since then, consumption, that king of terrors, has been gaining an ascendency; and inland New York, like other and older countries, has become subject to the invasion, and consequent mortality.

The name of the "Genessee country," says Dr. Ludlow, was strongly associated with ideas of sickness and death. Notwithstanding the glowing descriptions of the beauty and fertility of the land, given by the early pioneers of "Western New York," those who remained at home, especially in New England, could scarcely divest themselves of a feeling of gloom, in contemplating the dangers incident to health and life in the *early* stages of the settlement westward. It seemed to most of them that, after all, this western region was but a "valley of bones," a premature burying-place, for those loved friends and relations who were tempted to settle in this newly opening territory. And truly, like *all* new, level, and rich countries, abounding in vegetation, it was subject largely to the diseases of *similar* districts, *the severe forms of intermittent and remittent fevers*, cholera morbus, &c.

The lands, generally described in the forgoing notices, were severally acquired from the Indians, at various periods, as hereafter severally mentioned, viz.

In 1785, the Oneida and Tuscarora tribes, at a treaty held at Fort Herkimer, sold a portion of their territory for eleven thousand five hundred dollars, being for the land lying between the Unadilla and Chenango rivers; and in 1788 the Oneidas, at a

treaty held at Fort Stanwix, ceded *all* their lands excepting a few reservations.

In 1788, the Onondagas, at a treaty held at Fort Schuyler, sold all their territory to the state of New York, excepting a reservation around their village. The price was one thousand crowns, and two hundred pounds in clothing, and an annuity forever, of five hundred dollars.

The same year, the Oneidas ceded all the remainder of their lands, for the consideration of two thousand dollars in money, two thousand dollars in clothing, one thousand dollars in provisions; and an annuity of six hundred dollars forever.

The Cayugas, by their treaty at Albany, in 1789, ceded all their lands, in consideration of two thousand one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and an annuity of five hundred dollars forever. Other similar purchases were made from the Six Nations, the Senecas, and Mohawks, at subsequent periods. Generally, "the poor Indians," reserved to themselves, but uselessly, the rights to *fishing and hunting*, forever, on the lands so alienated. Thus evincing in their last extremities, a fond hope of being allowed to linger about and use, their loved homes. Poor things, they have long since waked from that dream of hope! The hunting and fishing, themselves, are gone! and population and improvement, have crowded out the former owners of the soil, never to return! "*The star of Empire urges west.*"

In travelling westward from Schenectady, along the Mohawk, and out to Niagara, as the writer did, in 1828, purposely to "note and observe," it was matter of wonderment to the author, that he should then see a country, so new and young, every where so wealthy in pleasant and stately houses and villages, and so highly cultivated in the fields of the prosperous farmers. All this too, wrought out in the short period elapsing since the termination of the Revolutionary war.

It was also much to his satisfaction, in going *at that time* to the Niagara as a looker on, to still find the country beyond Utica just in its act of transit, from the wild to the cultivated state. The fields of grain and grass were still well spotted with black and charred stumps, looking like black bears set upon their haunches, and like himself, upon the *qui vive* for adventure, showing thereby, the places of the recent woods, burned away, to make "the clearings," and settlement. Every now and then we came to neatly finished dwellings, and often to those that were elegant, set along side of the still remaining log houses, from which the owners had but recently removed—the log houses, in the meantime, serving either for kitchens or outhouses, thus denoting to the eye, the advancement to wealth and consequence of their owners. Except for the presence of the log houses and log barns, every thing looked new and bright and cheerful. The villages,

which were frequent, showed good new mansions—fine churches —fine hotels and stores, in a style of grandeur and prosperity. Withal, the style of architecture was very often, peculiarly original and pleasing, as if the constructors had gone far away from imitation, and from the despotism of fashion prevailing in uniform sameness, in the cities, and had set up for independent inventors of new modes for themselves.

Those who had gone before us, but only one dozen of short years, had seen the same regions, in their rough and rude state. The roads and accommodations had been proverbially rough, even as recent as the last border war, and costing for the transportation of the necessaries and munitions of war to the frontiers, most exorbitant prices. The inhabitants then, were busily struggling to free themselves from the wild encumbrances of the soil —but now all was nearly over, and the happy occupants were reposing on the fruits and productions of their previous toil. And here it behoves us to remark, that those who shall come after us, even in a few years, shall see few or none of these things, to move their special wonders. We regret to be obliged to say this to the wonder-seekers, *but it will be so.* They must go soon, or all the road will be artificially modernized by continuous cities and villages, with finished roads, like matters of every day observation at home. The first scenes are fading and passing away, even while we are writing—soon they will be absolutely gone. The same places will look to the travellers, as if they had always been settled, as if always improved and wealthy—such a change to better, will be all the worse to those who may seek for surprise and *sensation.* And it is to preserve the recollection of things as they were, and to enable the beholder to compare the present and the past, that we feel ourselves excited to make these records and *notitia.* We know that they cannot see with our eyes, nor feel with our emotions, unless aided by such assistance.

> Was not wild nature in that elder time
> Clothed with a deeper power? Earth's wandering race,
> Exploring realms of solitude sublime,
> *Not as we see* beheld her awful face.
> *Art* had not tamed the mighty scenes which met
> Their searching eyes; unpeopled kingdoms lay
> In savage pomp before them—all was yet
> Silent and vast—untrodden, voiceless, lone.

Only nineteen years preceding our journey, a friend of ours had gone in the *first* gig that had reached Niagara, and although it was drawn by two horses tandem, he was a whole day in going over a route of sixteen miles, much filled with "Cord du roy" logs. At Niagara, the only public inn, was still a log house. At the Falls they had no artificial steps, for descent to the gulf below. Iris Island, was not then accessible, and there was no house of entertainment on the British side, and none nearer than Chippewa, two or three miles off.

We may appropriately add, in connection with such facts, that in our early life, we had had frequent intercourse with American officers, coming from Fort Schlosser, and the military stations along the Niagara river, doing all their journey slowly and fatiguingly on horse-back, with their bear-skin saddle cloths, and strapped valises, and always in enough of their uniform, to mark their character, and to bespeak, as they could, some extra attention on the road. And it was a fact, that so little had the public attention been called and stimulated to any of the present wonderments of the Falls, that the officers scarcely ever deigned to speak of them, in their ordinary conversations. It conferred no mark of distinction to have seen them, and none of them ever published any account of their travels.

We have since made ourselves to wonder, by indulging in fervid imaginations, by painting poetic descriptions, and stimulating our fancies, until the multitude of pleasure-seekers, and picturesque-searchers, fill the country with their explorations. The stage owners, hotel keepers, store-keepers, and farmers, find their harvest in this, and through the aid of the newspaper press, keep up the measure of florid report and excitement, and those who seek *sensation*, pursue the path of those who come home and boast of marvels seen and done, by themselves. We may know how far much of this is artificially produced, by the fact of our special movings, in reading page after page, and book after book, of places sacred to character, poetry, and history, in England, when at the same time, our own disregarded, and of course, quiet American scenes of wood, lake, and mountain, go far before theirs in greatness, and in the sublime of nature. We may quote our warrant for this assertion in their own publications, and in saying, with a recent British publication, that "America certainly surpasses every other country in richness of the picturesque—every mile upon the rivers—every hollow in the landscape—every turn in the innumerable mountain streams, arrest the painter's eye, and here his labour is not, as in Europe, to embellish and idealize the reality, but he finds it difficult to come up to it." In Europe, we connect every thing with its historical or poetical associations, and thus magnify their intrinsic value. There all is engrossed in the consideration and recollection of the *past*, while here we emphatically hang all our interests and feelings, upon the *future*.

It might justly surprise many, who only see the marks of civilization and improvement, along the usual roads, to learn that there is still a region in this state, in all the wildness of nature, covered with woods, to an extent of one hundred and fifty miles long, and one hundred miles wide. Such a tract, in *one* connection, now lies between the St. Lawrence and Lake Champlain, and between the Mohawk and the Hudson. It is filled with lofty mountains, on whose tops the clouds gather and pour down their rains, and scatter their snows, so that large reservoirs are neces-

sary, to hold their superabundant waters. To this end, the wise and beneficent Creator, has hollowed out a number of large and beautiful lakes, interspersed with little islands, where the rivers find their feeders, and their supply for the country through which they pass to the ocean. On the margins of these lakes, reside a few families, wholly cut off from the world, who hold no sabbaths, hear no church-going bells, and who live chiefly by hunting and fishing. Some such families make their way to the towns, to purchase and to barter, by *footpaths* of forty to fifty miles in extent, and when they have grain to grind, *carry it on their backs.* Such mountaineers dwell in little huts, covered with bark, and at their boat exercises on the lakes, some of which are twenty and thirty miles in length, and of proportionate breadth, the girls and women are often as expert and efficient as the men. To see such a state of society, so wholly cut off from the modes and forms of civilization, or even from missionary labour, might be worth the attention of *travellers*, in the search of novelty and surprise.

In conclusion, if the travelling of the "northern tour," is destined measurably to exhaust itself by its own frequency and familiarity of wear and tear, our travelling cits and their appurtenances of marvelling dames and belles, must betake themselves *contentedly* and passively, (as summer heat requires,) to the *seashore*, where the ever restless sea, is still *unchanged*, and where it offers in itself, a glorious emblem, and a profitable study, of the *enduring* eternity and self-possessed duration, of the great Eternal himself.

New York inland, has been essentially indebted to New England, for its intelligent and enterprising population. Judge White, from Middletown, Conn., began the first settlement in and near Whitestown and Utica, and Oliver Phelps offered allurements for Massachusetts men for Canandaigua and westward. In a word, the Yankees, so called, have been almost every thing for western New York, and well the state may glory in "the universal Yankee nation." It will not be inappropriate, in this connection, to set down in some extension, the chief characteristics of such a people, much of which we have found drawn to our hand, by the forcible pen of Willis.

The character of the Yankees has influenced, and continues to influence that of every part of the nation, and their name, from a provincial designation, (probably derived from *Yengees*, the Indian name for *English*,) has become, among foreigners, the popular appellation of the whole people. Such is the predominance of their character and civilization, that the other states are becoming like the Yankees, while the Yankees are keeping like themselves. It is in New England, that you find most original, operative, and distinctly marked American character. There should *the traveller* and observer, begin and end his tour; for

whoever leaves the Yankees out of his "United States as they are," will find he has left Hamlet out of Hamlet's tragedy.

It is in New England, that you will find Jonathan at home. In the other states there is mixture, greater or less, of foreign population; but in New England, the population is homogeneous and native—the emigrant does not choose to settle there. It is no lubber land, there is no getting half a dollar a day for sleeping, in Connecticut, Massachusetts, or Vermont. In the west, he may scratch the ground, throw in the seed, and leave the rest to nature.

Cape Cod, which is but a heap of sand, yet maintains thirty thousand people, and there is not a beggar among them. All the tariffs that could be devised, never would ruin in New England, were they framed *ex proprio motu* of Georgia and South Carolina. While the Yankees are themselves, they will hold their own, let politics twist about as they will. Shut their industry out from one career, and it will force itself into another. They have a perseverance, that will never languish, while any thing remains to be tried, and when a Yankee says "I'll try," the thing is done.

In European countries, he that is born a peasant, will be a peasant all his life. But on beholding the most rustical clown of all Yankee land, it would not be safe to affirm that he would not be numbered, at some future day, among the most eminent men of the country. There is no burying a man of genius here; the humblest birth shuts out no one, either from the hopes or the facilities of rising to that station for which his native talent has qualified him. Rare indeed, is it to find an individual who cannot read and write. Every one has therefore that modicum of knowledge placed within his reach, which will enable him to obtain more, should his wishes aspire. Clowns, properly speaking, there are none, among the Yankees; a Yankee is emphatically a civil man, though his civility may not produce bows and grimaces, and unmeaning compliments—he may be too direct for all this.

A stirring spirit, stirring deeds, a stirring life, form the common theme of his praise. He puts every man upon his *usefulness.* If a man be called *good* in his presence, then comes the question, *Good for what?* But with this predominant inclination towards the useful, the Yankee is no despiser of those arts which adorn and embellish life. The liberal sciences and the fine arts, have no where in the country received such encouragement, as in New England. The cities, the towns, the villages, the country seats, the private dwellings, display more elegance and taste than those of any other part of the Union. No wonder then, if the western part of New York, should largely partake of the liberal characteristic of their fatherland. It shows the Yankee spirit every where.

The Yankees, too, are distinguished above all other men, for a

certain capacity, which is called *contrivance*, a faculty which enables an individual to turn his hand to any occupation, or to devise a scheme for any sudden emergency. A Yankee farmer, is a sort of Jack of all trades, he not only delves the soil, and goes to market, but he is a carpenter, shoemaker, weaver, cooper, soap-boiler, and more trades than these. He turns wooden bowls, makes buckets, sets up shooks, weaves baskets, manufactures brooms, and invents various kinds of washing machines. It is a Yankee's main study, to be "improving" every thing; his very language breathes this spirit, for among them, he who occupies a house, is said to "improve it." The patent office at Washington, is so loaded with Yankee inventions, as to prove that they would, if they could, improve and help the whole nation. Dr. Lardner, in his lectures in this country, volunteered his testimony, to this characteristic, by saying, "this fact is what strikes the attention of every intelligent stranger, coming from Europe. More novelties in mechanics and general science have been presented to me, (says he) in this country, within twelve months, than I have seen in twelve years in England." God grant us ever a full measure of Yankee blood, and Yankee influence, every where.

From such "improvers," comes the verification of Campbell's poetic *prediction:*

> "Thy handmaid arts, *shall every wild explore*,
> Trace every wave, and culture every shore;
> *On Erie's banks*, where tigers steal along,
> And the dread Indian chants his dismal song,
> *There*, shall the flocks on thy green pastures stray,
> And shepherds dance at summer's closing day."

Latrobe instances the quickness and facilities of making settlements which he had witnessed. An individual bought three hundred acres of new land, at one and a quarter dollars an acre. He went to his work in April, and by the latter end of May, he had girdled ten acres of his forest trees—burned the brush-wood, and slightly broke the surface of the ground, and planted it with one bushel and a half of Indian corn. In September of that year, his crop was five hundred bushels; at the same time, the tops and leaves were equal to one thousand bundles,—being sufficient to winter fifteen head of cattle, which had before found their sufficient supply by browsing in the woods. Besides this, the same land had yielded fifty wagon loads of pumpkins, yielding food for man and beast. No wonder if, with such thrift, the primitive settlers have gone on to fortune and plenty!

What are we to think of such a country, and such a people, but that God has some special purpose, wherein to exemplify his providence and will, in developing his blessings on this new world, and this new demonstration of his favour to the *Saxon race.* To that nation of men, who have been most sedulous to preserve and perpetuate Christian institutions. Those of them, who outrage his

benevolent laws, for selfish purposes, are only exceptions to the general rule, and serve to show in their personal aberrations, how gross may be the violations of truth and justice, where divine blessings are contemned or disregarded. As one has said, "the providences of God have been so peculiar, and his interpositions so frequent, and so manifest, *in behalf of this people*, that I cannot doubt that he has planted *this vine* for some great and good end, an end which he will see carried out to its full accomplishment."

A few years ago, and it was thought impossible that we could extend our territory any further, or add any new stars to our flag, and yet has the feeble arm of a Republican government surpassed all expectation! We have lived to see a new development, by which our space is annihilated, and when we have filled our territory to the Rocky Mountains, we shall be more compact, and the extremes will be nearer together, thereby, than were the original thirteen States! What new resources and wonders are to arise, *who can tell!*

We have sometimes said, and still oftener thought, that such facts as these Annals aim to preserve, should afford interest abroad, *even in Europe itself*, as showing the early domestic and homebred history of *our Anglo-Saxon race*, destined perchance, with Britain at home, to *anglify*, under Providence, the other nations of the globe! I see some of my thoughts, lately, well expressed in the London Christian Examiner, to wit:—"Trace the principles and institutions of the Pilgrims, in their development, operation, and results. Not only 'the little one has become a thousand, and the small one a great one,' but those institutions, civil and sacred, have found throughout, a congenial soil. In *these* stand *the glory of America.* Under any other dynasty that country could never have risen to its present position and influence. *On her present position* we *must look with intense interest!* Her whole history is interwoven with the fate of Europe. *America holds no common place.* Her conduct and influence, in morals and religion, is in unison and co-operation with that of Britain, and is destined to change the whole aspect of society *every where*: The superstitions and errors of ages are melting away. In her future progress she is destined, in common with Britain, to carry along with her the destiny of the species. The world is not only to receive a new language—a new philosophy—a new religion, but to take its entire type and impression from these two nations. In moral power and resources, America not only rivals, but far exceeds the European states; England alone excepted. No force can crush *the sympathy* that already exists, and is continually augmenting, between Europe and the New World. We are *deeply* interested in *the progress* of her power and greatness, for, *she is descended from ancestors who*, like the fathers of the faithful, for the sake of truth,

went to a land which they knew not; and like the children of Abraham, have truth in their keeping—in common with us, and *are destined* to carry it by their commerce, and British principles of civilization, to the end of the earth!"

In the face of such views, are not Britons then, incidentally interested in examining those traces of our domestic history, those pictures of our rise, progress, and attainment to present greatness, as exhibited in the present work? Let them examine and consider! Americans too, of whatever state, and however distant from Philadelphia, or New York, have every where, a direct interest, in this our attempt to show a picture of our nation, in *Colonial times*, when we were so homogeneous, and all alike —simple in manners, frugal, honest, homebred, contented, and loyal. My two works, although specifically for those two great cities and their States, present a picture of North Americans, in general: Something for the consideration of the whole American people. *Let us understand ourselves!*

INLAND SETTLERS AND PIONEERS.

"Thus the pavilioned waste of oak
Has bow'd beneath the woodman's stroke."

The pioneers, the primitive settlers of the inland wilds, are in general a race of men possessing little attention or renown, and yet deserving our liveliest respect and gratitude. In this new land they have uniformly been the *avant-couriers* of all our enrichment and prosperity. They have gone forward into the depths of the forest, and by subduing and cultivating the soil have made it to bring forth abundantly. By sending the results of their harvests back to the parent cities, they have added to our wealth and commerce.

When we owe so much, on the score of gratitude, to the patient hardihood of *first settlers*, we should take some pains to preserve some memorial of their adventures and exposures. We have listened to some of their oral relations with lively interest and emotion; and as they have no chronicler to preserve their little history, we shall here endeavour to preserve some traits.

We see two or three families, consisting severally of husbands, wives, and children, associating, in the year 1790, in one of the towns of New England, to form a little community to go into the wilds of the west. They had heard of fruitful soils and cheap; and having growing and sturdy working boys and girls about them, they resolve to go as far as the Indian town of Canandaigua; or if not there suited, to go still further, to the country of the Genessee river. They sell out their little immoveable pro-

perty for the sake of the cash; they gather about them wagons, carts, farming utensils; reserve some of their roughest furniture and of least weight of carriage; lay in their store of salted and smoked meats; procure baked biscuits; get Indian meal for "journey cakes;" gather around a whole stock of cows, pigs, sheep, and poultry, not forgetting their house dog and tabby cat. We skip over the intermediate space of travel, wherein they could find huts and cottages at which to stop along their route, to as far as the present Utica, then the place of Fort Schuyler; from this point the united pioneers enter into the forest. The provisions, furniture, and smallest children are placed in the wagons and set onward. The men, women, and boys and girls follow near by, driving in their wake their bull and cows, pigs and sheep. Hung to the wagons, severally, were the poultry coops, containing ducks, geese, and fowls, the intended parent stock of the future poultry yard.

In their onward march no road marks the direction of their way, but guided by the "blazing of the trees," (surveyor's marks cut on the sides of trees with a hatchet,) or, when at fault, by their pocket compass, they continue to go on their way westward. By and by they halt to rest, and to feed their cattle and themselves. Their table, once an ironing board, is set upon four upright stakes drove into the ground. Their seats are formed by two benches. Biscuits and cold meat form their food. At table, and in their mutual intercourse, they all aim to cheer and encourage each other with hopes and designs of the future. Soon all are again set onward; water-courses and impediments in the way occasionally occur. Then the men and boys are the chief labourers; and to manage their cattle and get them over sloughs, &c. is their chief difficulty. By and by they approach the Oneida settlement of Indians, of which they have some forethought by seeing a straggling hunter or two, and after a while hearing the shouts and noisy rejoicings of the tribe. At the sound, fears and apprehensions steal upon the soul. The younger members of the family get closer to their parents; and the parents themselves are not insensible to the fact, that they have no other security for their safety than the general report of peace and amity. They enter their settlement, are surrounded, mutual wonder exists, civilities are interchanged, and the settlers, not willing to abide for a night among them, go beyond them and encamp for the first night. What a new epoch for a family accustomed to civilization to sit down in the gloom of the forest! They again prepare to eat and to feed their cattle. The fire is made for tea, and for fresh journey cake baked before the fire. The bedding and beds are prepared in the wagons. Watches are set to take turns through the night, to preserve the cattle from straying and the sheep from the prowling wolf. When all is prepared the whole company surround their homely table, eat heartily and talk

cheerily. Some sing songs, some hymns; several recount the incidents of the day; all remember home, and talk of left friends and kindred; and some surmise the adventures before them. They all retire to rest in due time, save the watch and the dogs. The fatigues of the day make many sleep soundly; and only now and then a wakeful ear hears the bark of the fox, the distant growl of the wolf, or the shriek of the owl. Soon as the ruddy morn peeps out from the orient east, the company is again all in action, preparing for their morning meal and onward journey. In two days more of similar journey they reach the Indian settlement of the Onondagas—Indians which they feared more than the former only because they were still more in their power, by being still more remote from country and friends. They still, however, received civility and kindness in their rude but well-meant attentions. They brought them some of their game, and this, with successful shooting of their own among the partridges and pheasants seen in their route, gave them the means of a grand repast of sylvan food for their supper. They again spent their night much after the manner before-mentioned, and not far from the ranges of those Indians. In a few days they all reach the Indian village of Canandaigua, at which place the great purchaser, Phelps, had preceded them for the sale of his land. In the intermediate space they had had some new adventures; they had seen and shot several wild turkies, and one or two of the party had surprised some deer, and succeeded in killing a couple. These were so many trophies of their woodman character, and gave new life and feelings to the whole. They had too been obliged to make many devious wanderings in search of their way. The route became dubious, and it was only after going off at sundry diverging points that they could feel any assurance that they were near the track they should take. To add to these embarrassments they had encountered wider and deeper water-courses; such as they could not venture to traverse without some means to float over some of their articles. Here therefore they were obliged to fell trees and construct rafts of timber on which to convey what was needed to the opposite bank. Once in a while they came across a solitary hunter. Savage as he was, it was a cheering sight, because he was human. Man loves man of every form when found in solitude. Occasionally they came across tokens of encampment, known by the signs of former fires, the tramp of cattle, and the fragments of their feast. The very sight of such remains was cheering, and set all the company in good humour and fine spirits. But when once in a long while they could see in the distance the curling smoke of a log hut and a little clearing, their rejoiced spirits triumphed aloud. It hardly mattered who they were, the sight of white faces were so welcome; but if they had also gentleness and goodness to recommend them, mutual hospitalities were unbounded.

At Canandaigua one of the families made arrangements to remain and settle, but the other two families, allured to still stronger hopes by more distant settlement, determined to keep on to the Genessee river. To this they were more especially inclined by the descriptions and the promised guidance of some friendly Senecas. Taking leave of their former companions and the few other white settlers found there, they once more put forward in their former method of march, and, under many renewed difficulties of going up to the head of streams, or having to pass them by slight bridges or rafts, they at length arrived at the long sought *lonely home*, placed near the banks of the now beautiful Genessee. Here began a new era of toil, enterprise, and skill. Their business now was to fell trees and cut their logs for their future dwelling, and to locate it near a spring. At the same time the boughs, in their leaf, were set up pointing like the pitch of a roof, to serve as a temporary shed and shelter for sundry articles taken out of the wagons. The log house of one story being constructed and placed north and south as their domestic sun-dial, and covered over with a stave roof; having a wide chimney made of stones and clay, into which a log of ten feet length could be rolled for fuel; the doors were left purposely so wide, that the horse could draw in the log by a chain, and leaving his load, pass out at the opposite side. Such a house was destined in time to be a kitchen, when they could construct a better one adjoining. In the mean time one great room below with a *ground* floor, served "for parlour, kitchen, and hall;" and the loft above made one general chamber of rest, with here and there a coverlid partition pendant between the different sexes. Now the family being housed, "the clearing," of vital importance to their future support and nourishment, was set upon. Along the outer margin the trees were cut down and rolled inward towards the centre, so as to break the line of communication with the adjacent woods. Then the whole was set into one general conflagration, so as to kill the trees and provide an opening for the rays of the sun upon the land. Smoke and the perils of fire were endured as well as they could. When sufficiently burnt out, the plough and the hoe were set into the soil to prepare for planting corn and other needful grain. The women too had their concern to make out their little garden spot, where they might set in their garden seed: such as sallad, beans, peas, onions, cabbages, &c., and their intended nursery of apple seeds, and peach, plum and cherry stones; for in such a state every thing is to begin. As time advanced, all these primary arrangements were enlarged, and comforts were increased. The men and boys laboured all day, and at night the girls spun and the boys knit. Their evening hours were talked down pleasantly with fond remembrances of former homes, and fond hopes of future prosperity. When Sabbath came, they united in hearing the perusal of the family Bible, or

in reading family sermons; and the hymn book was used for its remembered song of Zion. Now they had no church, no merry chime of bells, no pastoral guardian. They felt this the more keenly because of its absence. Three families then constituted the total of all the settlers; but these were friendly, and mutually helpful when urgent occasion required. The Indians would come occasionally to look on, saluting always with a friendly "*Itah*," or good be to you. Often deer were started, sometimes shot. Bears were sometimes seen and hunted off. Smaller game were always at hand to shoot, and in the stream the finest fish abounded.

By and by new settlers came along in families one by one. They were always warmly welcomed and diligently assisted to make their log structures. In the spring and fall was a period of harvest, of honied sweet from the juice of the maple tree. The sugar camp, as it was called, made an occasion of cheerful gathering, especially among the children, who loved to partake from the sugar pans. When the winter came, the fall of snow was deep and lasting; abiding all the winter several feet deep, and requiring occasionally the use of snow shoes. To make paths and roads in cases of deep snow, they had to arrange their cattle and drive them in lines of two a-breast to the places required. They had then no mills to grind their grain, and made use of a wooden mortar formed from a hollowed log set on end, to which they applied a pestle attached to a sweep like the pole of a well. In giving a domestic picture of such a frontier family, we must not forget to show how the children were sometimes employed. They had no school, but they were not idle; they had snares and traps about in the woods, where they often succeeded to snare game. Partridges and rabbits they so caught in abundance. Raspberries, blackberries, gooseberries, and huckleberries, grew in rich abundance, and afforded them delightful repasts. They had squirrels and rabbits which they had tamed. The cat, too, was diligent, and often brought in her captures, calling by her known cry the children around, and laying down ground mice, squirrels, &c. At one time the boys found a brood of young raccoons, which being brought home, were all domesticated by good-natured puss. By and by their joy was made complete by the arrival of an old soldier escaped from Indian captivity, who gladly made his home among them, and used to amuse their evenings by telling the family circle of his many hairbreadth 'scapes. He loved a story and loved a song; and with these sweetly he beguiled the hours. Some of his tales of suffering captives among the Indians, were full of pathos and interest, filling the heart and extorting a tear.

A friend who has been conversant with frontier settlement, describes the same, as being originally well stocked with bears, wolves, deer, and turkies. The flesh of the two last, was not

only a luxury, but a necessary article of food. The wolf occasionally made great havoc among the few sheep—committing assaults at the same time upon the wild deer. He has been known to attack cows. The bear confined himself to hogs, and sundry instances are given of his successful capture of these from their pens. He springs suddenly upon his victim, grasps him in his arms, or fore legs, with great force, erects himself upon his hind legs, *like a man*, and makes off with his load. The piercing squeal of the distressed hog is the first warning to the owner. In such a manner, the bear will make off faster through a thick wood, than a man on foot can follow. The groans and struggles of the animal in his embrace, become weaker and weaker, and soon entirely cease, being literally hugged to death.

When a settler came across any partly eaten animal, left by a bear, he was sure to set a trap for him, which would take him within the next twenty-four hours; because it was his nature to return to feed on the remainder, and to show little or no sagacity in avoiding the snare. For this purpose, a heavy steel trap was used, with smooth jaws, and a long drag chain, with iron claws at the extremity. It was not fastened to the spot, because the great strength of the bear, would enable him to free himself, but as he ran, after being ensnared, the claws would catch upon the brush, retarding his flight, and *leaving a distinct trail*, by which he could be traced and overtaken in a couple of miles, in a state of much exhaustion, and killed. This was done, by first allowing the dogs to test their courage and dexterity in his assault, and before the finale should be produced by the ball of the sure rifle. In these battles, if the shackles were upon the hind legs, leaving the fore paws free, there were but few dogs who could venture upon close conflict, a second time.

It was occasionally a winter affair, to make a gathering of all the male population, far and near, to make *a drive*, or large hunt, for the purpose of ridding the country of the bear and wolf. At other times it was done upon a smaller scale, by fewer neighbours, for the purpose of capturing a few deer, and turkies. A *drive*, was conducted by making a circuit of a large tract of wild land, placing the members on the outer circle sufficiently near, to be within calling distance of each other, and then with loud shoutings, and blowing of tin horns, proceeding inward to a common centre, so as to enclose the destined prey. When within half a mile of the centre, to know which the trees had been previously blazed, they called a halt, and sending round a man or two on horseback to see that all should be equally prepared, at the sound and call of a common assault, by rushing inward to the centre. By this time the herd of deer might be seen occasionally driving in affright from one line to the other. If the drive had been a successful one, great numbers of turkies could be seen flying among the trees, away from the spot. Deer too, as the

circle was closing, could be seen sweeping round the ring, panting and terrified, under an incessant fire. Innocent and timid, as seemed these leathern coated, and tear dropping animals, when so closely pressed, they sometimes make for the line at full speed, and if the men there are too numerous or resolute to give way, they actually leap over their heads, and over all the stakes, pitchforks, and guns raised to oppose them. By a concert of the regular hunters, gaps are sometimes purposely made, to allow them to escape, the better to secure the bear and the wolf. Then the wolf is seen skulking through the bushes, aiming to escape observation by concealment. The bear, at the same time, are seen to dash through the brush, highly enraged, and going from one side of the field to the other, regardless of the bullets which are playing upon them. After the game is mostly killed, a few good marksmen and dogs scour the ground, to stir up what may be concealed or wounded. This over, they all advance to the centre with a shout, dragging along the carcases which have fallen, for the purpose of counting the result of their exploit. Such exposing and exciting incidents, familiar to frontier men, have been fruitful in training a high spirit of soldierly and military prowess. Wolves were taken in steel traps, but not very readily in that way. The easiest means of their capture was in log pens, prepared like the roof of a house, shelving inwards on all sides. In this was to be placed the half-devoured carcass of a sheep, upon which they had previously feasted. The wolf easily clambered up the exterior side of the log cabin, and entered at the top, which was left open for that purpose, and being once there, he could neither escape nor throw it down.

Turkies were taken in square pens, made of lighter timber, and covered at the top. They entered at an open door in the side, which was suspended by a string that led to a catch within. This string and catch were covered with chaff, which induced them to enter, and while engaged in scratching about the chaff to get at the grain therein, some one among them would strike the catch and let the door down behind them all. Another mode of taking turkies, was to make them pass in by a very small door in which was laid corn to entice them inward, and when they were in and fed, they would look *only upward* for a way of escape, as if seemingly forgetting the way by which they came. Probably it is to this cause, that the French, who first received turkies in Europe, from the French of Canada, have used the proverb—to be as foolish as a turkey—"un fou comme *une dande*,"—whilst we English, say of a silly person, that he is *a goose*—probably, because a goose will foolishly stoop its head and lower its neck, in passing under any door, however high.

At length population and improvement increased. Pleasant villages and cottage clusters were seen in the midst of the wilderness, and houses for the worship of God, and schools for the

instruction of children, rose where, not long before, the wild beast had his range or his lair. What had begun as little and lonely dwellings, "few and far between," came in time to be the nucleus around which gathered other settlers and formed a town. At this early period of adventure came out the original settlers,—the two Wadsworths; men who, from the rough beginnings above described, have come to possess an estate now worth two millions of dollars, having a farm of meadow and upland of 1700 acres, a flock of 8,000 sheep, 600 horned cattle, and all other things in great abundance. What a country, and what a change in a few short years!*

> How changed the scene, since here the savage trod
> To set his otter-trap, or take wild honey,
> Where now so many turn the sod,
> Or farmers change their fields for money.
> How short the time, and how the scenes have shifted,
> Since Wadsworth explored this wild land,
> And mid primeval woods, prophetic scann'd
> *This rare position and its destiny.*

We shall here add some illustrations of the difficulties of Pioneers.

At the first settlement of Binghamton, at Chenago Point, the people used to take the root of the anacum weed, and after drying and grinding or pounding it, to make it into their bread. At the same place, the woods were found so clear, by the practice of burning the underbrush by the Indians, that deer could be seen in them when half a mile distant. Several of the Indians continued to reside there after the whites had come to the neighbourhood in 1787.

At the Oquago valley, when the great freshet destroyed the crops of the settlers in 1794, Major Stow, took his bushel of wheat on his shoulder, and walked forty miles, to have it ground, at Wattle's mill, and returned with his flour in the same wearisome manner. The short cakes made from it were shortened with bear's grease.

In the year 1796, Mr. E. Edwards built the first saw-mill on the Onondaga, and he was also the first that came down the Chenango with a raft. The first grist-mill was built a good while after, by Dr. Wheeler. Previous to this, the inhabitants went down to Castle creek for their grinding; and in case of failure there, they were obliged to go to Tioga Point.

When the mile bridge across the Cayuga was begun, the shores

* As late as the years 1810-11, there was only a weekly mail between Canandaigua and Genessee river; carried on horseback, and part of the time *by a woman!* 'Twas only in 1815 that the settlers about Rochester made up a private fund for a weekly mail to Lewiston; and it was but a year before, that the road itself (along "the ridge") was opened by a grant of the legislature of $5,000; before that it was impassable.

of that lake were still possessed by the Indians. The first bridge was laid on mud sills.

The first settler at *Aurora*, on that lake, was Roswell Franklin: he with his father settled there in 1787, in a log house of twelve feet square. They had both been in the battle and massacre of Wyoming. There he had seen the butchery of his mother and one sister, another led away prisoner for eleven years, himself a prisoner at Mount Morris three years. Such a pioneer lived to see the door sill of his log house, and the tree stump before his door, which was used for the pounding of corn, preserved as relics, even by the generation, among whom he was still alive in 1842.

When Messrs. Hendy, Miller and Marks, began their log house settlement at Elmira, in 1789, the only road existing in the country for hundreds of miles round was what was called the Indian pathway, leading from Wilkesbarre to Canada. By this pathway the emigrants from the south were accustomed to reach Niagara, &c.

At that time the Indians were all around the settlers, and would make free at all times to visit the cabins of the whites, and set themselves down unasked, or helped themselves freely of whatever food they saw on the table. It was not always convenient to so receive them, but it was deemed most politic to overlook their freedom. In the year 1790, there were assembled at Elmira, eleven hundred Indians to negotiate a treaty with Col. T. Pickering.

One who had been of the number of the western pioneers has well said of such pioneers, that they look with less complaisance and pleasure upon the last few years of their lives, than upon those in which the forests were falling beneath their axes; or in their tow frocks—the insignia of their priestly office—they performing obsequies of the monarchs of the wood, at their funeral piles. They are indeed, now made to witness the scenes of more wealth and action, but not of more tranquillity and purity. Their affections then were warm and buoyant, and their confidence and regard was mutual. At their convivial assemblies, which they sometimes found time to convene, the simplicity of their social and rude entertainments, served up as they often were upon oaken slabs, supported as they were upon their wooden stakes or pegs, was more than compensated by the full flow of spirits, and the entire absence of all rivalry and envy.

The first settlers, at Lowville and about Black river, who went there in 1795, from Massachusetts and Connecticut, made their way from Utica, and Fort Stanwix (Rome), by a line of marked trees, to the High falls on Black river; and thence they floated down with the stream. Their families followed in the succeeding winter shod with snow shoes, mothers making their way with infants in their arms, whilst their husbands and fathers, trod

paths through the snow for their cattle and teams. It was not unusual for these settlers to go forty miles to mill, and to carry the grist upon their shoulders.

A party of emigrants from New England in 1790–91, made a road through the woods from the settlements of Whitestown out to Canandaigua. The *winter* was the season usually chosen for conveying families, because they were then the surest of sleighing and sledding, and passing the streams on ice bridges. The first settlements along the great road *from Utica to Genessee river*, were mostly commenced by the year 1800.

When Judge White first began his settlement at Whitesborough, near Utica, his nearest mill was at Palatine, forty miles off, and the whole of this distance was to be travelled by an Indian path. For lack of animal food, they used to salt down the breast of the wild pigeons by a barrel at a time. The first court for the town was held in a barn.

When David Tripp first settled at Manlius, in 1790, his nearest neighbour was ten miles off, at Onondaga. At one time the only article of food which his family had for three months, with the exception of wild roots and milk, was a bushel of corn which he had brought from Herkimer, fifty-five miles, on his back. The first wedding in this place, was in July, 1794, upon a training day, and was celebrated in an open yard in front of the inn, while the soldiers formed a hollow square around the parties. The first frame house built in the place, had the floor boards brought from Palatine, and the other boards from a distant mill. The nails were sent for and brought thirty-three miles, from Oriskany, by a lad bringing forty-six pounds on his back.

When the canal navigation from Rome to Salina was first opened in 1820, a passenger describes the whole region as passing through a wilderness of sixty miles; the land nearly the whole distance was low, marshy and cold. The most of the forest was an evergreen, deep and dank, such as the advancing settlers seemed unwilling to enter upon with any hope of cultivation. But now the marshes and swamps are drained by the canal, and its banks now are well filled up with a thrifty population. Salina and Syracuse have since risen like enchantment from the gains of the salt works.

A gentleman, who visited the New England settlers at Canandaigua, in 1797, five years after their beginning, found them contending with numerous difficulties, with light hearts and buoyant spirits; while he as a looker on, thought most of the mud knee deep, and the musquitoes and gnats so thick as to baffle his breathing, they were talking of what the country would be by and by, as if it were history already realized!

When Ulysses was first settled, a Mr. George Wayburn, there, had a terrible conflict with a she bear, whose two whelps he had previously shot. She somehow tumbled with him down the preci-

pice of Goodwin's falls, and happily at the bottom, the bear fell undermost into a crevice in the rock, which enabled him, with the assistance of his son, although himself much wounded, to dispatch the beast.

In cutting down a white oak tree at Lyons, in 1834, of thirteen and a half feet girth, there was found in the body of the tree, three and a half feet from the ground, a large and deep cutting by an axe, *severing the heart of the tree*, and exhibiting with perfect distinctness the marks of the axe. The whole cavity, thus created by the original cutting, was found to be four hundred and sixty years of growth of the wood, *i. e.* it was concealed beneath four hundred and sixty layers of the timber, which had grown over it subsequently to the cutting. Thus evincing that the original cutting must have been in 1372, which is one hundred and eighteen years before the discovery of America by Columbus! The tree was cut by James P. Bartle, a respectable informant. The cutting was six inches deep.

It was in the year 1798, that the present Lord Ashburton, then a gentleman commoner, and the present Louis Phillipe, King of the French, and his brothers, then exiled princes, met unexpectedly in a night scene, upon the present site of Rochester, then in its wilderness state. The mutual approach, as they severally heard the sound of the foot-treads in the bushes, gave mutual alarm, as they severally feared the unwelcome visitations of the neighbouring Indians. Now how changed the scenes! and how different the relations of the several members of that rude sylvan gathering.

It was the practice of the exploring hunters, and woodmen, when laying out for the night, to make a pillow of their pack, to lay on descending ground, so as to raise their heads and to depress their feet towards their fires. At these fires they cooked their meals, by sticking their venison or their dough upon a pointed stick, staked near to the fire, and which was turned as occasion required, so as to present the whole to the roasting operation. Sometimes they put the dough in the ashes, to bake it. The process made sweet food, even without salt, which was often at three dollars a bushel, before the salt licks were worked.

So much of Western New York, having been settled by the people of *New England*, it may not be inappropriate to say a few words of their forefathers *the Puritans*, themselves: A name once intended for reproach by the worldlings of a licentious age, but when rightly considered, reflecting on the Puritans, and their descendants, a lasting honour; indeed they were by the diffusion of their principles, the proper founders of our great Republic itself. They willingly forsook all the social comforts of country and home, and encountered all the severities and deprivations of a wilderness life, to gain for themselves and posterity freedom of thought and action. A noble purpose in itself; and not to be overlooked or disregarded by their sons.

But why should any *American* suppose himself scandalized by the name, character, and general conduct of the *Puritans?* The more they are understood, the better and brighter will their memory appear. Churchmen may have been taught to dislike them, for they opposed their hierarchy; because, during the reign of Elizabeth, and one or two subsequent sovereigns, they maintained a strenuous opposition to laws, which had for their object, first to make the Queen the head of the church, and the other *requiring conformity in all things*, to the established religion; the Puritans in the meantime, resisting them with heroic and daring spirit, and requiring, as their *natural right*, greater liberty and simplicity, and more purity of worship. We may, with just pride, refer to their character, as written by the Hon. T. B. Macauley (in the Edinburgh Review), himself a Briton, connected with the established church; he saying, "they were the most remarkable body of men which the world ever produced. As a body they were unpopular, and were therefore abandoned to the attacks of the press and the stage; but it is not from ridicule alone that the philosophy of history is to be learnt. To know, serve, and enjoy God, was with the Puritan, the great end of existence. With their minds cleared of every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised above the influence of danger and corruption, they went through life, like Sir Artegale's iron man Talus, with his flail crushing and trampling down every form of oppression, mingling with human beings, but having no part in human infirmities, insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, to pain. On the rich and the eloquent, on the priests and on nobles, they looked down with pity or contempt; for they regarded themselves rich in more precious treasure, and eloquent in a sublimer language; nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. They therefore rejected with disdain the ceremonious homage which others had substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Hence their contempt for all earthly distinctions. Men might sneer at them and deride; but those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate, or the field of battle. In civil and military affairs, they displayed a coolness of judgment, and a fixedness of purpose, which were the necessary effect of their zeal; for the very intensity of their feelings on one subject, made them calm and tranquil on every other. The Puritan, indeed, was made up of two different men; the *one*, all penitence, and affection, and gratitude, and self-abasement; [like Cromwell, "with a heart to fear none but his God!"] the *other*, proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker; but [like Cromwell, also,] he set his foot on the neck of his king." Such were the Puritans to the eye of the candid politician, and such they were substantially to the eye of the christian. "They had their faults, their false logic and their extravagance, *the effects of the*

age in which they lived," but they came to this country the friends of *liberty*, of *education*, of *religion*; and "in the *learning* of many of them, and in the *wisdom* and *results* of their *plans* and *labours*, they still stand forth a noble race, altogether superior to the ancestors *of any other nation!*" No other nation has ever been founded from such elevated motives, and for such noble and benevolent ends. Oppressed and persecuted, where they should have been protected, and then exiled and banished, they resolved, for *liberty's* sake and *religion's* sake, to leave the homes of their fathers. They were the instinctive *friends of freedom:* twice in their native land, did they save the British constitution from being crushed by the usurpations of the Stuarts. Even Hume, who is sufficiently unfriendly, is compelled to say of them, "that the precious spark of liberty had been kindled and was preserved *by the Puritans*," and that *to them*, "the English owe *the whole freedom of their constitution!*" And it is another noble feature in their character, that ere they left their vessel, the May Flower, they wrote out and signed *the first* written constitution of government, that is to be found in the history of civilized nations; and particularly recognizing that fundamental principle of all true Republics, that *all should be ruled by the majority!* To that cause, as a cause, they afterwards, repelled those who essayed to come among them to subvert the faith, in which they, as a whole, trusted. It indeed operated harshly; but they had framed their law, and their opinions were fixed; they perhaps knew not, even conscientiously, how to yield. But yield they did, at length, in so far as religious opinion was concerned.

A good sermon, looking at these things as they were, was delivered and published at Rochester, in 1837, by the Rev. Tryon Edwards, who glorying in his descent from such progenitors, and conceiving that God in his providence, had mercifully so provided by them, an asylum for the Anglo-Saxon race, in this new world, thus designates his mercies to them and to us—saying, "on the first arrival of our fathers, the power of the savage was restrained, till by their own increase, they were adequate to the work of self-protection. Still later in our history, France coveted our possessions, and for more than half a century, strove to wrest them from us. On the west, she hemmed us in, 'by a chain of fortresses, and on the east, our shores were defenceless to her carnage.' For a time it seemed as if utter destruction awaited us, but George the Second was 'a father to his colonies,' and *he* that transplanted, *sustained us*, as is acknowledged in the well expressed motto of Connecticut, '*Qui transtulit sustulit.*' Among other remembered mercies, as says the same preacher, "we must not overlook the fact of disaster to the great fleet fitted out by the French in 1746, to ravage and destroy along our defenceless coast. For weeks it was shut up in the ports of France,

by what has been called, 'an embargo from Heaven.' In crossing the ocean, too, it was so shattered by tempests, that only a part of it ever reached our shores; and the first and second in command, were so frustrated and appalled, that they put an end to their lives—the third had no sooner effected a landing for his men, than they were so afflicted with a pestilence, that their camp, like that of Assyria of old, was full of dead men, and in the sequel, constraining them 'to return by the way they came."

Such were the Puritans,—and may not *Yankees* feel honoured in such a descent! What if they had for a time, errors of zeal, and intolerance, for what they *deemed* certainly right, were not their positive virtues, connected with the lasting good which they conferred upon their posterity, and for the whole human race, sufficient to embalm their memory, in the respect and gratitude of their sons? Let the public consider.

We feel as if we cannot but love to expatiate on the character of the *Yankee*, he is so *peculiar*. No other man *is like him*. It has been said of him, that he is made for all situations, and can *manage* to work his way in all places. Place him on a rock in the midst of the ocean, and with his penknife, and a bunch of shingles, he would work his way on shore. He sells salmon, from Kennebeck, to the people of Charleston; haddock, fresh from Cape Cod, to the planters of Matanzas; raises coffee in Cuba; swaps mules and horses, like Arnold, for molasses in Porto Rico; retails ice, from Fresh pond, in Cambridge, in the East Indies; Takes mutton, from Brighton to New Orleans, and South America; manufactures multicaulis, for the governor of Jamaica; becomes an admiral in a foreign nation; starts in a cockle-shell craft of fifteen tons, loaded with onions, mackerel, and "*notions*," for Valparaiso; baits his trap on the Columbia river; catches wild-beasts in Africa, for Macomber's caravan; sells granite, on contract to rebuild St. Juan de Ulloa; is ready like Ledyard, to start for Timbuctoo, "to-morrow morning"—exiles himself for years, from home, to sketch in their own wilderness, the wild men of the woods, and astonishes refined Europe, with the seeming presence of the untutored savage. Introduced to Metternich, he asks "what's the news?" Says, "how do you do marm?" to Victoria. Prescribes Thompson's eye-water to the mandarins of China, and if he pleases, makes the scouting Southrons, rich with cotton inventions. He is found foremost among those who sway the elements of society—is the school-master for his country, and missionary for the whole heathen world. He is unequalled in tact, and instead of going over round-about ways, starts across lots, for any desired point. If perpetual motion is ever to be discovered, he will be sure to be the lucky contriver—for he is the *fac totum* for the world.

Surely such a people are not made to be *subdued* by any thing. They have too much courage, energy, and heart, to ever be any

thing but their *own* masters. Such they have been, from the day that they landed in Plymouth; and their spirit and enterprise, has been growing and growing ever since. Show them the inventions and arts of any people, and they will be at trying it until *they make it better.* Look at their manufactories, as in point! *They can't be idle;* they can't remain in self-indulgence and repose at home—their sterile and stony hills, and mountains, forbid it; they, besides, *feel* their impulse and loco-motive powers predominant, and must be at bettering the world and themselves. Such a people deserve to be *welcomed* every where; and that welcome *they will have.* We have *ourself,* some Yankee blood, and scruple not thus to *own* it. To that cause, perhaps, we owe our disposition to busy ourself in many things, and to be prone "to note and observe;"—*non sibi, sed patriæ et mundo.*

Log cabins and *log houses,* which hold so prominent a place among all new settlers, have of late been exalted into conspicuous notice, by the fact of the late President of the United States, General Harrison, having himself dwelt in such a structure. The writer feels his personal respect and regard for them, because his maternal ancestors, were among those first new settlers in New Hampshire, at the head of Connecticut river, which has been so touchingly described, by Bishop Chase, concerning his ancestors at the same place, in 1762;—and also, by the eminent statesman, Daniel Webster. His commendation of such houses, and of the worthy pioneers, who went before us in the march of inland improvement and civilization, are sufficiently in point, to deserve a repetition here. His remarks are:—"It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin, but my elder brothers and sisters were—in a log cabin, raised amid the snow drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early, as that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains (says he), still exist, and I make to it an annual visit. *I carry my children to it,* to inspire like sentiments in them, and to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life, (says he), affect nobody in this country, but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them." "For myself, I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the touching narratives and incidents, which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I am ashamed of it, or if I ever fail in affectionate veneration for *him* who reared it, *and defended it* against savage violence and destruction, cherished by all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and *through the fire and blood* of a seven years Revolutionary war, shrunk from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, *to serve his*

country, and *to raise his children* to a condition better than his own, may the name of my posterity be blotted forever from the memory of man." Such sentiments should ennoble any man; and more especially do they illustrate the character and *heart* of the man who published them—they show an enthusiasm, and holiness of *feeling*, devoted to the dead and to *the pioneers*, which give character and immortality to him who cherished them. *I feel* their full force, and gladly record them here!

THE INDIANS.

"A swarthy tribe
Slipt from the secret hand of Providence,
They come we see not how, nor know we whence;
That seem'd created on the spot—though born,
In transatlantic climes, and thither brought,
By paths as covert as the birth of thought!"

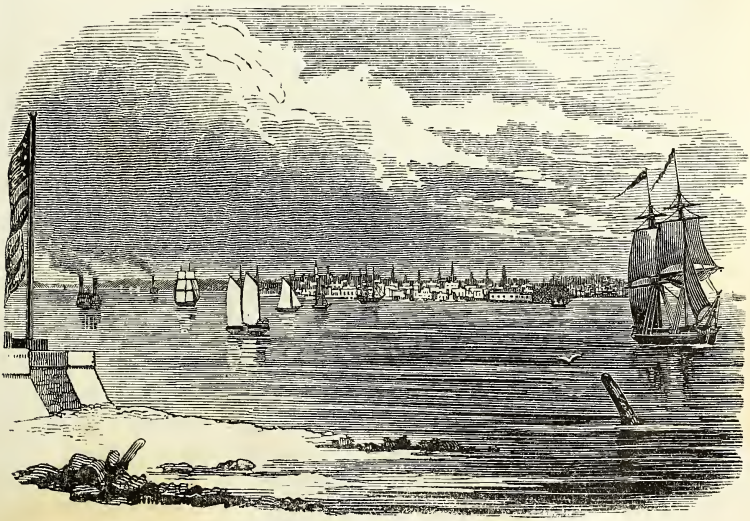
There is in the fate of these unfortunate beings much to awake our sympathy, and much to disturb the sobriety of our judgment; much in their character, to incite our involuntary admiration. What can be more melancholy than their history? By a law of their nature, they seem destined to a slow but sure extinction. Every where at the approach of the white man they fade away: We hear the rustling of their footsteps, like that of the withered leaves of autumn; and themselves, like "the sere and yellow leaf," are gone forever!

Once the smoke of their wigwams, and the fires of their councils, rose in every valley from the ocean to the Mississippi and the lakes. The shouts of victory and the war dance rung through the mountains and the glades. The light arrows and the deadly tomahawk whistled through the forest; and the hunter's trace, and the dark encampment, startled the wild beasts from their lairs. The warriors stood forth in their glory. The young listened to songs of other days. The mothers played with their infants, and gazed on the scene with warm hopes of the future. Braver men never lived; truer men never drew the bow. They had courage and fortitude, and sagacity and perseverance, beyond most of the human race. They shrunk from no dangers, and they feared no hardships. They were inured, and capable of sustaining every peril, and surmounting every obstacle for sweet country and home. But with all this, inveterate destiny has unceasingly driven them hence!

"Forced from the land that gave them birth,
They dwindle from the face of earth!"

In our present notice of the Indians, we desire to go back to the period when first observed by Europeans; such as they were

Indian Treaty, p. 110.



City of New York, 1842, p. 143.

before debauched by their contact with the baser part of our white men. To this end we shall give the following description of them from the personal observation and pen of the celebrated Wm. Penn; to wit: —

The natives I shall consider in their persons, language, manners, religion and government, with my sense of their original. For their persons, they are generally tall, straight, well built, and of singular proportion; they tread strong and clever, and mostly walk with a lofty chin. Of complexion, black, but by design; as the gypsies in England. They grease themselves with bear's fat clarified; and, using no defence against sun or weather, their skins, must needs be swarthy. Their eye is little and black, not unlike a straight looked Jew. The thick lip, and flat nose, so frequent with the East Indians and blacks, are not common to them: many of them have fine Roman noses.

Their language is lofty, yet narrow; but like the Hebrew, in signification full; like short-hand, in writing, one word serveth in the place of three, and the rest are supplied by the understanding of the hearer: imperfect in their tenses, wanting in their moods, participles, adverbs, conjunctions, interjections.

Of their customs and manners there is much to be said, I will begin with children. Soon as they are born, they wash them in water; and while very young, and in cold weather they plunge them in the rivers to harden and embolden them. The children will go very young, at nine months commonly; if boys they go a fishing till ripe for the woods, which is about fifteen; then they hunt, and after having given some proofs of their manhood, by a good return of skins, they may marry; else it is a shame to think of a wife. The girls stay with their mothers, and help to hoe the ground, plant corn, and carry burdens; and they do well to use them to that young which they must do when they are old; for the wives are the true servants of the husbands; otherwise the men are very affectionate to them.

When the young women are fit for marriage, they wear something upon their heads for an advertisement, but so as their faces are hardly to be seen but when they please. The age they marry at, if women, is about thirteen or fourteen; if men, seventeen and eighteen; they are rarely elder.

Their houses are mats, or barks of trees, set on poles, in the fashion of an English barn; but out of the power of the winds, for they are hardly higher than a man; they lie on reeds or grass. In travel they lodge in the woods, about a great fire, with the mantle of duffils they wear by the day wrapt about them, and a few boughs stuck round them.

Their diet is maize or Indian corn, divers ways prepared; sometimes roasted in the ashes; sometimes beaten and boiled with water, which they call *homine;* they also make cakes, not unpleasant to eat. They have likewise several sorts of beans

and pease that are good nourishment; and the woods and rivers are their larder.

If an European comes to see them, or calls for lodging at their house or wigwam, they give him the best place and first cut. If they come to visit us they salute us with an *Itah;* which is as much as to say, *good be to you*, and set them down; which is mostly on the ground, close to their heels, their legs upright; it may be they speak not a word, but observe all passages. If you give them any thing to eat or drink, well: for they will not ask; and be it little or much, if it be with kindness they are well pleased, else they go away sullen, but say nothing.

They are great concealers of their own resentments; brought to it, I believe, by the revenge that hath been practised among them.

But in liberality they excel; nothing is too good for their friend; give them a fine gun, coat, or other thing, it may pass twenty hands before it sticks: light of heart, strong affections, but soon spent. The most merry creatures that live, feast and dance perpetually; they never have much, nor want much: wealth circulateth like the blood, all parts partake; and though none shall want what another hath, yet exact observers of property. They care for little, because they want but little; and the reason is, a little contents them. In this they are sufficiently revenged on us: if they are ignorant of our pleasures, they are also free from our pains. We sweat and toil to live; their pleasure feeds them; I mean their hunting, fishing, and fowling; and this table is spread every where. They eat twice a-day, morning and evening; their seats and table are the ground.

In sickness impatient to be cured, and for it give any thing, especially for their children, to whom they are extremely natural: they drink at those times a *Tesan*, or decoction of some roots in spring-water; and if they eat any flesh, it must be of the female of any creature. If they die they bury them with their apparel, be they man or woman, and the nearest of kin fling in something precious with them, as a token of their love: their mourning is blacking of their faces, which they continue for a year: they are choice of the graves of their dead; for, lest they should be lost by time, and fall to common use, they pick off the grass that grows upon them, and heap up the fallen earth with great care and exactness.

These poor people are under a dark night in things relating to religion, to be sure, the tradition of it; yet they believe in a God and immortality without the help of metaphysics; for they say, "There is a Great King that made them, who dwells in a glorious country to the southward of them; and that the souls of the good shall go thither, where they shall live again." Their worship consists of two parts, sacrifice and cantico: their sacrifice is their first fruits; the first and fattest buck they kill, goeth to the fire,

where he is all burnt, with a mournful ditty of him that performeth the ceremony, but with such marvellous fervency and labour of body, that he will even sweat to a foam. The other parts is their cantico, performed by round dances, sometimes words, sometimes songs, then shouts, two being in the middle that begin, and by singing and drumming on a board, direct the chorus: their postures in the dance are very antick, and differing, but all keep measure. This is done with equal earnestness and labour, but great appearance of joy. In the fall, when the corn cometh in, they begin to feast one another.

Their government is by kings, which they call *Sachama*, and those by succession, but always of the mother's side; for instance, the children of him that is now king will not succeed, but his brother by the mother, or the children of his sister, whose sons (and after them the children of her daughters) will reign; for no woman inherits. The reason they render for this way of descent is, that their issue may not be spurious.

Every king hath his council, and that consists of all the old and wise men of his nation; which perhaps is two hundred people; nothing of moment is undertaken, be it war, peace, selling of land, or traffic, without advising with them; and which is more, with the young men too. It is admirable to consider how powerful the kings are, and yet how they move by the breath of their people.

For their original, I am ready to believe them of the Jewish race; I mean, of the stock of the *ten tribes*, and that for the following reasons: first, they were to go to "a land not *planted* or *known*," which to be sure, Asia and Africa were, if not Europe; and he that intended that extraordinary judgment upon them, might make the passage not uneasy to them, as it is not impossible in itself, from the easternmost parts of Asia, to the westernmost of America. In the next place, I find them of like countenance, and their children of so lively resemblance, that a man would think himself in Dukes-place or Berry-street in London when he seeth them. But this is not all; they agree in *rites;* they reckon by *moons:* they offer their *first-fruits;* they have a kind of *feast* of *tabernacles;* they are said to lay their *altars* upon *twelve stones;* their *mourning* a *year*, *customs* of *women*, with many things that do not now occur.

The following observations concerning our Indians were made, in 1749, by Professor Kalm, then travelling among them; to wit: —

The hatchets of the Indians were made of stone, somewhat of the shape of a wedge. This was notched round the biggest end, and to this they affixed a split stick for a handle, bound round with a cord. These hatchets could not serve, however, to cut any thing like a tree; their means therefore of getting trees for canoes,

&c., was to put a great fire round the roots of a big tree to burn it off, and with a swab of rags on a pole to keep the tree constantly wet above until the fire below burnt it off. When the tree was down, they laid dry branches on the trunk and set fire to it, and kept swabbing that part of the tree which they did not want to burn; thus the tree burnt a hollow in one place only; when burnt enough, they chipt or scraped it smooth inside with their hatchets, or sharp flints, or sharp shells. Instead of knives, they used little sharp pieces of flints or quartz, or a piece of sharpened bone. At the end of their arrows they fastened narrow angulated pieces of stone; these were commonly flints or quartz. Some made use of the claws of birds and beasts.

They had stone pestles, of about a foot long and five inches in thickness; in these they pounded their maize. Many had only wooden pestles. The Indians were astonished beyond measure when they saw the first wind-mills to grind grain. They were, at first, of opinion that not the wind, but spirits within them gave them their momentum. They would come from a great distance, and set down for days near them, to wonder and admire at them!

The old tobacco pipes were made of clay or pot stone, or serpentine stone; the tube thick and short. Some were made better, of a very fine red pot stone, and were seen chiefly with the Sachems. Some of the old Dutchmen at New York preserved the tradition that the first Indians seen by the Europeans, made use of copper for their tobacco pipes, got from the second river near Elizabethtown.

There was hardly any district of country where the Indians so fully enjoyed an abundant and happy home as on *Long Island.* The tribes there were of the Lenni Lenape or Delaware race, bearing the designation of the *Matouwax* and *Paumunake.* They had there vast quantities of wild fowl and abundance of sea-fish; oysters, clams, crabs, muscles, &c. They had the art of catching fish by torch-light, called *wigwass* by them, in the way we call *bobbing.* It was their practice to set a fire of pine knots on a platform in the middle of their canoes, the light attracted numerous fish, which they struck with an eel spear. Their smoked faces and reddened eyes by the operation, often gave them a grotesque appearance. They would lay up great store of dried clams by stringing them, and sending them far into the country for distant tribes. Besides all this, they were great merchants of *wampum* or *seawant;* they procuring and forming from the sea shells all the Indian money used for ornament and traffic. To this day, the soil of the island shows frequent traces of the numerous shells once drawn out from the sea and scattered over its surface. The families while so engaged in fishing, had always near them their huts or wigwams by the water side, made close and warm with an entire covering of sea weed.

Respecting the frequent diet of the Indians in general, we may

say, that besides their usual plantations of corn, pumpkins, squashes, &c. they often used wilds roots and wild fruits; among the latter were chestnuts, shellbarks, walnuts, persimons, huckleberries, &c.; of the roots, they had *hopniss* (glycine apios), *katniss* (sagittaria sagittifolia), *tawho* (arum virginicum), *tawkee* (orantium aquaticum). These roots generally grew in low damp grounds, were a kind of potatoes to them, and were divested of their poisonous or injurious quality by roasting them in the fire. They used to dry and keep their huckleberries like raisins. They would pound hickory and walnut nuts to a fine pulp, and mixing water with it formed a pleasant drink, not unlike milk in sight and taste. They made *yoekeg*, a mush, liked also by the whites, formed of pounded parched corn and cider mixed. *Suckatash* they made from corn and beans mixed together and boiled. Their pumpkins they preserved long, by cutting them into slices and drying them. On the rivers they had an art of forming pinfolds for taking fish; and when they took sturgeons, they cut them into strips and preserved them by drying. Fish hooks they sometimes made of fish bones and bird claws; and fish lines they formed from a species of wild grass, or from the sinews of animals. All these were indeed but instances of clumsy invention and rude fare, but their education and hearts were formed to it, and they loved it and were happy; having every where their table spread by nature to their entire wants and satisfaction. In those days they were hunters more for clothing and amusement than for necessary food.

The Indians whom we usually call Delawares, because first found about the regions of the Delaware river, never used that name among themselves; they called themselves *Lenni Lenape*, which means "*the original people*,"—*Lenni* meaning *original*, —whereby they expressed they were an *unmixed* race, who had never changed their character since the creation;—in effect they were primitive *sons of Adam*, and others were sons of the curse, as of Ham, or of the outcast Ishmael, &c.

They, as well as the *Mengwe* (called by us *Iroquois*), agreed in saying they came from westward of the Mississippi—called by them *Namæsi Sipu*, or river of fish; and that when they came over to the eastern side of that river, they there encountered, and finally drove off, all the former inhabitants, called the *Alligewi*—(and of course the *primitives* of all our country!) who, probably, such as survived, sought refuge in *Mexico*.

From these facts we may learn, that however unjustifiable, in a moral sense may be the aggressions of our border men, yet on the rule of the *lex talionis* we may take refuge and say, we only drive off or dispossess *those* who were themselves *encroachers*, even as all *our* Indians, as above stated, were!

The Indians called the Quakers *Quekels*, and "the English," by inability of pronouncing it, they sounded *Yengees*—from

whence probably, we have now our name of Yankees. In their own language they called the English *Saggenah.*

Men whose thoughts are engrossed in the affairs of the world, or in the immediate concerns of self-preservation, may be unmindful of others; but youth, who are free from such cares, can indulge their natural propensity of looking abroad and into the state of others, by an attention to the actual state of the poor Indian. They have repeatedly heard that all the lands of our western interior were not long since the property of the aborigines; and as they now witness their entire exclusion from all those regions, they naturally enquire where are they, and what has become of those who once welcomed to their wigwams and to their hospitality our pilgrim forefathers? It was once their greatest gratification to be accounted the white man's friend and benefactor; for truly they could say, "none ever entered the cabin of Logan hungry, and he gave him no meat; or cold, or naked, and he gave him no clothes."

As the race is receding from the civilization and encroachments of white men, and becoming more and more scarce among men, it will become still more the duty and proper kindness of the coming generation to cherish a regard and a veneration for the few scattered fragments of a once mighty people. Already the last feeble remnants are preparing to go into remote exile in the far distant west. We see them leaving reluctantly their long cherished homes, "few and faint, yet fearless still." They turn to take a last look at their deserted towns—a last glance at the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears; they utter no cries; they heave no groans. There is something in their hearts which surpasses speech; there is something in their looks, not of vengeance or submission, but of hard necessity, which stifles both; which chokes all utterance; which has no aim or method. It is courage absorbed in despair.

A mind fully alive to the facts which in the new countries of the west still environ him wherever he goes, can hardly ride along the highway, or traverse the fields and woods, without feeling the constant and welcome intrusion of thoughts like these, to wit: Here lately prowled the beasts of prey; * there crowded the deep interminable woodland shade; through that cripple browsed the deer; in that rude cluster of rocks and roots were sheltered the deadly rattlesnake. These rich meadows were noxious swamps. On those sun-side hills of golden grain crackled the growing maize of the tawny aborigines. Where we stand, perchance to pause and consider, rest the ashes of a chief or of his family; and where we have chosen our favourite sites for

* As late as the year 1815 to '20, the state treasury expended 38,260 dollars for killing *wolves* in 37 of the western counties! Could any thing more strikingly exhibit its *recent* savage state, even where *now* "unwieldly wealth and cumbrous pomp repose!"

towns or habitations, may have been the selected spots on which were hutted the now departed lineage of many generations. On yon path-way, seen in the distant view, climbing the remote hills, may have been the very path tracked from time immemorial by the roving Indians themselves.

It is not possible for a considerate and feeling mind, even now to stand upon the margin of such charming and picturesque *lakes* as the Skaneatteles, the Cayuga, and the Seneca, &c. without thinking how happily the Indians of primitive days were wont to pass their time in such enchanting regions; but they are all gone, all wasted like a pestilence. A few diminished tribes still linger about our remote borders; and others, more distant in the rude wilds, still gather a scanty subsistence from the diminished game. It would be to our honour and to their comfort and preservation, could we yet extend to them the blessings of civilization and religion. We owe it to ourselves and to them to yet redeem this wasting, injured, faded race.

> "Crush'd race, so long condemned to moan,
> Scorn'd, rifled, spiritless and lone,
> From heathen rites, from sorrow's maze,
> Turn to *our temple gates* with praise!
> Yes, come and bless th' usurping band
> That rent away your father's land;
> Forgive the wrong, suppress the blame,
> And view your hope, your heaven, the same!"

New York, at the time of its discovery and settlement, says Campbell's history, was inhabited by a race of men, distinguished, above all the other aborigines of the continent, for their intelligence and prowess. Five distinct and independent tribes, speaking a language radically the same, and practising similar customs, had united in forming a confederacy, which, for durability and power, was unequalled in Indian history. They were the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas—called *the Iroquois* by the French, and *the Five Nations* by the English. In cases of great emergency, each tribe or nation acted separately, and independently; but a general council usually assembled at *Onondaga*, near the centre of their territory, and determined upon peace or war, and all other matters which regarded the interests of the whole. Acting in these matters, not unlike our own Congress, under the old confederation. They, therefore, who may visit the present Onondaga and vicinity, may regard that region of country, as being once the consecrated ground, and the familiar home, of a now vanished people!

They carried their arms into Canada, across the Connecticut, and even to the banks of the Mississippi, and verging to the Gulf of Mexico.

After the settlement of the French in Canada, in 1608, and at a time that the Five nations were waging a desperate war,—

(long continued, at intervals of time,) with the Hurons and Algonquins, settled there, and assisted by the French,—they applied to the Dutch, settled at Albany, and along the Hudson, to assist them in arms and ammunition,—whereby a strong friendship was created, and which produced a long and sincere attachment between them. During this period, the Dutch traders passed up the Mohawk in their little canoes, and carried on, for many years, a profitable barter of their merchandize and munitions of war, for the peltry of the Indians.

When the English came to the government of the province, by the conquest of 1664, they exerted themselves to acquire and preserve the same influence, with the same Indian tribes. Conventions were therefore frequently held at Albany, in which presents and kindly professions were liberally bestowed. In the mean time, the French in Canada, endeavoured to counteract this English ascendency. They attacked the English frontiers, in hopes, by some splendid victory, to detach the Indians from their friends. They also sent Missionaries among them, more desirous of making allies for France, than converts to Christianity; and in 1671, they persuaded the Caughnawagas to leave their settlements on the Mohawk, and to establish themselves in Canada.

The Dinondadies, a tribe of Canada, in alliance with France, having treacherously killed several of the Ambassadors of the Five nations, when going to meet them in Conference, were visited with a heavy revenge. About twelve hundred warriors, of the Five nations, landed at *Montreal* in 1688, and killed about one thousand French. The French, in turn, retaliated by making sundry incursions into the Indian country: burning their villages, &c., and especially in 1690, a combined force of French and Indians, succeeded to surprise and burn the town of Schenectady, in the dead of winter, killing about sixty of the inhabitants, and dispersing the rest under circumstances of much suffering, as will be found stated under the chapter of that place.

About the year 1701, a general treaty of peace was made between the French and the Five Nations, which put an end to these long and afflicting wars.

About the year 1712, the Monecons, or Tuscaroras, an Indian tribe of the Carolinas, came from that country and joined the Indian confederacy, and thus constituting from that time, the Six Nations.

As the French never abandoned their desire to attach these six nations to their own interests, they succeeded in time to attain sundry indulgencies, such as making forts in their territory, for the alleged protection of their trade and missions, &c. So that when *the last* French war broke out, in 1754, the four western tribes went over to the French, and took up the hatchet against the English. The Indians, however, as the war progressed, seeing the defeat of the French in sundry engagements, had many of

them returned, before the close of the war, to the English, by whom they were again received as allies. In these results, Sir Wm. Johnson, had much influence, and especially by his victory over the Baron Dieskau, in 1757, and the capture of Fort Niagara.

A manuscript journal, kept by an officer in Sullivan's Expedition, leads us into an insight of some of the most conspicuous localities of the Indians, viz:

At *Chemung*, where they destroyed the settlements and grain; at *New town and Butler's Creek*, they destroyed the corn and beans; at *Catharine's town*, they destroyed the corn, beans, &c; at *Apple-tree town*, on the east side of Seneca lake, destroyed *houses* and corn fields.

Kandaia,—a fine town, half a mile from Cayuga lake,—there found a great plenty of old apple trees,—the *houses large and elegant*, some beautifully painted: their tombs likewise, especially those of their chief warriors, were beautifully painted boxes, set over their graves, made of planks hewn out of timber.

Kanadaseago, the capital of the Senecas, near the north end of the same lake, consisted of about sixty *houses*, and a great plenty of apple and peach trees,—destroyed there much of corn and beans.

Kashanguash,—about eight miles south, was destroyed.

Kanandagua, at the outlet of a small lake, had about twenty houses, and were burned. Some of these houses were very neat and had chimnies, as if they had had white people settled among them.

Hanneyaage, lies at the head of a small lake, and consisted of thirteen or fourteen good houses, *neatly built*,—here they had much corn and beans.

Adjuton, near lake Konyoughejough, where they destroyed the corn, and detached Lieutenant Boyd with his riflemen, to reconnoitre the next town, seven miles distant,—but he was cut off, in his return, by five or six hundred Indians, under Col. Butler. [Lieut. Boyd, and his party, were exhumed in 1840, and reinterred, with great civic and military honours, at Rochester Cemetery.] Finally arrived at the flat, on which stood the Capital of the *Chenessee*, consisting of upwards of one hundred and twenty houses and vast quantities of corn, beans, pumpkins, potatoes, &c. The corn was gathered into the houses, and the whole consumed together. After this, the army took up its return march—having desolated the Indian country, and struck terror into the Indians, enough to incline them sufficiently for future peace.

The chief localities of the Six nations, may be thus described: The Mohawks dwelt along the river of that name. The Oneidas in that county, on the south side of the lake Oneida—Onondaga hollow contains some of those Indians still. Cayuga lake and river, mark the place of the Cayugas. A few Senecas, still linger about their old home, near lake Erie, and their principal village

was near the Genessee river, twenty miles from Irondequoit bay. The Tuscaroras, were settled about Niagara. In the town of Pompey is a very extensive Indian Cemetery of bodies laid side by side, and often turned up by the plough. The great Council of the Five nations, met yearly at Onondaga. The Journal of C. F. Post, going inland from Philadelphia, to meet there, is a very curious history of such inland travelling, by Indian paths, in colonial times.

Besides the foregoing, there were Indian towns of magnitude, at the upper and lower Mohawk castles. The former was inhabited by the Onheskas. There were also the Tuscarora and Oneida castles, inhabited by friendly Indians. The chief of these last, Skanandoa (i. e. light footed deer,) was a remarkable man, who lived to be an hundred and ten years of age, and lies interred at Clinton, by his own request. His father lived to be ninety-six years old at the Bouwlandt.

The country of the Onondagas, the Cayugas, and the Senecas,—the three western tribes, was completely overrun and laid waste. A part only of the Indians ever returned to their old settlements. Some of them obtained permission to locate in the extreme western part of the state, and during the winter of 1779-80, they remained in and about Fort Niagara, where from eating salt provisions, they took the scurvy, and died in great numbers.

In contemplating the delightful country and homes, which these Indians were thus compelled to leave forever, and under such thorough devastation, as to destroy all their "*neat houses*" and "*cultivated* fields," we cannot but reflect, that all their hostilities and difficulties with us, were produced by the sinister designs of white men, acting deceptively upon their simplicity and fears, for their own selfish ends. With good men and true, the Indians were always just and friendly. They loved and confided, with full purpose of heart; they coveted nothing, and gave freely; they hated and revenged when injured, because it was a part of their *religious* feeling of duty, to avenge the wrongs, as they understood them, when inflicted upon any branch of their families. Severe as seemed their cruelties, they expected, on their part, to meet *retaliation* without a complaint. Of stern virtues they had many, many which could have been *usefully* learned from them, by their more enlightened white men! It would be for our own honours, if we would, even now, remember with better feelings towards them, the comforts and the enjoyments to which *their lands* are now our perpetual contributors. Let none go over them now, in easy and splendid vehicles, without feeling a commiseration for "the poor Indian," and with the cherished wish to forget their faults, and to rescue and build up once more, their now degraded and wasting population!

Cordially we can unite, with Mr. Campbell, in his history, in saying, "when we look over these lands, once the domains of the

proud and noble Iroquois, and remember how, in the days of their glory, *they defended our infant colonies from the ravages of the French,* and contrast their former state, numerous, powerful, *and respected,* with their present condition, 'scattered and peeled,' we are almost ready to blot out the record of their cruelties." They, like ourselves, it should be remembered, fought for "sweet country and home!"

> "Were not these their *own* bright waters?
> Rear'd they not their own red-brow'd daughters,
> Where our princely mansions rise?"

With the same intelligent author we may also remark, "that it is by no means to be considered as strange, that the Indians, and especially the Mohawks, should have *remained* attached to the British crown, though earnestly sued by us to participate in our cause; for they had always been well furnished by that government, with all the necessaries of life, and with arms and other munitions, both for the chase, and for war; the chain of friendship between them had been steadily brightened, for more than one hundred years." The Oneidas, and the Tuscaroras, alone joined us, and since then, they too, have fallen far below our best wishes.

To the foregoing notices of the Indians, we add the observations and remarks made by Mrs. Grant, in her published letters, made by her on the spot, in the colonial times. She has said that "the Mohawks were deemed the wisest, the best, and the most perfect in their morals and conduct of all the Indians. They were always greatly attached to the British crown, strictly adhering to the same, under all the allurements offered by the French."

She had been, in her youth, familiar with the sight of many companies of friendly Indians, visiting at Schuyler's flats, above Albany. While there, they were very industrious in making baskets, ladles, spoons, shovels, rakes, brooms, belts, moccasins, &c., mostly made by the women and children, the men being abroad, engaged in fishing, and smoking their sturgeons and eels, for their winter use. The women were remarkably amiable and sagacious, as were the boys also. It was singular, that none of the females, though coloured themselves, could ever feel any kind of fellowship with the black race, then much employed in white families. The Indians had a remarkable facility in acquiring any language.

Such Indians as came thus about the white population, were of such families as preferred their mode, to the entire forest life, and where of course the labour of tillage devolved wholly on the women, who were wont to cultivate corn, beans, and tobacco; their only tools were the hoe, and a kind of wooden spade. The men in the mean time, were catching and drying fish by the rivers or on the lakes. The younger girls were much busied, in summer and autumn, in gathering wild fruits, berries and grapes,

which they had a peculiar mode of drying, to preserve them for the winter subsistence. The great cranberry they gathered in much abundance. The girls, in childhood, had a very pleasing appearance, had fine hair, eyes, and teeth; hardships and exposure, in time, of course broke down their beauty. They married very early, and as a Mohawk had no other help or servant than his wife, she had necessarily to be laboriously employed. The *Shumack shrub*, which we deem to be poisonous, they used in the state of berries, on which they found a pungent dust, which was at once saline and sour, and which was in effect the salt to their food.

The *Senecas*, with their euphonious and agreeable name, were naturally the most severe and blood thirsty of all the Indian tribes; from some unexplained cause, they were always most vindictive and ardent in their spirit of revenge and hostility. It is from such a race, therefore, that we should soonest look for the severities and successes of the tomahawk and scalping knife, weapons of peculiar terror and disgust to the white race.

Mr. Dunlap, in his history of New York, gives as one of the items of the year 1756, that "Robert Hunter Morris, governor of Pennsylvania, offers to pay for every Indian male enemy, above twelve years of age, one hundred and fifty dollars; for the scalps of such, one hundred and thirty dollars. For every female prisoner, or boy under twelve, one hundred and thirty dollars. For the scalp of *an Indian woman*, fifty dollars," and then he adds a case of cruelty, in attempting the murder of a friendly Indian family at Pepeck, in Somerset, New Jersey, with a design to take their scalps *to Pennsylvania* for the premiums. He concludes with "here we see a part of the fruit of the *Pennsylvania* proclamation." "The Friendly Association" of Philadelphia was formed in that year, on purpose to *counteract* severe measures, and to preserve a peace with the Indians.

Mr. Dunlap, I presume, took the case as he found the offered reward in the public prints of the time, but I chance to know something more in the premises. I had seen the manuscript minutes of Council of Pennsylvania, and it is due to truth to say, that there were scruples and demurs to the measure, as the minutes show, that when it succeeded, it was pressed as a *necessary* retaliatory operation, to quiet the frontier people, and withal it was so far a *New York* measure, as to have had the sanction and expressed wish of Sir. Wm. Johnson, the great Indian agent and *Indian's friend*, acting in New York for his majesty's service, &c.

The minutes of Council to which I referred, was dated the 6th of July, 1764, present, John Penn, lieutenant governor, Thomas Cadwalader, and Richard Penn, Esq. It says: "The same council having *before* agreed to give encouragement for a more successful war on the frontiers, it was agreed to give a reward for scalps, &c., (as above), *provided* it should be approved by Sir

Wm. Johnson. His answer of 18th June, 1764, says, 'I cannot but approve of your desire *to gratify* the desires of the people in your province, by a bounty on scalps, &c.,' whereupon they resolved to issue a proclamation of the 7th July, 1764, and to publish it in the Gazette." What ever resulted from it does not appear, but after this, I saw *demurs* and fears expressed by Conrad Weiser and others, to the council, that the reward would induce even friendly Indians to kill white men for their scalps. The thing seems to have had a quiet death, and to have *sub silentio* passed away.

In and about the same period of time, and possibly preceding the proclamation of Gov. Morris, "the *famous* Captain Rogers," acting under his majesty's commission, on the frontiers of New York, was busily taking his scalps, and at the same time the French were paying for all scalps brought in at Fort du Quesne, on the Pennsylvania frontier. It was truly a barbarous time!

In January, 1757, the aforesaid Capt. Rogers, with a scouting party of only thirty men, waylaid a French convoy of sixty sleighs, for Crown Point, which he destroyed. He was pursued by the garrison, and lost twenty of his men, and yet, had the *success to bring in eighteen scalps!*

This Rogers, afterwards a *Major*, exalted for his success in cruel things, led a party of one hundred and forty men, from Crown Point, in the year 1759, against the Indian town of St. Francis; he found the unsuspecting village in peace, and two hours before sunrise, when "all were fast asleep," he fell upon them, killing all he could, and then set fire to their houses, burning therein all who might be concealed "in cellars and lofts;"—he killed all, save about twenty of their women and children, and these, after taking them some distance, he turned off to starve or perish in the woods, because he was expecting a surprise from the enemy!

This hero in the Indian campaigns, had his admirers in his day, and a book of his adventures was published. At one time, in the height of his renown, he got into the New York prison for debt, and was said to have prompted some of his soldiers to assault the prison for his release, which was, however, prevented by the interference of the citizens.

One cannot but perceive the cold blooded apathy with which he needlessly massacred helpless women, children, and aged. He also took scalps as savagely as the *untutored* Indians themselves. We cannot but cherish different feelings towards the Indians. They were human, and had souls like ourselves. In the pathetic language of Montgomery, the Indians apostrophize us, and say:—

> Art thou a *woman?* so am I, and all
> That woman can be, I have been, or am,
> A daughter, sister, consort, mother, widow!

Or, art thou *a man?* oh, I have known, have loved
And *lost* all that to woman man can be—
A father, brother, husband, son, who shared
My bliss in freedom, and my woe in bondage.

It was the custom of the Mohawks, and probably of all the tribes of the Iroquois, when contemplating a military expedition, to make a representation thereof, by painting on trees or rocks, the figures of the warriors, with hieroglyphics, designating the design of the same. When they went by water, canoes were painted, and as many figures placed in them, as there were men constituting the party—their faces looking toward the place whither they were bound. The remains of such a painting is still to be seen under a jutting rock, on the north side of the river, about a mile and a half above the village of Amsterdam. It was executed about the year 1720, to express a purpose of the Mohawks against the French. It was done with red chalk, and represented five or six canoes, with six or seven men in each.

The Indians, in forming places of abode, were always careful to select spots in the neighbourhood of rivers, lakes, and creeks. This, because they there expected their best chances for food, from fish and wild fowl—there too would come the deer and game, to slake their thirst. From such locations, therefore, it was but natural, that Indians should usually designate their homes, by the names of the streams near which they resided—thus a Connecticut Indian, would say that he was from Connecticoota, meaning the "Long River."

The aborigines not only built their wigwams, and kindled their domestic fires, along the waters, but their roads and other paths, were along and around rivers, creeks, and lakes. Besides, these localities served as land marks, to guide them in their travels, which were always made, of choice, on foot.

The great national pathway of the Iroquois, may be thus described—commencing at Schenectady, it ran along the *south* side of the Mohawk, as far as Wood creek; from thence, there were several branches, leading to the settlements of the different tribes, residing west of the Mohawk. There was also a branch which crossed that river at Canajoharie, and extended along the north side of that river to Wood creek, where it joined the main pathway. Portions of an Indian path, leading from Schenectady to the Shatemuc, or North river, are to be seen at the present day. This path touched Hunger hill, a branch of the Towassantha, or Norman's kill, and part of the way passed over the land now occupied by the Mohawk and Hudson rail-road company. There were two paths leading from Schenectady to Nachtenac, (now Watervliet and Waterford,) one on the north and one on the south side of the Mohawk. At the eastern extremities of the Touerioone Hills in Woostina, a path commenced, and went along the northern bounds of the Schenectady patent to Saraghtoga lake.

Nachtenac and Saraghtoga lakes, were frequented by the Indians for the purposes of angling. The path to Canada, from Schenectady, led past Sanders' lake, Long lake, Saraghtoga lake, Lake George, and Lake Champlain. The Canada creeks, east and west, were both so called, because paths led from these creeks to Canada.

David Cusick was an educated Indian, the son of a Captain Cusick of the British army, who served under Sir Wm. Johnson in the French war. His mother was the daughter of a chief of the Tuscarora tribe. David received the elements of his education in Schenectady, in Mr. Martin's school. He is said to have written a book of the history of the Six Nations, about the year 1779, but we know of none, who can now say where it may be found. The Tuscaroras together with the Oneidas, were the firm allies of the Americans in the Revolution, and had taken up their quarters on the brow of Albany hill, near where the turnpike now runs. They occasionally accompanied our troops, in sundry campaigns, and were particularly useful as scouts. In the numerous expeditions undertaken by the Schenectady militia, to the Heldeberg, Beaverdam, and other places infested by tories, they took an active part.

Mrs. Catharine Brant, the wife of Brant the sachem, was a princess of remarkable character, who died at the age of seventy-eight, in the year 1837, at the Mohawk village, on the Grand river in Upper Canada. She was the third wife of that distinguished chieftain, and had in her own right, the headship of the Six Nations—so that at the time of Brant's death, in 1807, she had the right, in her own person, to name his successor, which she did in her own son, John Brant—the same who died of Cholera in 1832. Mrs. Brant was a true Mohawk in her Indian attachments and feelings, and preferred a residence with her nation, to one with her daughter, Mrs. Col. Wm. J. Kerr, of Brant House, Wellington Square. Her son John, before named, was an educated *gentleman*, well received in the best company in London, and had a very particular and lengthened letter, from Campbell the poet, recanting sundry of his severe reflections upon the chieftain Brant, and his alleged barbarities in the massacre of Wyoming, about which he acknowledged that he had no certain information, upon which to inculpate him personally.

Mary Jamison, the "white woman," became a remarkable personage in her connection and influence with the Indians of the Genessee country. She was originally of Irish parentage—was born at sea, on her passage to this country in 1742—her parents being settled on the frontiers of Pennsylvania, in the time of Braddock's defeat, in 1755. Her family was murdered by the Senecas—herself was spared and brought away—was adopted and finally married to a Seneca chief. While living in the Genessee valley, in the time of the Revolution, her house was the

quarters of Brant and Butler. Her life, full of incident and adventure, was taken down in writing in 1823. She finally became *rich* among the whites, by having conceded to her the Gardow Reservation of ten thousand acres. She left an educated family, and one of her sons was made a surgeon in our navy. She herself, died in 1833, at ninety years of age. Her character was good—her feelings humane and benevolent. She never gave up her Indian habits, customs, or dress, but to the last, sustained the characteristics of an Indian Queen. She had travelled a great deal in Indian enterprises, and sometimes acted as Interpreter. Her name as the "white woman," was universally known and reverenced among the Indians.

Another remarkable character among the Indians was the celebrated Oneida chief Skenandoa. He died in 1816, at the extreme age of one hundred and ten years, and was interred at his request, at Clinton, along side of the grave of his minister, Dr. Kirkland, the Missionary, saying "he wished to be able to lay hold of his skirts in the resurrection." Having heard from my kinsman, the Rev. Dr. Backus, who conducted his funeral, several particulars of this eminent chief, I shall here relate them as worthy of record and remembrance. He had been for some years blind, and in preparation for death, had procured and kept his grave clothes ready for that event. On one occasion when visited, he thus beautifully and poetically discoursed of his long life, and the scenes and *changes* he had witnessed, saying "I am an aged hemlock, withered at the top, in whose branches have whistled the winds of an hundred winters. The generation to which I belonged have run away from me, and the Great Spirit only knows, why I should remain!" Such language is, we think, equal to Ossian's.

In his person he was tall, brawny, and well made—his countenance was intelligent and beaming with dignity. In youth he was brave and intrepid as a warrior—in his riper years he was sagacious as a counsellor. Though terrible in war, he was bland and mild as the zephyr in peace. He was the white man's abiding friend. He watched and repelled Canadian invasions. His vigilance and good conduct saved many lives in the infant settlements along the German Flats, and he served us faithfully, with his tribe, in the Revolutionary war. Individuals and villages, have repeatedly expressed their gratitude for his friendly and available interpositions. The memory of such deserve regard. Let his monument at Clinton be remembered!

Of the many tribes of Indians once on Long Island—once thirteen in number, there now only remains one—say that of the Montauks. Fifteen or twenty individuals of these still linger "wretched and forlorn," about the homes of their fathers, they being settled on a promontory, at the east part of the Island, called Montauk point. They subsist by fishing and cultivating a little land, living out an indolent and pensive state of existence, as if

pondering over the sense of their fallen dependent state, and regarding themselves as *the last of the race.*

In November, 1839, King David, (known mostly as Hannibal,) with his squaw, dwelling at East Hampton, Long Island, were burned to death in their wigwam. Thus perished the last of the royal line of the Montauks—long since dwindled down to a few basket making, miserable half breeds. "What a falling off was there!" Think of the race of the aboriginal owners, now so poor, debased, and scouted as "none to do them reverence," even so near the great metropolitan city, filled with wealth and luxury! The last of the Pequots, died in 1842, at New London, in the person of Grace Pomham, in the eighty-second year of her age—a very respectable woman. "Lo the poor Indian!"

"Oh! who can tell the story of their wrongs?
The tale to history or to God belongs.
We seized their lands, drove back their council fires,
And plough'd the dust that lay upon their sires—
Entrapp'd by treaties, driven forth to range
The distant west in misery and revenge."

Contemplating the Indians as ruined, and as fallen from their first estate by the influence of the dreadful "fire-water," we are here reminded of Mrs. Sigourney's description of the first *cup of evil*, presented to the unsuspecting natives, on the visit of Captain Hudson to Albany in 1609.

"They throng that *water bird* to view,
Whose mighty wings that near the shore,
Perchance, their great Manitto bore

* * * *

But by what gifts, what token strong
Did Europe's sons, renowned in song
Mark their *first visit* to the child
Of simple faith and daring wild?

"A cup!—a cup!—but who may tell
What deadly drugs within it swell?
Type of the woes that soon must sweep
Their blasted race away,
Down to oblivion, dark and deep
With none their hopeless wrongs to weep,
Or mourn their sad decay."

Depressed and fallen as are the Indian race, they still present a formidable whole, when aggregated, as has been our policy with them on our Western frontiers. There they may yet be induced to combine and concentrate their force, if hereafter made our enemies, either by foreign policy, or by a sense of aggregated power, and so to give us much annoyance. It certainly behooves us to conciliate their feelings, and to promote amicable relations. We state from official documents of 1838, when we give the sum of their whole force at 332,500 souls: and if we assume, that every fifth person may be considered a warrior, we may conclude

that we may have an array of 66,000 fighting men against us, whenever they may be incited to remember former severities, or their too often constrained removals from their former homes. The facts are these,—viz:

The number of the Indians east of the Mississippi amount to 49,365, of which the following are under treaty stipulations to remove to the west of the Mississippi, to wit: The Winnebagoes, 4500; Ottawas of Ohio, 100; Pattawatamies of Indiana, 1950; Chippewas, Ottawas and Pattawatamies, 1500; Cherokees, 14,000; Creeks, 1000; Chickasaws, 1000; Seminoles, 5000; Apalachicolas, 400; Ottawas and Chippewas in Michigan, 6,500; total, 36,950. Those not under treaty to remove, amount to 12,415, viz: *New York Indians*, 4,176; Wyandots, 575; Miamies, 1100; Menomonies, 4000; Ottawas and Chippewas of the lakes, 2,564.

The number of Indians who have emigrated from the east to the west of the Mississippi, is 51,327, to wit: Chickasaws, 549; Chippewas, Ottawas and Pattawatamies, 2,191; Chocktaws, 15,000; Quapaws, 476; Creek, 476; Seminoles, 407; Apalachicolas, 265; Cherokees, 7,911; Kickapoos, 588; Delawares, 826; Shawnees, 1,272; Ottawas, 374; Weas, 222; Piankashaws, 162; Peorias and Kaskaskias, 132; Pattawatamies of Indiana, 53; Senecas, 251; Senecas and Shawnees, 211.

The number of the indigenous tribes within *striking* distance of the western frontier is 231,806; to be enumerated thus, to wit: Sioux, 21,600; Iowas, 1,500; Sacs, 4,800; Foxes, 1,600; Sacs of Missouri, 500; Osages, 5,120; Canzas, 1,606; Omahas, 1,600; Ottoes and Missourias, 1000; Pawnees, 12,500; Camanches, 19,200; Kiowazes, 2,800; Mandans, 3,200; Quapaws, 450; Minaterees, 2000; Pagans, 80,000; Assineboins, 15,000; Appaches, 20,280; Crees, 3000; Arrepahas, 3000; Grosventres, 16,800; Eutaws, 19,200; Crows, 7,200; Caddoes, 2000; Poncas, 900; Arickarees, 2,750; Cheyennes, 3,200; Blackfeet, 30,000.

There may be a Providence, working for their good, in our thus concentrating them in the far west. There they may respect themselves, and avow their power to exact terms of independence, which may eventuate in their self-preservation by their admission of the arts and benefits of civilization. We wish them nothing but good; and would cherish towards them nothing but kindly feelings and regard. As enemies they could give calls for numerous and expensive military forces to keep them in check!

The remains of fortifications found in the Indian country, and of such antiquity, as to be beyond their knowledge of their origin, —are very numerous and remarkable, in the interior of New York.

In Pompey, Onondago County, are vestiges of a town of five hundred acres, protected by three forts, eight miles apart. At Camillus, in the same county, are remains of two forts: one on a

very high hill, covering about three acres, with a deep ditch, and a wall of ten feet. The other half a mile off, is on lower ground. Pottery and pieces of brick, have been found here. On the east side of Seneca, is some defensive remains, with ditches, &c., all now covered with trees of great age. Fortifications have been traced eighteen miles from Manlius square. On the east bank of Chenago river, are the remains of a fort of great antiquity. At Sandy creek, fourteen miles from Sacketts harbour, is one covering fifty acres, and has much fragments of pottery. Going westward we find many: one in the town of Onondago, one in Scipio, two in Auburn, three near Canandaigua, and several between Seneca and Cayuga lakes. Several have been discovered in Ridgeway, in Genessee county. Near the Tonewanda creek, at the *double fortified town*, so called, are the remains of two forts, being two miles apart, and severally at the two ends of the ancient town, as minutely traced and described by the Rev. Dr. Kirkland, the missionary. On the south side of Lake Erie, are a series of old forts, from the Cattaragus creek to the Pennsylvania line, a distance of fifty miles. Some are from two to four miles apart, and some but half a mile only. These ancient remains, so numerous in western New York, proceed from thence, and pass down the valley of the Mississippi, and onward toward Mexico.

Surely our country, and its aboriginals, is a wonderful *enigma!*

> "Slipt from the secret hand of Providence,
> They come, we see not how, nor know we whence!"

If they are indeed the lost tribes of Israel, far hence they wandered "into lands they had not known" indeed! and significantly enough may they have fulfilled the word of the Lord, by Jeremiah xxxi. 30, saying, "set thee up way marks, *make thee high heaps* (high earth mounds, as in Ohio, &c.,) — set thee towards the high way, so that *by the way* thou wentest, *turn again!*" Will any expect this!

STEAMBOATS.

> Against the winds, against the tide,
> She breasts the wave with upright keel.

New York is deservedly distinguished as being the first of our American cities which saw the successful use of steamboat power upon its waters. Philadelphia had indeed beheld the efforts of Fitch's steamboat as early as 1788; but as it was not brought into any effective operation under his management, the invention slumbered until it was brought out successfully in the year 1807, under the direction and genius of the distinguished Fulton. At

that time he demonstrated the important fact, that the Hudson could be navigated by steam vessels; having shown to the astonished citizens, his companions in a voyage to Albany, that his first boat made her trip in thirty hours; a time indeed nearly *three times* as long as now required, but triumphantly evidencing to the incredulous *a new era* in the creative powers of man.

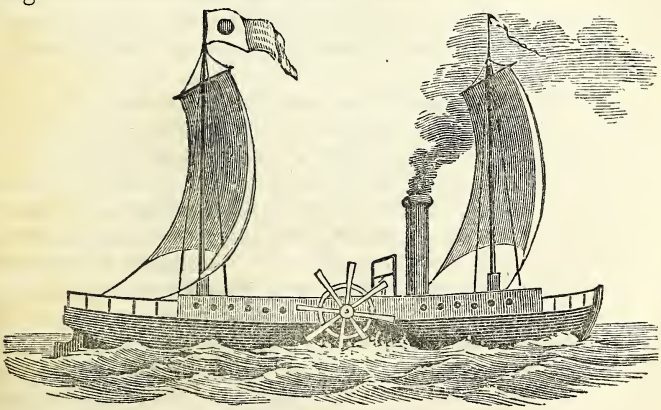
Most amazing invention! from a cause now so obvious and familiar. It is only by applying the principle seen in every house, which lifts the lid of the tea kettle and "boils over," that machines have been devised which can pick up a pin or rend an oak; which combine the power of many giants with the plasticity that belongs to a lady's fair fingers; which can spin cotton and then weave it into cloth; and which, amidst a long list of other marvels, "engraves seals, forges anchors, and lifts a ship of war like a bawble in the air;" presenting in fact to the imagination, the practicability of labour-saving inventions in endless variety; so that in time, man through its aid shall half exempt himself from "the curse," and preachers through steam-press printing, shall find an auxiliary effecting more than half their work.

One whose genius has done so much for his country as Fulton's, deserves to be well known to her sons; we therefore take a mournful pleasure in repeating the facts as told to us by Judge Story, of the discouragements and incredulity against which it was at first the labour of Fulton to wend his way. I myself (said the Judge) have heard the illustrious inventor *relate*, in an animated and affecting manner, the history of his labours and discouragements:—"When (said he) I was building my first steamboat at New York, the project was viewed by the public either with indifference or with contempt as a visionary scheme. My friends indeed were civil, but they were shy. They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled cast of incredulity on their countenances. I felt the full force of the lamentation of the poet,—

> "Truths would you teach, to save a sinking land,
> *All shun, none aid you, and few understand.*"

As I had occasion to pass daily to and from the building yard while my boat was in progress, I have often loitered unknown near the idle groups of strangers gathering in little circles, and heard various inquiries as to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, sneer, or ridicule. The loud laugh rose at my expense, the dry jest, the wise calculation of losses and expenditures; the dull but endless repetition of the Fulton folly. Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish, cross my path. Silence itself was but politeness veiling its doubts or hiding its reproaches. At length the day arrived when the experiment was to be got into operation. *To me it was a most trying and interesting occasion.* I

invited many friends to go on board to witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the favour to attend as a matter of personal respect; but it was manifest they did it with reluctance, fearing to be partners of my mortification and not of my triumph. I was well aware that in my case there were many reasons to doubt of my own success. The machinery (like Fitch's before him) was new and ill made; and many parts of it were constructed by mechanics unacquainted with such work, and unexpected difficulties might reasonably be presumed to present themselves from other causes. The moment arrived in which the word was to be given for the vessel to move. My friends were in groups on the deck. There was anxiety mixed with fear among them. They were silent, sad, and weary. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts. The signal was given, and the boat moved on a short distance and then stopped, and became immoveable. To the silence of the preceding moment now succeeded murmurs of discontent, and agitations and whispers, and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated, "I told you it was so; its a foolish scheme; I wish we were well out of it." I elevated myself upon a platform and addressed the assembly. I stated that I knew not what was the matter; but if they would be quiet and indulge me for half an hour, I would either go on or abandon the voyage for that time. This short respite was conceded without objection. I went below and examined the machinery, and discovered that the cause was a slight maladjustment of some of the work. In a short period it was obviated. The boat was again put in motion. She continued to move on. All were still incredulous. None seemed willing to trust the evidence of their own senses.



Fulton's Steamer.

We left the fair city of New York; we passed through the romantic and evervarying scenery of the Highlands; we descried the clustering houses of Albany; we reached its shores; and

then, even then, when all seemed achieved, I was the victim of disappointment. Imagination superseded the influence of fact. It was then doubted if it could be done again, or if done, it was doubted if it could be made of any great value." Such is the graphic history of the first experiment; a memorable and momentous epoch. How affecting and exciting to the inventor in that anxious and perilous moment of trial. We regret to add that he did not live to enjoy the full glory and reward of his invention. He saw his rights both as to merit and reward disputed; but now the whole world awards the meed of praise to this noblest benefactor of the human race. From his struggles against impediments, and his final triumph over incredulity and discouragement, let other great geniuses take lasting courage, and make *perseverance to the end* their cheering and sustaining motto.

WATERING-PLACES.

"And when too much repose brings on the spleen,
And the gay city's idle pleasures cloy,
Swift as my changing wish, I change the scene,
And now the country, now the town enjoy."

The practice of summer travelling among the gentry and their imitators, is quite a modern affair. Our forefathers, when our cities were small, found no places more healthy or attractive than their homes; and generally they liked the country best "when *visited* from town." From that cause there were very few country-seats in existence; and what there were, were so near as to be easily visited on foot, "not for the good and friendly too remote" to call.

As population and wealth increased, new devices of pleasure were formed, and some *inland* watering-places began to be visited, chiefly, however, at first for the benefit they might be supposed to confer upon the infirm. Next in order came *sea bathing*, most generally used at first by the robust; by those who could rough it; such as could depend upon their own supply of "small stores," and sheets, blankets, &c. Increase of such company in time afforded sufficient motive to residents on the favourite beaches to make such provision for transient visitors as could not conveniently make their own supply. Thus, yearly, such places of resort grew from little to greater, and by degrees to luxury and refinement. It is still, however, within the memory of several of the aged, when the concomitants of sea-bathing, before the revolution, were rough as its own surges; and for that very reason produced better evidences of positive benefits to visiters in the increase of robust feelings than they do now.

"The dash of ocean on the winding shore—
How does it cheer the citizen,
And brace his languid frame!

In this way we have seen the rise of Rockaway house and shore on Long Island; of Brighton house near Amboy; and last, but greatest in fame and company, *Long Branch.* This last was held before the revolution by Col. White, a British officer and an inhabitant of New York city. The small house which he owned and occupied as a summer retreat, is still existing in the clump now much enlarged by Renshaw. In consequence of the war, the place was confiscated and fell into other hands, and finally for the public good. In 1790-1 it was purchased and fitted up in improved style for boarders by Mr. McNight, who enriched himself to withdraw and sell out to Renshaw.

Prior to that period "Black Point," not far off, was the place of bathing. They had no surf there, and were content to bathe in a kind of water-house, covered. The tavern fare there was quite rude compared with present Long Branch luxuries. Cocoa-nut pudding and floating islands, &c., were delicacies not even known in our cities.

Indeed we cannot but see, that the most of former summer excursions were but for the men. They were generally deemed too distant and rough for female participation. But later improvements in conveyances and accommodations have brought in their full measure of ladies, gladdening the company at every place by those feminine attractions which lessen our cares and double our joys.

In the progress of wealth and luxury, the last device of pleasure has been the general practice of travelling excursions, now "boxing the compass" to every point. The astonishingly increased facilities of communications, have diminished distances. Steam-boats transfer us to far distant places, before we have fairly tried the varieties of a single day and night of their operation. Post coaches and fleet horses roll us as easy as if on our couches. New England and northern tours occur; the Grand Canal and Niagara are sought; Carbon Dale, the Morris Canal, Catskill Mountain-house, and the everlasting battlements of the basaltic rocks along the North River, form now the chief attractions. Along the base of these they glide, whilst wending their way to the crowds and festivities found at Ballston and Saratoga Springs. There the pine and sandy plains are made animate by the city throng. The same wilds which were overrun by assaulting savages in 1745, killing and bearing off ninety of the country inhabitants, is now made the head-quarters of pomp and fashion.

The rage for travelling and public amusements is a topic upon which we feel prone to moralize. In the growing passion for this fashionable mode of expenditure, we see a marked departure from the simplicity, frugality, and industry of our forefathers; a

breaking up of their good old home habits; an infraction of our professions as a plain republican people, whose rule is "moderation in all things."

If only the rich did this, all would be well. They thus benefit others and possibly do not injure themselves. Their restlessness may be as great a benefit to the community as the motions of Prince Esterhazy, at whose every step, pearls drop from his garments. But are there not too many of those who aim to imitate them, who can ill sustain the loss of time and expense? Do we not often meet with families forsaking the shades and coolness of home for the dense and heated mass of steam-boats, worrying and distressing themselves "to be in the fashion?" They have fired their imaginations with the recitals of former visiters; have heard them talk of Lake George crystals; of Canadian music and British officers; of the "dark blue Ontario" with its beautiful little brood of *lakelets.* Some resolve to go to Quebec, just to show they have "as good a right" to see "good society" and the world around them, as their neighbours. Some, too, go because travelling is "so rapid and cheap." They see all kinds of characters on the move for fashionable resorts, and they must join the throng, and "be like others." But here comes the rub: where is the motive for patient industry and careful economy, when the savings of a month are spent in one trip to Saratoga or Trenton Falls?

Some, it is true, do really travel for their health, but they should generally set out with a good supply aforehand, or they may return from a losing voyage. Some go for information, but that is a barter trade, in which, if the dealers have little to put away, they cannot expect much in exchange.

In these travelling excursions, *the ladies* have latterly come in for a great share of fame as projectors. Many of them have been devised under the influence of curtain lectures and dialogues. "It is, you know, my dear," says madame to her spouse, "too unhealthy and disagreeable to spend the whole summer in the city. It injures the complexions of myself and daughters, and makes us all too bilious and pale to be cooped up within the precincts of a deserted neighbourhood. Besides, there is Mr. A. and Mr. B. and others, all of less means than we possess, and they are already gone off to recruit their strength and refresh their spirits; now climbing rocks upon the Catskill; next sipping Congress water, and tripping cotillions at Saratoga; next whirling through the eddying rapids of the St. Lawrence." The good, the indulgent husband is still reluctant; he remembers his fall of stocks; insurance losses; his faithless guarantees, &c.; and faintly pleads inability for the occasion: but for him, example, and the general mover of his circle, overweighs all demurs, and the ladies and daughters go off under protection of a party of friends, leaving the good man to remain at home to see that personal and

family interests are not neglected. As the dog star rages, the epidemic becomes common. Mechanics desert their business; retailers fling aside their yard sticks; doctors leave their patients to get well without them: lawyers take no cognizance of fees or special pleadings; wives leave husbands; school-masters empty their noisy urchins into the streets, to unlearn as much as they have learnt: all for the sake of "going into the country." Nor is this all: pastors desert their flocks, and the flocks run away from their pastors, leaving the faithful messengers who do remain to preach with countenances melancholy as Jeremiah, to empty seats and bare walls. They might indeed exclaim, "How does the city sit solitary that was full of people; and how have the houses become desolate that were full of children!"

The husbands are the chief sufferers in this passion for family travelling. Remaining at home, to guard with care the interests by which the family is sustained, he feels keenly the solitude of his empty halls and chambers; he stalks gloomily about, catching one meal here and another there. You can almost read it in his countenance that he is a bereaved man; and when you ask him after the welfare of his family, he answers with a sigh, "they've gone in the country." It was not always so. In soberer days the city was deemed quite as healthy as the country; and people were aware that the sun beat down as powerfully upon the dust and sand of a country village, or upon the loom and gravel of a highway, as in town.

These thoughts and notices, thus cast together, on watering-places and travelling excursions, may serve to apprise our young and pleasure-loving friends that there is now a new era, a love of display and motion, not cherished among us until very recently; at the same time, the love of travel and observation, well understood, is of most commendable character.

To those who are intellectually qualified to profit by an observant eye, peering into every thing.

> "Nature, exhaustless, still has power to warm,
> And every *change of scene* a novel charm.
> The dome-crown'd city, or the cottage plain,
> The rough cragg'd mountain, or tumultuous main.
> *All*, to the *thoughtful*, purest joys impart,
> Delight his eye and stimulate his heart."

It may be here noticed, that *Salt Springs* form a conspicuous item in New York state. There are many of great value and of inexhaustible abundance. The principal of them are in the counties of Onondaga, Cayuga, Seneca, Ontario, and Genessee—fifty gallons of the salt water, generally form a bushel of salt. What a treasure, to have such useful essentials of life, so far inland! once, salt inland, had to go upon pack horses at great expense.

THE ERIE CANAL.

"The traveller with wonder sees
The white sail gleaming through the dusky trees,
And views the altered landscape with surprise,
And doubts the magic scenes which round him rise."

This grand Canal, the proud monument of the enterprise and public spirit of New York, although not properly an affair of sufficient *age* to demand a special chapter in the present work, yet as it has stretched its long length through a long line of forest waste, which till then lay for many a mile in its pristine gloom and wilderness, it has therefore become a matter of proper interest to describe and compare the past with the present.

A tourist making his pleasant journey along the line of the present canal, seeing thriving villages, productive farms, and a dense population along its margin, could scarcely conceive that this advancement in wealth and civilization had been the work of only fifteen years.

In the year 1819, when this great work was first set-to with effective operation, the then little settlements were "few and far between;" the advance settlers but rude and poor; and the country in general unsubdued and wild. The wolf still prowled; the catamount still sprang on its prey; the bear still growled in his den. When we contemplate the present in comparison with the past, so recent too is all this change, the mind is lost in wonder and admiration at the improving power and hand of man. The canal itself has not only grown into a source of immense profit to the state, but it has diffused wealth and comfort throughout all the former waste regions of the West. When we consider too, how many obstacles, both natural and moral, stood in prevention of its incipient beginning, we must feel peculiar gratitude to the ceaseless and untiring efforts of those first projectors and promoters, who persevered in its progress and execution. At first, numerous writers and speakers resisted the endeavour; they predicted it could not be achieved, they deemed it impossible to surmount such impediments as lay in its way. Finally, however, we see that they who had the hardihood to offer a new theory, have had the success to make all men think with them and to join in their commendation. The name of De Witt Clinton will long stand pre-eminent, as a bold and munificent patron of this great and productive enterprise.

General Washington, foresaw the practicability of canalling to the western waters—for after having made a tour in New York, soon after the close of the war, he wrote to the Marquis of Ches-

tallux, in 1784, in which he said, "I have lately made a tour through the lakes George and Champlain, as far as Crown point, thence returning to Schenectady—thence up the Mohawk to Fort Schuyler, crossed over to Wood creek, which empties into Oneida lake, and affords communication with the Ontario. I then traversed the country to the head of the eastern branch of the Susquehannah, and viewed the lake Otsego, and the portage between that lake and the Mohawk river, at Canajoharie. I was struck with the vast *inland* navigation we possess. Would to God, we may have wisdom enough *to improve* those benefits, with which Providence has so kindly favoured us."

Besides this, Mr. Thomson, of Chester County, Pennsylvania, built a boat called the White-fish, at Oswego, and proceeding by the waters of Wood creek, came down the Mohawk and the Hudson rivers, out by Sandy Hook, along the sea-coast of New Jersey, and up the Delaware to Philadelphia, where he laid up his boat in the State House yard, as a proof in itself, of the said inland navigation!

Christopher Colles, a native of Ireland, in moderate circumstances, who settled in New York before the Revolution, was *the first man* who started suggestions concerning *connecting* canals and inland improvements in *Western* New York. De Witt Clinton, himself, declares this fact, saying "he was an ingenious mechanician, and able mathematician. His memorials to the Legislature were presented in 1784–5, and met with a *favourable* report, although *some* thought his schemes visionary." Before the Revolution, he had proposed a plan for supplying New York city *with good water;* and in 1772, he had given public lectures in Philadelphia, upon the advantages of *Lock navigation.* Like "poor Fitch," he was ahead of the times! Colles published a pamphlet in 1785, entitled "Proposals for the speedy settlement of *the Western frontier of New York,*" wherein he said, "by this, the *internal* trade will *be increased,*—the country will *be settled*, and the frontiers *secured.* By this, (meaning the *connecting* improvement, of the Mohawk river, &c.,) land carriage *will be avoided*, and masts, yards, and ship timber, *may be* brought to New York. By this, *in time of war*, provisions and military stores may be conveyed." Subsequent events, have *proved* how far he was right. The subject slept till 1791, when it was again revived *by other men*, of more personal influence, and *at a time* more favourable to success. So that a company was chartered for *the Mohawk and its Canal*, in 1792, which in four years succeeded to open the passage from Schenectady to the Oneida, and intended to have continued it on to lake Ontario. *Mr. Elkanah Watson*, was a very efficient agent in these measures, he made surveys of the routes, in 1791; and put out *publications*, "which no doubt, had an important influence on public opinion, in *favour of canals.*" It was not,

however, *until* 1810, that *the whole subject* was fully grasped: *Then* De Witt Clinton, as a senator, *first advocated* "*the Canal policy,*" with which *his name,* has since been so conspicuously coupled, pledging *his name and fame* upon its importance and *practicability. General Schuyler and Governeur Morris,* also came in for their full meed of praise therein. In 1808, *Mr. Joshua Farman,* a member of the Legislature, from Onondago, "being moved, (as he since has said,) by the perusal of *Jefferson's* message on internal improvements, and by the *article on Canals* in Rees' Cyclopediæ," presented to the Legislature of New York, "*a Resolution* for a survey for the best route, by means of *a Canal,* from the Hudson river to lake Erie." It excited surprise, and even ridicule with some; but nevertheless, passed by an appropriation *for a survey.* This *beginning* elicited the *valuable communications* of *Ellicott, Hawley and Geddes.* By *these* the public mind was instructed, and the subject was *kept under consideration.* The war *intervening,* measures *were suspended:* but "the New York Memorial," by De Witt Clinton, in 1815, gave a *new impulse;* and *the Act* for the *Grand Canal,* was passed in April, 1817, and the whole was thereby *finished* and *celebrated* in November, 1824! What a triumph of human skill in thus subduing natural impediments! To the curious in all this matter, *the whole history* of the facts in the case, may be found in O'Reilly's "Settlement in the West, and sketches of Rochester."

To the wonders of this western world, and as a circumstance surprisingly illustrating the march of improvement, may be mentioned the fact of the 1st of January, 1842, that wheat in the sheaf, and barrel-wood in the tree, on Tuesday morning, were conveyed in barrels as Genessee flour,—by the rail road, from Canandaigua to Boston, four hundred miles; and the flour was eaten there in the form of bread at a public banqueting, on Wednesday evening! At Albany too, candles made at Bedford, in the morning, were conveyed with the company of visiters, from New Bedford and Boston, and used the evening of the same day, in a rejoicing feast, celebrated in the Albany city! What *a change* of circumstances since the old Dutch burghers used to give entertainments, and to consider themselves, at the utmost verge of inland civilization! Cod fish, brought from Boston to Albany, have been sold in the latter place, at four cents per pound:—although, before, they could only be regarded as luxuries, not to be attained so far from the sea!

This great canal traverses a country three hundred and sixty miles in length, extending from Albany to Buffalo, a port on Lake Erie, and sometimes called, in the prospective hope of its increase and prosperity, the "New York of the Lakes."

In marking the prominent facts of this canal, beginning at Albany and going westward, we shall first notice the great difficulties overcome at the Cohoes Fall, there lifting the boats, in the

course of two miles, one hundred feet by the aid of twelve locks. This may look like an easy affair now, but consider the men, the labour, and the money it once cost to produce the result. At the Little Falls it again ascends forty feet, by five locks of eight feet. The country here is wildly romantic and rugged; and patient and persevering was the toil near here to excavate, from the overhanging and tremendous cliffs of granite, a passage for boats along its impending brow. Thence, ascending fifty-seven feet, by seven locks, it arrives at the dividing ridge near Rome; a ridge which from its height, forms a barrier which divides the waters that flow into lake Ontario, from those which flow into the Hudson. This "summit height," so called at Rome, is just four hundred and seventeen feet rise from the Hudson, overcome chiefly by fifty-two locks, in the course of one hundred miles. In traversing the country along the valley of the Mohawk, the canal has been made for many miles along the bed of that river, to avoid the great projections and points of hills jutting out into the river occasionally, especially at the Cohoes and Little Falls. At one place, four miles eastward of Schenectady, the canal crosses the river by an aqueduct, eight hundred and fifty feet long, and twenty-one feet high. What an object to contemplate for its grandeur, for its triumph as a measure of art. At Rochester another great aqueduct crosses the Genessee, of eight hundred feet in length, resting on eleven arches, and being just five hundred feet above the Hudson, and sixty-four feet below the waters of lake Erie.

The first portion of the canal completed and put into productive use, was the line of one hundred and seventy-four miles from Utica to Rochester, first set in operation in the year 1822. Although so recent, yet it was made through regions so purely in a state of nature, that long sections of the route seemed almost beyond human might to subdue. The Cayuga marshes near Seneca river were still in their primeval waste. There two thousand men at a time struggled to force a passage, and only succeeded at the peril of losing several lives, and having one half their number made sick by toil and unhealthy exposure. Now contemplate the same regions, made fruitful, healthy, and prosperous. There, too, we notice the "Long Level" so called, stretching from Utica to Syracuse, seventy miles, without a lock. A rare circumstance, without a parallel in the world, except so far as nearly equalled by itself at the other extremity of the canal from Rochester to Lockport, where the "Genessee Level" runs sixty-five miles unobstructed by any locks. Arrived at Seneca river, the canal is made to pass *through the river*, having a towing path of artificial construction along its side of three quarters of a mile in length. By and bye, proceeding westward through a country abounding in lakes, and redeeming and profiting the regions around, we arrive at the striking monument of human

toil and industry—the "high embankment" of Irondequat, it being a stupendous mound of earth traversing the creek of that name over a culvert of twenty-four feet cord and two hundred and fifty feet length. At an elevation of seventy feet of embankment, extending a mile in length, the beholder, filled with sublime emotions, sees himself lifted into mid-air, and peacefully and safely gliding along the bosom of the still canal, looking down many feet to the tops of the forests below him, or extending his eye far and wide into the far-reaching prospect. As we approach Rochester on the Genessee river, one of the great and suddenly constructed towns of the west, we there rise thirty-seven feet by five locks, and are then entered upon the "Genessee Level," extending to Lockport. At this place the canal encounters the Mountain Ridge, the most difficult object in all the route; it being seven and a half miles across, and going for three miles through solid rock to the depth of twenty to thirty feet. At Lockport, so called from its numerous locks, great basin, &c., the canal works through a mural precipice of sixty feet, having five sets of locks, set side by side double, of twelve feet lift. At the "summit level" of Lockport, the traveller will desire to halt and pause; he will regard this as the conquering point of the grand enterprise. He will consider that but a few years since this region was the quiet and rugged retreat of the soaring eagle. It seemed precluded from the approach or the use of man; but now he beholds a thronged town on the site, having one hundred and eighty of its houses constructed in the first year of the canal! From the heights of this village he looks down to the foot of the canal, and there sees, in a great basin, numerous boats, the vehicles of commerce and exchange; or, turning his eyes abroad, he sees to distant regions, hears the roar of the Niagara cataract, and is aware that when improvement shall further advance, and by it level the intervening woods, he shall be enabled to behold the waves of the Ontario and the Erie, and to see upon their bosom the busy barks of commerce, and the swift speeding steamboats. In short, from this eagle-altitude he will behold the most picturesque and sublime prospect the world can produce. The beholder is here placed two hundred and sixty feet above the level of Ontario, and within fifteen miles of its shore; and the intermediate country is fertile to a proverb.

Departing from this enchanting region where the imagination is on stretch, and where all around seems like the effect of magic, the traveller is quickly conveyed to Buffalo harbour, the grand termination of this stupendous achievement. An enterprise which, although costing millions in its execution, is destined quickly to refund its cost, and to be a lasting benefactor to the state. Thus "flood to flood is social join'd;" and our country, from "a waste howling wilderness," is made "to blossom and flourish as the rose."

SECOND BOOK.

NEW YORK CITY IN PARTICULAR.

NEW YORK CITY IN PARTICULAR.

NEW YORK CITY.

——————"Let us satisfy our eyes
With the *memorials* and the *things* of fame,
That do *renown* the City!"

It is scarcely possible that an observing and considerate spectator, who had seen New York in its lowliness, some forty years ago, should be insensible to its rapidly rising glories now: he must feel grateful emotions of surprise and exultation at the many imposing proofs of her distinguished prosperity.

Having myself been familiar with the localities of New York, in my boyhood, the numerous *changes in given places*, every where surprised me, on my visits there in later years. Wishing to preserve some *recollections* of the things I saw or heard, or of the imaginings which occupied my mind, I determined to give them "shape and form," in the following *memorial* of men and things.

While I thus contemplated New York as "from her meridian arch of power," I went back instinctively to its earliest origin as the suburbs of a military station; there I saw in vision the sparse population of Hollanders, the hardy Pioneers, by whose primitive efforts their present descendants enjoy so much affluence and repose! I saw, in idea, the first adventurous yacht, the "Half-Moon," first enter this present crowded and busy harbour—then

——————"One still
And solemn desert in primeval garb,
Hung round his lonely bark!"

In this contemplation, *retrospection* is *touching!* there is poetry of feeling in the subject! Duller minds may be insensible to the charm of "olden time" affections, without an adapted *stimulus;* and yet, even these, *can* be stirred, and by a graphic picture of the past, "sometimes made *to wonder* that they never *saw before* what he shows them, or that they never yet had *felt* what he impresses!"

With views and emotions like these, which, however disre-

garded by some, we shall ever delight to cherish, both *con amore*, and as an expedient *lengthening* the measure of our existence,

"Down history's lengthening, widening way,"

we have been prepared to explore some of the *arcana* of New York, with some such affections and feelings as Dr. Johnson imputed to himself, in investigating the construction of Milton's Paradise Lost, saying, "To *trace back* the structure *through all its varieties* to the simplicity of *its first plan;* to *find* what was first projected; *whence* the scheme was taken; *how* it was improved; by *what* assistance it was executed; and *from what* stores the materials were collected. However *obscure* this may be *in itself*, nothing can be *more worthy of rational curiosity!*"

The object then of these researches shall be to present a picture of *the city*, and of the manners and customs of its inhabitants, as they stood in days *lang syne;* when the city was yet small, and the habits of the people, simple, plain and frugal. In fulfilling our design, we shall endeavour so to distribute the topics under various heads as will best instruct the reader in the facts to which we solicit attention. In some cases, we shall give the names of sundry aged persons, from whom we derived our information; intending thereby to vouch to the reader, that the facts or traditions related, have been sufficiently supported by such respectable ancients, as once knew them to be true.

INTRODUCTORY AND GENERAL VIEWS OF THE CITY.

As scann'd with bird-eye view.

The city "stretching street on street," as in her *present* grandeur and magnitude, enrolled in 1828, a total population of 180,000 souls: a collection of about 30,000 houses; a tonnage of 300,400 tons—this is exclusive of 10,500 tons of steamboats; and an assessed value of property (including thirty-seven millions of personal estate) of 114 millions of dollars;* her lighted and paved streets, lined with houses, extend to Thirteenth street, on the North river side, to the dry dock on the East river side, and to Thirteenth street on the Broadway and Bowery streets. All its modern streets are straight and wide, graduated to easy and gradual ascents or descents; and where formerly very narrow lanes existed, or crowded edifices occurred, they have either cut

* In 1841 the assessment was 251 millions of dollars, and its population 312,710.

off the encroaching fronts of houses, as in William street and Maiden lane, or cut through solid masses of houses, as in opening Beekman and Fulton streets. They have widened the bounds of the city, both on the North and East rivers, by building up whole streets of houses, at and beyond Greenwich street on the western side; and at and from Pearl street on the eastern river. The value and magnitude of these improvements, all redeemed from the former rivers once there, are really astonishing to the beholder.

There is every indication to evince the fact, that New York was in primitive days the "city of hills;" such verdant hills, of successive undulation, as the general state of the whole country-part of the island now presents. Thus, at the extreme south end of the Broadway, where the ancient fort formerly stood, was an elevated mound, quite as elevated as the general level of that street is now before Trinity Church, and thence regularly declining from along that street to *the beach* on the North River. The hills were sometimes *precipitous*, as from Beekman's and Peck's Hills, in the neighborhoods of Pearl street and Beekman and Ferry streets, and from the middle Dutch Church in Nassau street down to Maiden lane; and sometimes gradually sloping, as on either hills along the line of the water, coursing along the region of Maiden lane. Between many of the hills flowed in several invasions of water: such as "*the canal*," so called to gratify Dutch recollections, which was an inroad of river water up Broad street; and up Maiden lane, flowed another inroad, through Smith's marsh or valley; a little beyond Peck's Slip, existed a low water-course, which in high tide water ran quite up *in union* with the Collect (Kolck) and thence joining with Lispenard's swamp on North River side, produced a union of waters quite across the former city: thus converting it occasionally into an island, and showing a reason for the present lowness of the line of Pearl street as it traverses Chatham street. There they once had to use boats occasionally, to cross the foot passengers passing over from either side of the *high* rising ground ranging on both sides of Pearl street, as that street inclines *across* the city till it runs out upon Broadway, *vis a vis* the hospital.

These details of mere streets are necessarily dull, and indeed not susceptible of any further interest than as they may serve as *metes* and *bounds* within which to lay the foundation of more agreeable and imaginative topics, to grow upon the reader as the subject advances.

PRIMITIVE NEW YORK.

We backward look to scenes no longer there.

We are first indebted for a view of Nieuw Amsterdam in 1659, to Ogilby's America of 1671, as given in that work. In describing the place and the fort, he says, "there are about four hundred houses, built after the manner in Holland—the town compact and *oval.* Upon one side of the town is James Fort, capable to lodge three hundred soldiers and officers—it hath six bastions and forty pieces of cannon—the walls of stone, lined with a rampart of earth, well accommodated with *a spring of fresh water.*"

"The inhabitants consist mostly of English and Dutch—have a considerable trade with Indians, for beaver, otter, raccoon, and other furs, and also for bear, deer, and elk skins, and are cheaply supplied by *Indians* with venison and fowl in winter, and with fish in the summer."

In the same year, 1659, the Rev. John Miller, who was three years chaplain at New York, made a draught of the city, and wrote a small book descriptive of the place. Wall street being then the defence of the city, is marked with a line of stockades, and with stone redoubts, or "stone points" on its northern side, at corner of Broad street, and at corner of King street, also as having gates at Broad street, and at Queen street—i. e. Pearl street. At the east river side of Wall street, was the Vly (Fly) block house, and half-moon battery—and at the western end of same street, on the North river side, stood the northwest block house; a little southward from it, began "the works on the west side, running all along the shore down to *the Fort,* at the capsey or battery, they being *stockades* with "postern gate" and two projecting water batteries. At Whitehall slip, is marked "a battery of fifteen guns," and before the Stadt house on East river side, is marked another battery of equal guns. The Trinity church grounds are marked as severally, equal to two squares—from Broad street back to Lombard street, as "*the* burying ground,"—"the ground for an Episcopal church"—and "the plot intended for the Episcopal minister's house." Southward of those grounds, on west side of Broad street, is marked "the Lutheran church, and Minister's house." "The public *wells*" in the several streets, not being many, are all marked—say two in Wall street, three in Broadway, four in Broad street, and two on East river side.

This Rev. Mr. Miller, who addressed his book to the Bishop of London, says the Province then contains about three thousand families, one half Dutch, the rest English and French. "The

Dutch are richest and sparing. The English neither very rich, nor too great husbands. The French are poorest, and therefore forced to be penurious or close." He speaks of trade and dealing, as being an affair of management—says they need Ministers, to repress irreligion and wickedness, to bring in unity of doctrine, and to keep down civil dissensions, &c.—[See London ed. 1843.]

A perspective map of New York, in 1673, as preserved in Du Simitiere's Historical collection, in the Philadelphia Library, and latterly illustrated by J. W. Moulton, Esq., from his researches among the Dutch records, gives us a pretty accurate conception of the outline features of the city at the time when it became, by the peace of 1674, permanently under British dominion, and thence gradually to wear off its former exclusive *Knickerbocker* character.

At that time almost all the houses presented their *gable ends* to the street; and all the most important public buildings, such as "Stuyvesant Huys," on the water edge, at present Moore and Front streets; and the "Stadt-huys," or City Hall on Pearl street, at the head of Coentie's Slip, were then set on the fore-ground to be the more readily seen from the river. The chief part of the town of that day, lay along the East river (called *Salt river* in early days), and descending from the high ridge of ground along the line of the Broadway. A great artificial dock for vessels, lay between "Stuyvesant Huys," above referred to, and the bridge over the *canal* at its debouche on the present Broad street. Three "Half Moon Forts," called "*Rondeels*," lay at equi-distances for the defence of the place; the first at Coentie's Slip, and the third at the "Water Gate," or outer bounds of the then city, being the foot of the present *Wall street*, so called from its being then shut in there by a line of palisades along the said street, quite over to the junction of Grace and Lumber streets, where the North river limits then terminated in a redoubt.

One of the original Philadelphians, Wm. Bradford, the first printer of Philadelphia, has left us a lively picture of the city of New York as it stood about the year 1729, being his publication from an original survey by James Lyne. The one which I have seen (a great *rarity* considered) at the city commissioner's should be, I should think, but a *reduced* copy, inasmuch as the MSS. "Annals of Philadelphia," show that in the year 1721, the son of the above Wm. Bradford, (named *Andrew*) advertises in his "Mercury" the sale of a "curious prospect of New York, on *four* sheets of paper, *royal* size." What an article for an antiquary!

By the map aforesaid, it is shown in 1729, that there was no street beyond the Broadway, westward, but that the lots on the western side of that street descended severally to the beach; that from Courtlandt street, northward, all the ground west of Broadway was occupied by trees and tillage, and called the "King's Farm." The eastern side of the city was all bounded by Water

street, having houses only on the land side, and its northern limits terminating with Beekman street. At the foot or debouche of Broad street were two great docks, called West and East Dock, as they lay on either side of said Broad street; they occupied the ground *now built upon* from Water street, nearly out to South street, and from the east side of Moore street, nearly up to Coentie's Slip. Between present Moore street and Whitehall street, lay the "Ship Yard," and all along where now tower stately trees in the Battery promenade, lay numerous rocks forming "the Ledge," having the river close up to the line of the present State street, fronting the Battery. How wonderful then is the modern extension of this city, by carrying out whole streets, and numerous buildings to places before submersed *in Water!*—thus practising with signal benefit, the renowned predilections and ingenuity of their transatlantic ancestors.

The strongest and best remembered emotion of my youth, was that of first seeing New York harbour when a lad, entering it by the way of the Narrows. It seemed a great amphitheatre of water girdled all around the utmost verge of the watery plain, with rising grounds, forming an even and fading line in the distant clouds.

New York herself, looked lowest of all the objects in the distance. She seemed sitting as a floating mass of brickwork, environed with reed-like masts, herself concealed behind them, as something hid in the rushes.

As we approached her still nearer, we saw her rising as from the sea, looming larger and larger upon the vision, and sending forth the gleamings of her spires and towers in the sunbeams, until we think, *as now*, of all her magnitude and splendour, as the "Metropolitan City." Truly, "the harvest of the river is her revenue, and she is the mart of nations, whose merchants and traffickers are as princes: *These* have replenished her isle!"

Nothing can be conceived more lovely and exciting than the contemplation of such a harbour, when entered from the sea, in such display as I witnessed her in the well remembered, radiant and early summer morn. The sunbeams lighted up and silvered every object in the landscape, with splendid effulgence—the liquid waves seemed tipped and sparkling with silver and golden light, and at a distance, the green isles, which rested before the city on the bosom of the tranquil waters, seemed like guardian sentinels to the beautiful city. Indeed castellated and fortified as they have since become, they at once evince the treasures of wealth, and the thousands of animated beings which they thus protect and can defend.

Advancing under gentle sail, we see on the right, the blue heights of *Gowanus*, topt with dun-coloured morning mist, the Dutch built country houses seem sleeping in quiet repose—along its base we see the light market boats and coasting vessels, steal-

ing like apparitions along the silent shore. Before us, stands on proudly the lordly Indiaman, her piles of canvass towering above the white fortresses which garnish the port, bursting forth her volumes of fire and smoke from her iron battery, waking up the still slumbering citizens, and making the shores and the welkin resound with the reverberating roar.

Far on the left, where opens the noble Hudson, we see the grey heights of Weehawken, which frown over the many white sheeted river vessels, which glide lazily beneath its magic shade. Whilst in almost every direction about us, we see the more animated objects, such as the jocund fishermen just putting off on their day's adventure, and the gay pleasure barge set onward by its chattering oarsmen. In a word, in such a panoramic picture, we have every thing to charm the eye and feast the imagination

——— ——— farewell!
Thou still wilt glow as fair as now—the sky
Still arch as proudly o'er thee—evening steal
Along thy bosom with as soft a dye:
All be as now—but I shall cease to feel!

MEMORIALS OF THE DUTCH DYNASTY.

"Dwell o'er the remembrance of former years!"

Having said that the office of the Common Council contains no records of the city, preceding the conquest by the British, I shall add here some tokens of the fact, that there are numerous collections of Dutch records now existing in the archives of state, at Albany . . . . . furnishing a rich mine of antiquarian lore for some future explorer.

The Records thus speak, viz:—

Fort Amsterdam (at New York) is repaired and finished in 1635.

Paulus Hook is sold by Governor Keift, in 1638, to Abraham Isaacs Plank, for four hundred and fifty guilders.

For scandalizing the governor, one Hendrick Jansen, in 1638, is sentenced to stand at the fort door, at the ringing of the bell, and ask the governor's pardon.

For slandering the Rev. E. Bogardus, in 1638, (Pastor of the Reformed Church then in the fort) a female is obliged to appear at the sound of the bell at the fort, and there, before the governor and council, to say, "she knew he was honest and pious, and that she lied falsely."

Torture was inflicted upon Jan Hobbes, who had committed a theft. The evidence seemed sufficient, but it was adjudged he should also make his confession by torture.

For drawing his knife upon a person, one Guysbert Van Regerslard was sentenced, in 1638, to throw himself three times from the sail-yard of the yacht, the Hope, and to receive from each sailor there three lashes.

The wooden horse punishment is inflicted, in Dec. 1638, upon two soldiers: they sit thereon for two hours. This was a military punishment used in Holland. He strode a sharp back, and his body was forced down to it by a chain and iron stirrup, or a weight, fastened to his legs.

Goat milk and Goats appear as a subject of frequent mention and regulation.

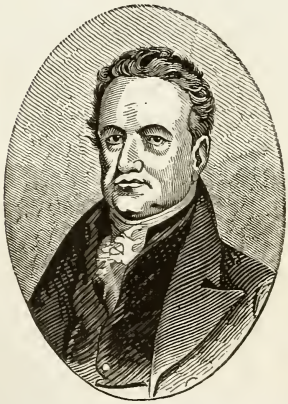
Cases of slander often appear noticed; such as that Jan Jansen complains of Adam Roelants for slander, whereupon it was ordered that each party pay to the use of poor the sum of twenty-five guilders each.

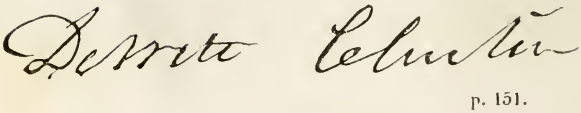
Tobacco appears to have been an article of cultivation, and of public concern and commerce. Van Twiller had his tobacco farm at Greenwich. On the 5th of August, 1638, two inspectors were nominated to inspect "tobacco cultivated here for exportation;" and on the 19th August, same year, it is recorded that because of "the high character it had obtained in foreign countries," any adulterations should be punished with heavy penalties. [This agrees with the fact at Philadelphia county; there they also, in primitive days, sixty years after the above facts, cultivated tobacco in fields.]

A cattle fair was established, to be held annually on the 15th Oct. and of *hogs* on the 1st Nov., beginning from the year 1641.

Tavern-keepers; none of them shall be permitted to give any supper parties after nine o'clock at night. In case of any Indian being found drunk, his word, when sober, shall be deemed good enough evidence against the white person who made him so.

The oath of allegiance was to be taken by all officers of government as a "test act," by swearing "to maintain the reformed religion, in conformity to the word of God and the decree of the Synod of Dordretch." Under such solemn obligations to duty, it is scarcely to be wondered at, or even condemned, that the officers in authority, overlooking the mild spirit of the gospel of peace, and adhering to the letter and the oath to the Synod, &c., should be led out to persecution. We therefore find, for we may tell a little of the truth in this matter, that in 1657 sundry Quakers, "for publicly declaring in the streets," were subjected to the dungeon, &c.; and Robert Hodgson was led at a cart tail, with his arms pinioned, then beaten with a pitched rope until he fell; afterwards he was set to the wheelbarrow to work at hard labour.





p. 151.

This continued until the compassion of the sister of Governor Stuyvesant being excited, her intercession with that governor prevailed to set him free. About the same time John Bowne, ancestor of the present respectable family of that name, was first imprisoned and next banished for the offence he gave as a Quaker. It was an ordinance of that day, "that any person receiving any Quaker into their house, though only for one night, should forfeit £50! Little did they understand in that day, that "the sure way to propagate a new religion was to proscribe it."

Good Dr. Cotton, in common with good Paul of Tarsus, were both persecutors, "haling men and women to prison," and saying, "If the worship be *lawful*, (and they the *judges!*) the *compelling* to come *to it* compelleth not to sin; but the *sin* is in the *will* that *needs* to be *forced* to christian *duty!* So *self-deceiving* is bigotry and intolerance.

Governor Stuyvesant was decidedly a religious character—he went so far, as such, to obligate himself for half the salary of the Rev. Mr. Selyns, who besides preaching in the little church, on his own farm, was also to instruct his *negroes* and those of the neighbourhood—a mark of benevolence on his part.

When the inhabitants of Esopus were assaulted, killed, and made prisoners, by a surprise from the neighbouring Indians, in 1663, he ordered a *monthly* observance of a day of humiliation and prayer,—praying, also, for a stay of the small-pox, and when at the close of the year, the disease was arrested, and the prisoners released by the Indians, he ordered a day of thanksgiving, after the manner of the New Englanders.

There are some fine relics of the Gov. Stuyvesant above referred to, still preserved in his family, valuable to a thinking mind for the moral associations they afford. I saw them at the elegant country mansion of his descendant Nicholas William Stuyvesant, to wit:—a portrait of Stuyvesant, in armour, which had been well executed in Holland, and probably while he was yet an admiral there. His head is covered with a close black cap, his features strong and intrepid, skin dark, and the whole aspect not unlike our best Indian faces; a kind of shawl or sash is cast round his shoulder; has a large white shirt collar drooping from the neck; has small mustachios on his upper lip, and no beard elsewhere shown. As I regarded this quiet remains of this once great personage, I inwardly exclaimed: and is this he in whom rested the last hopes of the Netherlanders in our country? Himself gone down to "the tomb of the Capulets!" His remains "rest in hope" near by, in the family vault, once constructed within the walls of the second built Reformed Dutch church, which, for pious purposes, he built at his personal expense on his own farm. The church is gone, but the place is occupied by the present church of St. Mark. On the outside wall of this latter church I saw the

original stone designating the body of him whose rank and titles stood thus inscribed, to wit:

"In this vault, lies buried
PETRUS STUYVESANT,
late Captain General and Commander in Chief of Amsterdam
in New Netherland, now called New-York, and the
Dutch West India Islands.
Died in August, A. D. 1682, aged eighty years."*

A fine pear tree stands just without the graveyard wall, in lively vigour, although so old as to have been brought out from Holland and planted there by the Governor Stuyvesant himself. I have a picture of *old* New York in 1673, which is framed with its wood—as a relic.

Besides seeing the portrait of the governor and captain general as aforesaid in his array of manhood, I saw also a singular token of his puerility; no less than the very infant shirt, of fine holland, edged with narrow lace, in which the chief was devoted in baptism and received his christening. It perhaps marks the character of the age, in his family thus preserving this kind of token.†

I saw also the portrait of his son, done also in Holland, in the seventeenth year of his age. He is mounted upon a rampant charger; his head covered with a low crowned black hat, a blue coat; his white shirt sleeves have the cuffs laced and turned up over the cuffs of the coat; wears shoes with high heels, and his silk hose came up above his knees on the outside of the breeches, and appear there looped up in their place.

There I also saw portraits of Bayard and his wife. He appears garbed as a priest; he was father-in-law to Governor Stuyvesant.

Other relics of the Stuyvesant family might have possibly remained, but as the family house, occupied by the uncle of the present Nicholas William, was burnt in the time of the revolution, by some of the persons of Sir Henry Clinton's family, who staid there, it is probable that relics and papers have been lost. A coloured woman died at New York in 1842, aged ninety-six years, who was born in the family of Gerardus Stuyvesant, in the year 1747.

The *first* known minister, appointed to the Dutch church in New Amsterdam, was the Rev. Everardus Bogardus; he officiated in the church erected in 1642, within the fort. Thus making it, as it probably was, in the governmental rulers in the Netherlands, an affair of military conformity, not unlike the chaplain concerns of modern warfare. At all events, we soon hear of *the*

* He was governor seventeen years, from 1647 to 1664.

† Stow says, christening shirts were given in the time of Elizabeth; afterwards, Apostles' spoons were given as memorials.

people taking it into their minds to have another church, to wit; the old "South Dutch Church," founded in 1693, in Garden alley, and then objected to as being "too far out of towne." A rare demur in our modern views of *distance.*

Besides the church so granted without the fort, they had also conferred "a place for a parsonage and garden." On the latter being improved in all the formal stiffness of cut box and trimmed cedar, presenting tops nodding to tops, and each alley like its brother, the whole so like Holland itself, it became attractive to the public gaze, and so gave popular acceptance to the name of "Garden Alley." The first church of St. Nicholas, though long under the care of its tutelary saint, fell at last a prey to the flames in the fire of 1791,—then succeeds another, and finally again in 1835.

The Rev. Mr. Bogardus above named, though intended as an example himself, could not keep his wife exempt from reproach, or from the vigilance of an "evil eye; for on the 24th of October, 1633, (it is still on record at Albany) a certain Hendricks Jansen, (a sapient reformer no doubt) appeared before the secretary, and certified that the wife of the Rev. E. Bogardus, in the public street, drew up her petticoat *a little way!*" Surely this was an idle scandal, when Dutch petticoats were of themselves, too short to cover, even if the matron would.

The towns, in what is now Queen's county and Gravesend, were originally settled by English people from New England, and from that cause, were usually called by the Dutch authorities, the English towns. As such they were much fostered and encouraged by the Dutch rulers.

A number of the Puritans from New England, settled at West Chester, then called, in allusion to their coming from the east, *Oost dorp*, or East town.

A number of English residents, from the east, were settled in New Amsterdam;—so that the Dutch rulers in 1654, petitioned the classis of Amsterdam, to procure for them a minister, who should be able to preach to them occasionally in English. Whereupon the Rev. Samuel Drisius was sent out for that purpose.

About the same time, a considerable number of French Vaudois or Waldenses, came from their persecutions abroad, to settle in the country—some settled on Staten Island, and some in the city. To these the same Mr. Drisius preached also, in French, both in the city and at Staten Island. New York therefore, at this time, had its several mixt proportions of Dutch, French, and English inhabitants.

ANCIENT MEMORIALS.

"I'll note 'em in my book of memory."

The MSS. documents and recorded facts of New York city and colonial history, are, it is said, very voluminous and complete. Mr. Moulton's history declares there are one hundred volumes of folio, of almost unexplored MSS. among the records of state. What abundant material for research must these afford whenever the proper spirit for their investigation is awakened!

I am myself aware that the city itself is rich in "hoar antiquity," for I have ascertained that numerous books of record are of ready access to such congenial minds as can give their affections to the times by-gone. Many of them are of the old Dutch dynasty, and have had no translator. For instance, there are in the county clerk's office a book of records of 1656; another of 1657; orders of the burgomasters in 1658; another of their resolutions and orders from 1661 to 1664. There are also some books of deeds, &c. While I write these facts, I do it with the hope that I am addressing myself to some youthful mind who will feel the inspiration of the subject, and resolve to become a student of Dutch, and at some future day to bring out, through his researches, the hidden history of his Dutch forefathers.

It would be "a work of supererogation" to aim at the general translation of such a mass of papers; but it is really surprising that hitherto no "ardent spirit," greedy of antiquarian lore," should have been inspired to make his gleanings from them. A judicious mind, seeking only the strange or the amusing of the "olden time," might with a ready facility extract their honey only, and leave the cumbrous comb behind. I myself have made the experiment. I found in the office of the common council the entire city records, *in English*, from the year 1675 downwards to the present day. From the first volume embracing a period of sixteen years, (to 1691,) I was permitted to make the following summary extracts. These, while they furnish in some instances appropriate introduction to sundry topics intended in these pages, will also show *that but a very small portion of the whole mass is desirable for the entertainment of modern eyes*, and therefore not to be sought after; it is even satisfying and useful to know how little need be known.

It is gratifying to say, that since penning the above for the first edition, and thus endeavouring to awaken some attention to the rescue of hidden MSS., two gentlemen have given their minds to the subject. J. R. Brodhead, Esq., has been sent out as agent for the state of New York to search for historical documents in

Holland, and he writes from the Hague in August 1841, saying that he has succeeded beyond expectation, by being allowed by the government there to copy and make as much as three thousand pages of MSS., commencing with 1614, coming down to 1673, and affording much insight into many obscure and uncertain parts of our Annals. He expects also to procure MSS. copies from the papers of the West India Company at Amsterdam, from 1623.

Another gentleman, Wm. Dunlap, Esq., who says he derived his impulse from me, has since searched the old records and made out a new History of New York. In one of his letters to me, he says, that he has examined and extracted from all the records of *the corporation of the city* up to the formation of the Federal government, but he regrets to say, that he has found a chasm in *Leisler's time;* and all is gone or void from June 1774 to February 1784—(including *all the time* of the Revolutionary war! Gov. Tryon acknowledged that he took away the records of some of that time!)—which last period, however, he has supplied from the Tory Gazettes of New York. I shall use some few of his facts after the year 1691. (See page 161.)

Such co-labourers are not rivals, as some might suppose. They have severally had their department and field of exercise, and I have mine. Mine I know is *unique*—and much which Mr. Brodhead, may be expected to obtain will belong to formal state papers, and to stately history. A list of some of them will be found in another part of this book as "miscellaneous facts."

Among the things communicated by Mr. Brodhead, is the fact, under date of 1626, that the authorities at New Amsterdam, had bought the locality of the present New York, from the Indian owners, for the sum of *sixty guilders*, and that they had then been producing there, their harvest of wheat, rye, barley, oats, buckwheat, *canary seed*, beans and flax—and that their commander Crussen, had touched at the *Virginia* settlement and there captured twenty five sail of English vessels, mostly fully laden, bringing off eleven of them laden with tobacco and destroying the rest of them. A paper from him of 1659 shows, that many of the "suppressed Waldenses," must then have formed a part of the New York population, because fifty thousand guilders are appropriated by the city of Amsterdam, for their support. Thus early showing their *Protestant* sympathies and bias.

I give the following from "the Minutes," consecutively as they occurred; to wit:

October, 1675; the canoes of the Indians, wheresover found, are to be collected to the north side of Long Island, as a better security to the inhabitants in case of their having any purpose to aid the Canadian enemies. This shows the Indian dread of that day. At the same time it is ordered that all Indians near New

York should make their coming winter-quarters at Hell Gate, so as to be ready for control or inspection.

It is ordered, that because of "the abuse in their oyle caske" on the east end of Long Island, there shall be a "public tapper of oyle" in each towne where the whaling design is followed. Thus evincing the former business of whalers in those parts.

Governor Andros orders, that by reason of the change of government, the inhabitants shall take an oath of allegiance to their new sovereign. There are only thirty-six recorded names who conform!

The mayor, on the approach of new year's day, commands the disuse of firing guns.

The city gates are ordered to be closed every night at nine o'clock, and to be opened at daylight. The citizens in general are to serve their turns as watchmen, or to be fined. No cursing or swearing shall be used by them. They are carefully to go frequently towards "the bridge for greater safety." [Meaning, I take it, the bridge at the great dock at the end of Broad street.] Every citizen, for the purpose of guard, is always to keep in his house a good fire-lock, and at least six rounds of ball.

The rates of tavern fare are thus decreed and ordered:—for lodging 3*d.*; for meals 8*d.*; brandy per gill 6*d.*; French wines, a quart, 1*s.* 3*d.*; syder, a quart, 4*d.*; double beere, a quart, 3*d.*; and *mum*, a quart, 6*d.*

The mayor proposes that they who own convenient land to build upon, if they do not speedily build thereon, it shall be valued and sold to those who will. This being proposed to the governor, who as military chief, always had a control in the semi-militaire city, the same was afterwards adopted. How valueless must have been lots then, since so estimable, which could thus "go a begging" in 1675!

In 1676, all the inhabitants living in the streete called the Here Graft, (the same called Gentlemen's Canal once, now Broad street,) shall be required to fill up the graft, ditch, or common shore, and level the same.

"Tanners' pits" are declared to be a nuisance within the city, and therefore it is ordered they shall only exercise their functions as tanners *without* the towne. This ordinance will account for the numerous tanneries once remembered in Beekman's swamp, now again driven thence by encroaching population; but the premises still retained as curriers and leather dealers, making the whole of that former region still a proper leathern towne.

It is ordered, for the sake of a better security of a sufficiency of bread, that no grain be allowed to be distilled. How many wretched families of the present day could now profit by such a restraint, who abound in whiskey and lack bread!

It is ordered that innkeepers be fined, from whose houses Indians may come out drunk; and if it be not ascertained by whom,

the whole streete shall be fined for the non-detection. A sure means, this, to make every man "his neighbour's keeper."

A fine of twenty guilders is imposed on all Sabbath breakers. The knowledge of such a fact then may afford a gratification to several modern associations.

In 1676 is given the names of all of the then property holders, amounting to only three hundred names, and assessed at one dollar and a half a pound on £99,695. This is a curious article in itself, if considered in relation to family names or relative wealth. What changes since "their families were young." The English names of John Robinson, John Robson, Edward Griffith, James Loyde, and George Heathcott, appear pre-eminently rich among their cotemporaries.

In 1676 it is ordered, that for the better security of seasonable supplies, all country people bringing supplies to market, shall be exempt from any arrest for debt. The market-house and plains (the present "bowling green" site) afore the fort shall be used for the city sales.

It is ordered that all slaughter-houses be removed thenceforth *without* the city, "over the water, without the gate, at the Smith's Fly, near the Half Moone." Thus denoting "the water gate" near the present Tontine on Wall street, beyond which was an invasion of water, near the former "Vly market" on Maiden lane.

Public wells, fire ladders, hooks, and buckets are ordered, and their places designated for the use of the city. Thus evincing the infant cradling of the present robust and vigorous fire companies. The public wells were located in the middle of such streets as Broadway, Pearl street, &c. and were committed to the surveillance of committees of inhabitants in their neighbourhoods, and half of their expense assessed on the owners of property nearest them. Will the discovery of their remains, in some future day, excite the surprise and speculation of uninformed moderns?

A "mill house" is taxed in "Mill street lane." Thus indicating the fact of a water-course and mill seat (probably the bark mill of Ten Eycke) at the head of what is now called "Mill street." Thus verifying what I once heard from the Phillips family, that in early times, when the Jews first held their worship there, (their synagogue was built there a century ago) they had a living spring, two houses above their present lots, in which they were accustomed to perform their ablutions and cleansings according to the rites of their religion.

In 1676, all horses at range are ordered to be branded and enrolled; and two stud horses are "to be kept in commons upon this island."

Tar for the use of vessels, is to be boiled only against "the wall of the Half Moon," meaning the Battery wall.

All the carmen of the city, to the number of twenty, are ordered

to be enrolled, and to draw for 6*d.* an ordinary load, and to remove weekly from the city the dirt of the streets at 3*d.* a load. The dustmen showed much spunk upon the occasion, and combined to refuse full compliance. They proposed some modifications; but the spirit of "the Scout, Burgomasters, and Shepens," was alive and vigorous in the city rulers, and they forthwith dismayed the whole body of carmen, by divesting all of their license who should not forthwith appear as usual at the public dock, pay a small fine and make their submission. Only two so succumbed, and a new race of carmen arose. Those carmen were to be trusty men, worthy to be charged with goods of value from the shipping, &c.: wherefore all Indian and negro slaves were excluded.

An act is passed concerning the revels of "Indian and negro slaves" at inns. At the mention of Indian *slaves* the generous mind revolts. What! the virtual masters of the soil to become "hewers of wood and drawers of water," to their cherished guests? Sad lot!

> Forc'd from the land that gave them birth,
> Or else to slave for others wealth.

In 1683 twelve pence a ton is assessed on every vessel for their use of the city dock, "as usually given," and for "the use of the bridge;" understood by me to have been as a *connecting* appendage to the same dock.

Luke Lancton, in 1683, is made "collecter of customs" at the custom-house near the bridge, and none shall unload "but at the bridge." The house called Stuyvesant Huys," at the north-west corner of present Front and Moore streets, was in ancient days called "the custom-house."

The Indians are allowed to sell fire-wood, then called "stick wood," and to vend "gutters for houses;" by which I suppose was meant long strips of bark, so curved at the sides as to lead off water: else it meant for the roof of sheds, even as we now see dwelling-houses roofed along the road side to Niagara.

An act of reward, of the year 1683, is promulged for those who destroy wolves.

A record of 1683, speaking of the former Dutch dynasty, says the mayor's court was used to be held in the City Hall, where they, the mayor and aldermen, determined "without appeal." It alleges also, that "they had their own clerk, and kept the records of the city distinctly." Thus giving us the desirable fact, that "records" in amplitude, have once existed of all the olden days of Lang Syne! they spell the name of the island "Manhatans."

Then none might exercise a trade or calling unless as an admitted "freeman." Then they might say with the centurion, "with a great price bought I that privilege."

If a freeman, to use "handy craft," they paid 3*l.* 12*s.*, and for

"being made free," they paid severally 1*l.* 4*s.* None could then trade up the Hudson river unless a freeman, who had had at least three years' residence; and if any one by any cause remained abroad beyond twelve months, he lost his franchise, unless indeed he "kept candle" and paid "Scott and Lott" . . . . terms to imply his residence was occupied by some of his family. Have we moderns bettered the cautious policy of our ancestors in opening our arms to every "new comer?" We tariff *goods*, but put no restraint on men, even if competitors. Do any think of this?

In 1683 it was decreed that all flour should be bolted, packed, and inspected in New York city. This was necessary then for the reputation of the port in its foreign shipments. Besides, the practice of bolting as now done at mills, by water power, was unknown. In primitive days the "bolting business" was a great concern by horse power, both in New York and Philadelphia.

The governor and his council grant to the city the dock and bridge, provided it be well kept and cleaned; if not, it shall forfeit it; but no duty shall be paid upon the bridge as "bridge money."

In 1683 the city bounds and wards are prescribed along certain named streets. The third or east ward was bounded "along the wall," and "againe with all the houses in the Smith Fly, and without the gate on the south side of the fresh water." Meaning in the above, "the wall" of palisades along Wall street; and by the "fresh water," the Kolch or Collect fresh water.

In 1683 a committee, which had been appointed to collect ancient records respecting the city privileges of former times, made their report thereon, and therein name the "City Hall and yards," "Market house" and "Ferry house." It says, Wm. Merritt had offered "for the ferry to Long Island" the sum of 20*l.* per annum for twenty years; to erect sheds, to keep two boats for cattle and horses, and also two boats for passengers. The ferriage for the former to be 6*d.* a-head, and for the latter 1*d.* Think of this, ye present four cent "*labour-saving*" steamboats. Ye *shun* the Dutchman's *penny* toil, but raise the price.

A committee, in 1683, report the use of 6,000 stochadoes of 12 feet long, at a cost of 24*l.*, used for the repair of the wharf; i. e. at the dock.

They ascertain the vessels and boats of the port, enrolled by their names, to be as follows:—three barques, three brigantines, twenty-six sloops, and forty-six open boats. Some of their names are *rare* enough.

An ordinance of 1683 orders that "no youthes, maydes, or other persons may meete together on the Lord's Day for sporte or play," under a fine of 1*s.* No public houses may keep open door or give entertainment then except to strangers, under a fine of 10*s.* Not more than four Indian or negro slaves may assemble

together; and at no time may they be allowed to bear any fire-arms—this under a fine of 6*s.* to their owners.

A city surveyor "shall regulate the manner of each building on each street," (even crooked and "up and down" as it then was), so that *uniformity* (mark this) may be preserved. Are we then to presume they had no scheme or system, who now complain of "winding narrow streets," and "cow paths" in the mazy and triangular city?

In 1683 markets were appointed to be held *three* times a-week, and to be opened and shut by ringing the bells. Cord wood, under the name of "stick wood," is regulated at the length of four feet.

A haven master is appointed to regulate the vessels in the mole, (the same before called the dock,) and is to collect the dock and bridge money.

A part of the slaughter-house (before appointed) by the Fly, is appointed in 1683 to be a powder house, and its owner, Garrett Johnson, is made the first keeper at 1*s.* 6*d.* a barrel. Of course, then locating it at the Vly, as far enough beyond the verge of population to allow of "a blow up."

In 1683 several streets therein named, are ordered to be paved by the owners concerned, and directs they shall plank up and barricade before their doors where needful to keep up the earth.

In 1684 the city requests from the king's government, the cession of all vacant land, the ferry, City Hall, dock, and bridge.

An order of king James recognized and recorded in 1685, prohibiting all trade from New York colony "with the East Indies," that being even then a claimed "privilege of the company of merchants of London." This proscribed East India commerce had more import than meets the eye, for it virtually meant to prohibit trade (unless by special grant) with the West Indies.

In 1685 the Jews of New York petition to be allowed the public exercise of their religion, and are refused on the ground that "none are allowed by an act of assembly so to worship, but such as profess a faith in Christ." Experience has since proved that we are nowhere injured by a more liberal and free toleration. Laws "may bind the body down, but cannot restrain the flights the spirit takes."

In 1686 a committee is appointed to inspect what vacant land they find belonging to Arien Cornelissen; and this entry is rendered curious by a recorded grant of 1687, preserved in the records of the office of the city comptroller, to this effect, saying—sixteen acres of the Basse Bowery (by which I understand low or meadow farm) is hereby granted unto Arien Cornelissen for the consideration of one fat capon a year. Who now can tell the value of that land for that small and peculiar compensation?

In 1691 it is ordered that there shall be but one butcher's shambles kept, and that to be on the green before the fort. The next

year another (place for shambles I presume) is allowed under the trees by the Slip. At the same time it is ordered that fish (as at a market) be sold at the dock over against the City Hall. Thus referring to the Hall as then known on Pearl street, at the head of Coentie's Slip, under which was also a prison.

The clerk of the mayor's court, in 1691, is charged to inquire after, and to collect and preserve the books and papers of the city, and to keep them safely with an inventory thereof. May not this record present an index hand to guide to some discovery of such historical rarities?

The mayor rents a shop or shops in the Market-house. One John Ellison is named as paying 3*l.* for such a shop.

In 1691 it is ordered that the inhabitants by the water side, "from the City Hall to the Slip," are to help build the wharf to run out before their lots; and every male negro in the city is to help thereat with one day's work.

The hucksters of that day, even as now, were very troublesome in forestalling the market, and laws were made to restrain them.

The bakers, too, had their ordeal to pass, and the regulation and limit of bread-loaves is often under the notice of the council. *This ends my extracts, from first MS. Vol.*

The following facts I have derived from the further researches and industry of my friend, Wm. Dunlap Esq., as referred to on page 155, to wit:

1692. Ordered, that the poisonous and stinking weeds before every one's house, be plucked up, under three shillings penalty.

A market house for meat, is ordered to be built at the end of the Heergraft street—[foot of Broad street.]

A piece of land at the foot of Golden Hill, is leased to a man and his wife, during their lives, for six shillings a year, provided they build a small house, and leave it to the corporation at their death. How many thousand dollars would the same locality bring now!

Ordered that the lots between the Burgers path, [back of Coentie's slip,] and the *block house*, be divided into thirteen, and exposed to sayle,—and in another order, it is declared that all the land in front of the Fly, (meadow, or swamp land) from the *block house* unto the hill next to Beekman's, be sold. A *block house* once in New York, will be a new thing to many. Wall street, in 1744, as then seen by Abeel, had *block houses* and palisades along Wall street, from river to river.

1693. On an apprehension of a French war, it is ordered, by Governor Fletcher, that a platform be made on the rocks, under the fort, whereon may be erected *a battery* to command both rivers. At the same time, all the freemen with their servants to work on the defences, including "all Indians, negroes and others not listed in the militia."

The houses enumerated this year, are five hundred and ninety-four, and "lands had advanced to ten times their former value."

1697. Upon an occasion of absolving the militia from the night guard, during the winter, it was ordered that four citizens perform the same. It was also ordered, that during the dark nights, the house-keepers shall put lights in their windows, fronting on the streets, and during the dark time of the moon, every seventh house-holder should hang out a lanthorn and candle on a pole, every night.

1699. On occasion of letting the Ferry for seven years, it was determined, that the lessee should provide two great boats, or scows, for cattle, &c., and two small boats for passengers—the fare for a single person, to be eight stivers *in wampum*—or a silver two-pence; a horse, one shilling, &c.

1702. The dock and slips of the city are rented to James Spencer, carpenter, for twenty-five pounds—he to clear the dock and slips and keep them clean, and build a wharf enclosing the dock.

1704. The Rev. Mr. Vesey, missionary and first minister of Trinity church, opened a catechising school for *Blacks.* His name appears often, as receiving five pounds for *the Corporation Sermon.* Now they prefer dinners. It is from him that we have the name of Vesey street.

The city corporation occasionally orders cord-wood for the field, and some six or eight gallons of wine, to raise a cheering, and *a bonfire*, for public celebrations.

The common council, in taking their oath of office, swear *that* they do not believe *in transubstantiation,—that* the bread and wine in the Lord's supper, is not converted into the body and blood of Christ,—they also abjure the invocation of the Virgin, and the sacrifice of the Mass.

The 25th of December, 1705, is recorded as the coldest day ever known. The Hudson river was frozen over several days.

There is frequent mention of *Indian* slaves.

1716. A law was passed for regulating midwives—they were to be sworn to faithful service, to commit no frauds in changing children; not to be accessary to any pretended deliveries; not to assist in any frauds, or concealments of births—and never to speak of the secrets of their office.

Public whipping of "slaves, negroes and Indians," was as common as exuberant spirits and mischiefs could make them. If found out too late at night, or too many together, in noisy gambols, or if gaming for and with copper pennies—then to be whipped, and the owner to pay the *church wardens* three shillings, —what a fund for the merciful gospel! The public whipper to have five pounds a quarter.

1730. Notice is given, that whoever inclines to perform *the foot-post* to Albany this winter, is to make application to Richard

Nichols, the post-master. Only think of *a foot-post*, all the dreary way to Albany, in mid-winter! What a wretch!

1731. Two complete fire engines ordered out from England, and hooks and ladders are to be made. This probably indicates the first attempt at public measures for the suppression of fires.

This year, the small-pox was very prevalent, and very fatal—causing great dread, and causing upwards of five hundred deaths, in a little more than two months.

1733. Mr. Silas Wood, gives the population of the province this year to be 50,291, of which Long Island possessed one third, say, 17,820; 7231 of the preceding were slaves. New York city contained, 8628 souls. Think of the increase in one century, and what may it be in another!

In 1735, "the first stone of the platform of the *new* battery on White Hall rocks, was laid by the governor, and was called George Augustus' Royal battery. This probably was the *renewal* of a former inferior battery, ordered by Gov. Fletcher, in 1693.

1744. It was ordered, that all house-holders should, every Friday, rake and sweep together all the dirt and filth, lying in the streets before their respective houses, and then cause the same to be carried away, *or cast into the river.*

1747. Such was the dread of small-pox, that the governor had to prohibit its inoculation, *temporarily*, whilst fearing an invasion, lest the country people fearing the disease, should not come to the assistance of the city.

1757. Such was the dread of impressment even in and near New York harbour, that Governor Hardy, for the sake of his own good living in the city, was obliged to encourage marketing from the country, by making his proclamation, that all boatmen, and marketmen, who came to or from the city, "shall not be impressed while bringing provisions and other necessaries," &c. Cases of impressment are occasionally mentioned. Perhaps it was from a dread of such encroachments on personal freedom, that led to the practice of *women* rowing the market boats, at New York, in the provincial times!

The 15th of January, 1761, the Narrows were frozen over,—on the 18th of June, 1764, the light-house on Sandy Hook, was lighted for the first time,—how difficult must have been the passage before that help and guide!

Such are the amusing as well as instructive incidents of the ancient days in New York, from which "the thinking bard" may "cull his pictur'd stores." Through such mazes, down "hoar antiquity,"

"The eye explores the feats of elder days."

It may well encourage to further research to know the fact, that I considered myself as gleaning from that first volume,* all,

* Referred to on page 155.

in the few preceding pages, which I deemed the proper material for the amusements of history. If we would make the incidents of the olden time familiar and popular, by seizing on the affections and stirring the feelings of modern generations, we must first delight them with the comic and strange of history, and afterwards win them to graver researches. "Anecdotes of men and things (says Blackwood) will have a charm, as long as man has curiosity." They who cater for such appetites, should always consider that there is a natural passion for the marvellous in every breast; and that every writer may be sure of his reader who limits his selections to facts which mark the extremes of our relative existence, or to objects "on which imagination can delight to be detained." But there are means of inquiry exclusive of memorials and records; such as the recollections and observations of living witnesses, respecting "men and manners" of other days, and of things gone down to oblivion. These they retain with a lively impression, because of their original interest to themselves; and for that reason they are generally of such cast of character as to afford the most gratifying contemplations to those who seek them.

From a lively sense of this fact, I have been most sedulous to make my researches among the living chronicles, just waning to their final exit. These can only be consulted *now*, or never. From such materials we may hope to make some provision for future works of poetry, painting, and romance. It is the raw material to be elaborated into fancy tales and fancy characters by the Irvings, Coopers, and Pauldings of our country. By such means we generate the ideal presence, and raise an imagery to entertain and aid the mind. We raise stories, wherein "sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail."

NOTICES OF EARLY DUTCH TIMES.

"Such once;—no longer such—are passed away."

In endeavouring to rescue from oblivion, some of the early *traits of character* which marked the age of the founders, we may, with Moulton's history, notice but to condemn it—that "affectation of squeamishness in some, who now revolt at the idea of coming in contact with the rude founders of our country, as if such facts of our domestic history were beneath the dignity of history, so called: they would restrict it only to great personages and great events; and thus by too much *generalization* lose in *individual interest* more than could be gained in abstract philosophy and politics."

We shall therefore endeavour to exhibit something characteristic of the times, the doings, and the familiar concerns, of those Dutch burghers.

The Dutch Reformed were always thorough church-going members, and fully fraught with ardent zeal for all the faith of Calvin. They therefore gave no countenance to Lutherans, Jews, Quakers, &c. But when the English came to rule, it sufficiently chagrined them to see Governor Lovelace so lax, as in 1674 to authorize the Lutheran congregation to erect a church, and to "seek benevolence from their brethren here and *on the Delaware.*" It was about this time that *Edmundson*, a friend from England, was allowed to preach to such as would assemble. He held his first meeting at an *inn*, where the magistrates also attended, probably as much to check and restrain errors as to profit themselves. The celebrated Geo. Fox was also in the neighbourhood, preaching on Long Island, and particularly to a congregation under a great oak tree, still standing at Flushing, the property of the Bowne family. All this toleration was strikingly different from the previous rule under the Dutch governor Stuyvesant. He had ordered the head of the above-named family out to Holland for trial, for the public performance of his religious views as a Quaker. About that time the public peace had been disturbed by those Quakers, whom the Friends themselves sometimes censured as "ranters." Such a one, as the records state, "pretending to be divinely inspired, came into the city and made terrible hue and cry in the streets and on the bridge, crying woe, woe, to the crowne of pride and the drunkards of Ephraim: Twoo woes past, and the third coming, except you repent. Repent—repent, as the kingdom of God is at hand!" He also entered the church, making a great noise, for the purpose of disturbance, as their manner was. Finally, he was prosecuted, flogged, and banished.

The Dutch Reformed Church—"the Gereformeerde Kerck," was erected *within the fort* by Gov. Keift in 1642, being a stone structure, with split oaken shingles, then called "wooden slate." The cause and manner of its establishment has been curiously related by De Vries, saying, "as I was every day with Comdr. Keift, I told him, that as he had now made a fine tavern—the Stadt-herberg, at Coentie's slip—that we also wanted very badly *a church;* for until then we had nothing but *a mean barn* (in appearance) for our worship; whereas in New England, their *first* concern was a fine church, and we ought to do the same. Wherefore, I told him I would contribute a hundred guilders, and he as governor, should precede me. Whereupon we agreed, and chose J. P. Kuyster and I. C. Damen, with themselves, as four *Kerck-Meesters* to superintend the building. John and Richard Ogden contracted to build the same of stone for 2500 guilders, say £416. It was to be seventy-two feet by fifty-two feet, and

sixteen feet high. After its construction, the town bell was removed to it. There it was a kind of *fac totum*, and may possibly account for the present partiality for *campanalary* music still so fostered and prevalent in New York. All mechanics and labourers began and ended work at the *ringing;* all tavern-keepers shut house after the ringing; courts and suitors assembled at the ringing; and deaths and funerals were announced by the toll. An earlier church was built on the Battery ground, which was pulled down in 1642, when the above one was built. The earliest church records are lost—but records of baptism exist, and have been continued ever since 1620. The earliest list of enrolled members, begins in 1649, at which time, three hundred names appear.

New York, like other colonies, had also its plague of *witchcraft.* In 1665, a man and wife were arraigned and tried as witches, and a special verdict of *guilty* was brought in by the jury against one of them. In 1672 the inhabitants of West Chester complained to the governor and council against a witch which had come among them; she having been before imprisoned and condemned as a witch at Hartford. In 1673 a similar complaint was also made; but the military governor, Capt. Colve, a son of the ocean, not under this land influence perhaps, treated it as idle or superstitious, and so dismissed the suit. We thus see that *Salem* was not exclusive in her alarms; but that New York, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, each severally had their trials of witchcraft.

The city schoolmasters were always, *ex officio*, clerks, choristers, and visiters of the sick.

In the early times, reed and straw roofs and wooden chimneys were so common in ordinary houses, that they had regularly appointed overseers to inspect them and guard them against fires.

They were accustomed to plant May-poles on New Year's and May-days. Sometimes they planted a May-pole, adorned with ragged stockings, before the door of a newly-wedded bridegroom.

The Dutch were remarkable in their choice of high sounding names for their vessels; an old record, describing a collection at one time in New York, gives such names as the following, to wit: The Angel Gabriel, King David, Queen Esther, King Solomon, Arms of Renselaerwyck, Arms of Stuyvesant. The Great Christopher, the Crowned Sea Bears, the Spotted Cow, &c.

Wm. P. Van Rensselaer, Esq. of Beverwyck, has in his possession the wedding ring which belonged to the wife of the *first* Patroon, preserved with family regard since 1627—and Gen. Van Cortland has a gold watch, which came out with his forefathers.

New York was once distinguished for its manufacture and trade in *Indian wampum*, called *seawant*, deriving the material from Long Island, which place the Indians called *Sewanhacky*, importing the Land of Shells. They made the chief of it from periwinkles and quahaugs, (clams), and sometimes from the

inside of oyster shells.* This, when rounded into proper shape, became the proper money of the Indians; and with this, all who purposed to trade with them for furs, &c. provided themselves at New York. A letter of Governor Penn's is on record, wherein he speaks of his having sent there from Philadelphia to make "his purchases of *wampum*, at great prices." For numerous years, while coin was scarce or unnecessary, it was the custom to pay off the company's officers, and even the clergy too, in seawant or beavers. The current value of the seawant was six beads of the white, or three of the black, for an English penny. The value and importance once attached to this seemingly strange money in our consideration now, may be seen set forth, in 1641, in an ordinance of the city council sanctioned by Governor Keift, saying, "that a great deal of bad seawant, nasty rough things, imported from other places," was in circulation, while "the good splendid seawant, usually called *Manhattan's seawant*, was out of sight or exported, which must cause *the ruin of the country!*" Therefore, it is added, that "all coarse seawant, well stringed, should pass at six for one stuyver only; but that the well polished, at four for a stuyver." In 1657, they were publicly reduced from six, to eight for a stuyver, which is two-pence. The wampum was used greatly by the Indians to decorate and ornament their persons. The women strung theirs, and hung them round their necks, and sewed them on their mocassins and mantles.

The Dutch bore several names among the Indians. They called them *Swannakwak* or *Swanekens;* also *Assyreoni*, the cloth makers; *Charistooni*, the iron workers; Sankhicanni, the fire workers, in allusion to their use of matchlocks.

The lands on York Island, without the bounds of the town walls, along Wall street, appertained to the company, and were either used for public grazing grounds, for the town cows, sheep, or swine, or else for the governor's farms, under the names of Bouwerys. The Bouwery or farm sold to Governor Stuyvesant in 1631, now so invaluable as building lots in the hands of his descendants, was originally purchased by him for 6,400 guilders (1,066*l.*), and having besides the land, "a dwelling-house, barn, reek lands, six cows, two horses, and two young negroes."

On another farm the company erected a *wint molen* (windmill) for the use of the town. Its site was by the Broadway, between the present Liberty and Courtland streets. The first having decayed, it was ordered, in 1662, that there be another on the same ground "outside of the city land-port (gate) on the company's farm."

There was once a *water mill* near the Kolch, having its outlet

* Heckewelder says, "The universal name the Monseys had for New York was *Laapawachking*, the place of stringing wampum beads. Those Indians saying, that once the Indians there were every where seen stringing beads and wampum which the whites gave them."

of water to the North river. In order to obtain more water for the mill, the use of the valleys was granted to the miller; and as the race he had dug admitted the salt water occasionally into the kolch of fresh water, to its injury, he was required by law, in 1661, to hang a waste gate so as to bar the passage of the salt water.

Washington Irving, when he wrote his facetious notices of New York manners, in his Knickerbocker, accurately depicted life, as it passed in the early colonial days, saying,—"In those good days of simplicity and sunshine, a passion for cleanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy, and the universal test of an able house-wife; a character which formed the utmost ambition of our unenlightened grandmothers. The front door was never opened except on marriages, funerals, new years' days, the festival of St. Nicholas, or some such great occasion. It was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker, curiously wrought, sometimes in the device of a dog's, and sometimes of a lion's head, and was daily burnished with such assiduity, that it was sometimes worn out by the very precautions taken for its preservation. The whole house was constantly in a state of inundation, under the discipline of mops and brooms and scrubbing brushes; and the good wives of those days were a kind of amphibious animal, delighting exceedingly, to be dabbling in water.

"The grand parlour was the sanctum sanctorum, where the passion for cleaning was most indulged. In this sacred apartment no one was permitted to enter, excepting the mistress and her confidential maid, who visited it once a week, for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning and putting things to rights, always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and entering lightly on their stocking feet. After scrubbing the floor and sprinkling it with fine white sand, which was curiously stroked into angles and curves with a broom; after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fireplace, the window shutters were again closed, to keep out the flies, and the room carefully locked up, until the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning day.

"As to the family, they always entered in at the gate, and most generally lived in the kitchen. To have seen a numerous household assemble around the fire, one would have imagined that he was transported back to those happy days of primeval simplicity, which float before our imaginations like golden visions. The fireplaces were of a truly patriarchal magnitude, where the whole family, old and young, master and servant, black and white, nay even the cat and dog, enjoyed a community of privilege, and had each a right to a corner. Here the old burgher would sit in perfect silence, puffing his pipe, looking in the fire with half-shut eyes, and thinking of nothing, (in happy absence from care,) for

hours together; the goede vrouw, on the opposite side, would employ herself diligently in spinning yarn, or knitting stockings. The young folks would crowd around the hearth, listening with breathless attention to some old crone of a negro, who was the oracle of the family, and who, perched like a raven in a corner of the chimney, would croak forth for a long winter afternoon, a string of incredible stories about New England witches, grisly ghosts, and hair-breadth escapes, and bloody encounters among the Indians.

"In these primitive days, a well regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sundown. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers showed incontestible symptoms of disapprobation, and uneasiness at being surprised by a visit from a neighbour on such occasions. But though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bands of intimacy, by occasional banquetings, called tea-parties. These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes, that is to say, such as kept their own cows, and drove their own wagons. The company generally assembled about three o'clock, and went away at six, unless it was in winter time, when the visit was a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. Sometimes the table was graced with apple-pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears, but it was always sure to boast of dough-nuts, or oly koeks, with plenty of fried ham, cut up in convenient morsels, and well charged with gravy.

"The tea was served out of a majestic delft tea-pot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses, tending pigs, with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot, from a huge copper tea-kettle, which might make the beaux of the present day sweat merely to look at it! To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup, and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum.

"In such parties, the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting, no coquetting, no gambolling of old ladies, nor *hoyden chattering and romping* of young ones, no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen, with their brains in their pockets, nor amusing conceits, and monkey divertisements of smart young gentlemen with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woollen stockings; speaking but little, and chiefly in brief answers to questions put to them, few and far between. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the

blue and white tiles with which the fireplaces were decorated; wherein sundry passages of scripture were piously portrayed.

"The parties broke up without noise and without confusion—all carried home in their own carriages, that is to say, by the vehicles nature had provided them. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty smack at the door; which, as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, (the lady owing something for the attention,) occasioned no scandal at that time, nor should it now from us, when thus contemplating the past.

"Even the female sex,—those arch innovaters of modes and forms, seemed for a while to conduct themselves with incredible sobriety and comeliness. Their hair, untortured by the abominations of art, was scrupulously pomatumed back from their foreheads, with suet tallow, and covered with a little cap of quilted calico, which fitted exactly to their heads. Their petticoats of linsey-woolsey, were striped with gorgeous dyes. These were indeed rather short, but what they needed in length, was made up in numbers, which generally equalled that of the gentlemen's small clothes; and what was still more praiseworthy, they were all of their own manufacture, of which circumstance, as may well be supposed, they were not a little vain.

"The gentlemen of those days, were well content to figure in their linsey-woolsey coats—domestic made, and bedecked with an abundance of large brass buttons. Half a score of breeches, heightened the proportions of his figure; his shoes were ornamented by enormous copper buckles; a low crowned broad brimmed hat overshadowed his florid visage, and his hair dangled down his back in a long queue of eel skin.

> "Ah, never to be forgotten age,
> Where every thing was better than it has been e'er since!"

We may close this article with some little notices and recollections of Dutch manners, as they appeared in their last remains when receding from the innovations of later times, to wit:

Capt. Graydon, who was a prisoner on Long Island in the war of independence, and was quartered at Flat Bush, speaks of his neighbours as a quiet inoffensive people; as too unaspiring and contented to have ever made a revolution from their own impulse. Their religion, like their other habits, were all plain and unostentatious: A silent grace before meat was their general family habit. The principal personage in every Dutch village was the "*domine*" or minister; and their manner of preaching was extremely colloquial and familiar. Their most frequent diet was clams, called clippers; and their unvaried supper was supon (mush); sometimes with milk, but more generally buttermilk,

blended with molasses. Their blacks, when they had them, were very free and familiar; sometimes sauntering about among the whites at meal time, with hat on head, and freely joining occasionally in conversation, as if they were one and all of the same household.

The hospitality and simple plainness of New York city, down to the period of 1790 and 1800, was very peculiar. All felt and praised it. Nothing was too good, and no attention too engrossing *for a stranger.* It was a passport to every thing kind and generous. All who were introduced, invited him to their home and board. As wealth and pride and numbers came in, it wore off more and more; till now it follows selfishness and reserve like other great cities.

LOCAL CHANGES AND LOCAL FACTS.

"To observe and preserve."

A GENTLEMAN of eighty years of age, in 1828, told me of his digging out the trunk of a walnut tree, at nine feet depth, at his house at the Coenties slip, near Pearl street.

He well remembered, in early life to have seen a natural spring of fine fresh water at the fort, at a position a little north-west of Hone's house. There was also a fresh water well once at N. Prime's house near the Battery.

He saw the old fort cut down about the year 1788–9, when they found beneath the vault the ancient Dutch church, once there, the leaden coffins of Lord Bellermont and lady. Vansant and Janeway were charged to remove them to St. Paul's church.

He saw a linseed oil factory worked with wind sails, on a high hill of woods, about a quarter of a mile north-east of the Kolch. This was about the year 1790.

About the same time he saw a beautiful meadow and flourishing grass cut on the declining hill back of the City Hall towards the Kolch.

The "tea water fountain" out by Stuyvesant's field, is now very good, and was in great repute formerly. The region of country near the prison, on the East river, has now excellent water. There "Knapp" gets his "spring water" for the city supply.

A lady of about eighty-six years of age in 1828, said she well remembered when the locality of the present St. Paul's church was a *wheat field.*

She also spoke of her remembrance of a "ferry house" in

Broad street, up above "Exchange Place," (then Garden alley) to which place the Indians used to come and set down in the street near there, and make and sell baskets.

The place called "Canvas Town," was made after the great fire in 1776. It lay towards the East river, and from Broad street to Whitehall street. It was so called from the temporary construction of the houses, and their being generally covered with canvas instead of roofs. Very lewd and dissolute persons generally were their tenants, and gave them their notoriety and fame.

While the old fort existed, before the revolution, it contained within its bounds the mansion of the governors (military chieftains) and their gardens. There governors Dunmore, Tryon, &c. dwelt. New York was a military station, and as such it had always a regiment of foot and a company of artillery; also a guard ship in the bay.

Mr. Abram Brower, aged seventy-five in 1828, informed me that the lots fronting the Vly market were originally sold out by the city corporation, at only one dollar the foot.

He said the market in Broadway (the Oswego I presume) was once leased to a Mr. Crosby for only 20*s.* for seven years.

He remembered when only horse boats ferried from Brooklyn, with only two men to row it, in which service they sometimes drove towards Governor's Island, and employed a whole hour. Only one ferry was used on the North river side, and then not to go across to Jersey City as now, but down to the Blazing Star. Those who then came from Bergen, &c. used the country boats.

He said the Dutch *yachts* (then so called) were from one to two weeks in a voyage to Hudson and Albany. They came to, usually every night, "slow and sure." Then all on board spoke the Dutch language. [The mayor, Thomas Willet, in 1665, informs the corporation "he intends for Albania with the first opportunity, and prays his leave of absence."]

The last Dutch schoolmaster was Vanbombeler; he kept his school till after the revolution. Mr. Brower himself went to a Dutch school, to his grandfather's, Abram Delanoye, (a French Hugonot, via Holland), who kept his school in Courtlandt street.

Elective offices, when they went by merit, and not by partisan efforts, were of enduring character, to the individual concerned. Thus to instance one case, in the family of the Bogerts: Henry Bogert was elected assistant Alderman of the west ward, annually for sixteen consecutive years, from 1734 to 1750; and John Bogert, Jr. (grandfather of the present James Bogert, Jr.) was elected Alderman for Montgomery ward, annually for eleven consecutive years, from 1755 to 1766, when he retired from public and mercantile life to his country seat at Harlem. Another John Bogert, of the same family, was elected assistant alderman for the fourth ward for the years 1797–98, when he became an

alderman, and was re-elected annually, for four successive years, and then declined any further election. Edward Holland was mayor from 1747 to 1756, and John Crugan was mayor from 1757 to 1765. Simon Johnson was recorder, from 1747 to 1768.

The first Methodist preaching in New York was at a house in William street, then a rigging loft. There Embury first preached; and being a carpenter, he made his own pulpit,—a true puritan characteristic.

Mr. Brower, when a boy, never heard of "Greenwich," the name was not even known; but the Dutch, when they spoke of the place, called it Shawbackanicka, an Indian name as he supposed. "Greenwich street" was of course unknown.

He knew of no *daily* papers until after the revolution. Weyman and Gaine had each a weekly one corresponding to their limited wants and knowledge. The first daily paper was by F. Child & Co., called the New York *Daily* Advertiser, began in 1785.

He saw Andrews hanging in gibbets for piracy; he was hung long in irons, just above the Washington market, and was then taken to Gibbet Island and suspended there;—year 1769.

I notice such changes as the following:—

Maiden lane, called Medge Padje, is greatly altered for the better; formerly that street was much lower near its junction with Pearl street; it was much narrower, and had no separate foot pavement; its gutter ran down the middle of the street. Where the lofty triangular store of Watson is seen up said street, was once a low sooty blacksmith shop, Olstein's (a rarity now in the sight of passing citizens,) and near it a cluster of low wooden buildings.

In Pearl street, below Maiden lane, I have seen proof positive of the primitive river margin there; several of the cellars, and shallow ones too, had water in them from that original cause.

I perceive that Duane street, from Broadway, is greatly filled up; from one and a half to two stories there is made ground; the south corner of Duane street, at Broadway, is sixteen feet filled up, and the same I am told in Broadway. South of this was originally a hill descending northward.

Where Leonard street traverses the Broadway and descends a hill to the Collect, was well remembered an *orchard* but a few years ago. Some of the Collect was still open fourteen or fifteen years ago (it is said), and was skated upon.

The original Collect main *spring* still exists on Leonard street, having a house now over it, lettered "supply engine."

The Kolch waters still ooze through the new made filled in ground, into the cellars, especially in wet seasons.

When they dug out some of the Kolch ground, some used the earth as *turf*, thinking it had that quality.

The Collect street runs through the leading line or centre of

the old Kolch channel, and has under its pavement a sewer to lead off the water. This street is the thoroughfare of so much water, as to make it necessary to incline this street deeply to the middle as a deep gutter way. Indeed, so much water, "deep and broad," flows along it like a sullied brook, that it might be well called Brook street; helped, as the idea is, by the numerous foot planks, as miniature bridges, laid across it at intervals for the convenience of foot passengers.

About the year 1784-5, property near New York went down greatly; few or none had money to buy with. About the year 1785-6, alderman Wm. Bayard wished to raise cash by selling his farm, of one hundred and fifty acres, on the western side of Broadway and near the city. He devised the scheme of offering them in lots of twenty-five by one hundred feet; only twenty-five dollars was bid, and but few of them were sold. It was well for him, for very soon after, feelings and opinions changed; and they who had bought for twenty-five dollars, sold out for one hundred dollars; and then, the impulse being given, the progressive rise has had no end.

A kinsman, G. T., told me, in 1828, that the out lots of the city "went up" about twenty-one years before, when from the circumstances of trade, &c. they began to fall much, and soon after to rise again more than ever. He bought lots four years before at the rate of $850, which would now bring him $1,800. Twenty-one years ago he bought lots for $2,000 reluctantly, which he in six months after sold for $4,000. That purchaser kept it till four years ago at its minimum price, and sold it for $2,000! Some of his property, which five years ago he would have freely sold for $2,000, would now be valued at $12,000. The lot at the corner of Broadway and Maiden lane was sold for $27,600, equal to $22 per square foot. This is, however, a rare circumstance, having had the accident of attaining to much front along the newly extended Broadway.

The Stuyvesants, Rutgers, Delancys, and others have attained to great riches by the rapid and unexpected growth of New York, voraciously calling on such "out town" landlords for their farms at any price! Old Mr. Janeway, who died lately, at fourscore, saw his few acres near the Chatham street and Collect, grow in his long life and possession from almost nothing to a great estate. "While they slumbered and slept," their fortunes advanced without their effort or skill. Much the fact impresses the recollection of "Ecclesiasticus;" he saith, "There is one that laboureth and taketh pains and maketh haste, and is so much the more behind, (as many poor bankrupts know,) and there is another that is slow and hath need of help, wanting ability, yet *he* is set up from his low estate!"

The head of Chatham street, where it joins the Bowery road, although now a hill, has been cut down in modern times twelve

feet. From this point, following the line of Division street, and thence down to the river, on the line of Catherine street, was formerly Col. Rutger's farm; it was opened as city lots, about thirty-five to thirty-eight years ago.

I found the once celebrated "tea water pump," long covered up and disused, again in use, but unknown, in the liquor store of a Mr. Fagan, 126 Chatham street; I drank of it to revive recollections.

I have been surprised to find, in so magnificent a city, such a mean collection of hovels, of feeble wooden fabric, as I see in the rear of the great City Hall and the stately houses along Chambers street; they lay on the line of Cross street, descending a present hill, formerly much higher and more rugged, having only foot-paths for clambering boys. The mean houses at the foot of the hill or street, are now half buried in earth by the raising of the street ten feet; up to this neighbourhood, came once the *little* Collect; it forms the site generally of what was formerly Janeway's little farm.

The Magazine street, here, (because of the powder house once close by) now named Pearl street, in continuation, as it runs towards the Hospital on Broadway, shows, I think, strong marks of having been at the period of the revolution, the utmost verge of city hopes. The range of Beekman and Vesey streets, had once bounded their expectations; and lastly, they extended to the natural lines of Pearl street as it crosses the city, and was there formed at the foot of the hills on its southern side. Before the Magazine street was formed, it was so essentially the imaginary line which bounded the Police of Justice, &c., that it was usual to designate the limits by the vague name of "fresh water" side of the city. Thus referring to the great Kolch and its course of marshes, as separating all beyond in a *terra incognita.*

The houses No. 13 and 15 on Elm street, near the corner of Duane street, are singular evidences of modern innovation. They were originally good two story houses, and are now filled up in Elm street, nearly to their roofs.

In the rear of No. 48 Frankford street, is now a very ancient tan yard. This street down to Ferry street, and from William street over to Jacob's street, is the region of what was formerly tan yards, and originally Beekman's swamp. An old man near there, said he remembered to have shot ducks there formerly. The father of another had told him he often gathered huckleberries; and fifty to sixty years ago it was common to exercise there in skating.

Mr. Lydigg told me that when the tanneries about here accumulated great hills of tan, it was the material for the fortifications of the boys, (preparing for the revolution by sham fights). Here great tan redoubts, piked with cow horns, were defended bravely by the Pearl street and Fly boys against the invading urchins

from Broadway. Sometimes the open field was resorted to on the present Park, where missiles of thwacking force were dealt with vigorous arm.

Mr. Jacob Tabele, aged eighty-seven in 1828, said that in his early days he heard much speaking of Dutch among the people and along the streets. He saw no lamps in the streets when a boy.

The powder house he remembered. A powder house, called the Magazine, on a rising ground (a kind of island) at the Collect.

In Nicholas Bayard's woods he often shot numerous pigeons.

He remembered they used to burn lime from oyster-shells on the Park commons. This agrees with what Mr. Brower said, who imputed the name of *Collect* to the low Dutch for *burnt lime;* but it is more probable *Kolch* was the true name, from its meaning "fresh water" there.

He remembered ship yards between Beekman's and Burling's Slips.

There were once some small houses of wood, where is now St. Paul's Church.

He has seen river water flow through the sewer up the Maiden lane as high as Olstein's blacksmith shop on the triangular square.

There was a very high hill, once called "Bayard's Mount," on which the Americans built a fort, and called it Bunker Hill, in the time of the revolution, now cut down. It stood on present Grand street, a little east of Centre market.

He remembered the "ferry house" so called, high up Broad street; had heard that the creek once run up there. The sign was a boat with iron oars. It was an inn with such a sign in his time.

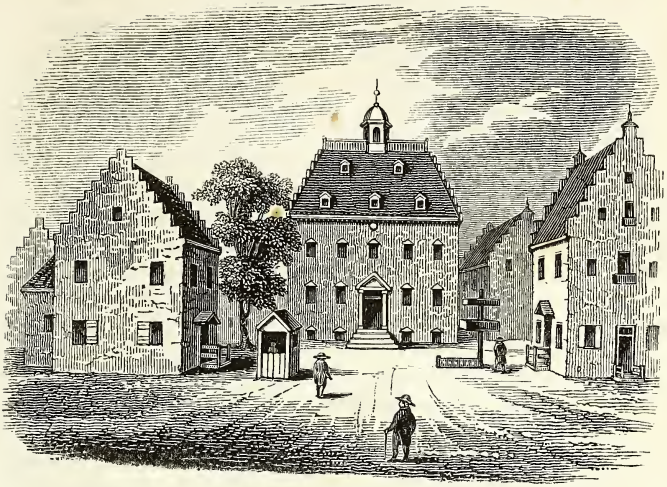
He remembered seeing the block houses in a line of palisades, quite across the island; they went in a line from the back of Chambers street. They were of logs of about one story high. They being empty, were often used by Indians who made and sold baskets, &c. there. So said Ebbets also.

He remembered when boats could freely pass along the space now occupied by large trees on the Battery ground.

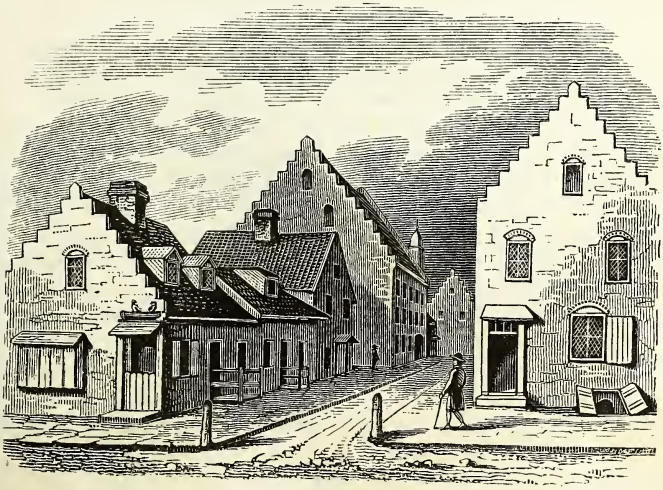
He well remembered the ancient City Hall (Stadt Huys) at the head of Coenties slip; said he often heard it had been used as a fort in Leisler's civil war, against the real fort at the Battery. He had often seen a ball then shot at it, and which was left in the side wall of the house, (pulled down by Tunis Quick in 1827,) on the south-west corner of Pearl street and Coenties slip. The ball is now in the possession of Dr. Mitchell, as a relic.

There were market houses at every one of the slips in his time; the one at the foot of Wall street, nigh the Tontine, was called the Meal market.

Said he often heard of Lindley Murray (the grammarian) having



Stadt Huys, at Coenties Slip, 1642 to 1700, p. 176 and 351.



Ferry House, corner of Broad and Garden Streets, p. 182.

leaped across Burling's slip, (about twenty-one feet,) with a pair of fowls in his hand as he came from market. He believed it, and others spoke of it to me as true, and that his lameness afterwards was imputed to his efforts.

Mr. Table said there were but few streets paved. Broadway and other streets had all their gutter ways in the *middle.*

He remembered the Oswego market *in* Broadway, *opposite* to Liberty street. When demolished, another was placed at the west end of Maiden lane.

The Bear market was the only one on the North river side. It took its name from the fact of the first meat ever sold in it having been bear meat, killed as the bear was swimming from the neighbourhood of Bergen shore.

William street, from John street northwards, used to be called Horse and Cart street, from an inn near there having such a sign.

Mr. Grant Thorburn, the seedman, told me that when they were digging in Broadway to lay the Manhattan pipes, they came to the posts of the city gate once at Wall street. The deed for his premises, once the Friends meeting-house, speaks of its being located "outside of the wall of the city," thus referring to the wall once along "Wall street." He also showed me a rarity in the *first* directory ever made for New York, say in the year 1786. The very names of that day are curious; so few then who were foreigners. Such was the novelty or uselessness of a directory then, when every man knew his neighbour, that no other was attempted till the year 1793; that one Mr. Thorburn also possesses.

Mr. Thorburn's seed house is a curiosity itself—a rare conception on his part; and presenting to the eye of a walking passenger along the streets, a little *rus in urbe.*

This Mr. Grant Thorburn, may be regarded as somewhat of a curiosity, and a character in himself—especially in his relation to the olden time, and his cordial attachment to the past. Besides being in his own person, the proper "Lawrie Todd" of western New York, he is often a pleasant noticer of the passing changes of men and things in and about New York city. We quote from some of his reminiscences:—He came to this country from Scotland, in 1794, and engaged in New York at nail making, as then wrought by the hand, and since wholly superseded by cutting machines, turning him for the time, out of his employment and bread! He says he saw at his arrival all things in the *Dutch* character, such as Dutch houses, goods, and manners, also Dutch words, Dutch men, and Dutch lasses. The great majority of vessels then were advertised as bound for Amsterdam and Rotterdam, and but few then for Liverpool and London. Then the Bear market (since the Washington) was supplied principally from Haverstraw, Hackensack, Bergen, and Communipaw, and

unless you could talk a good portion of Dutch, it was of little use to go there to traffic. Then *Paus* and *Pinkster* were of universal observance. Then for the time being, all made it an idle day —boys and negroes might be seen all day standing in the market place, laughing, joking, and cracking eggs. In the afternoon, the grown up apprentices and servant girls, used to dance on the green in Bayard's farm in the Bowery. One of his contemporaries told him how the apprentices of his day, were all wont to save their earnings, on purpose to have their full of frolic at Paus. He had himself, only some five years before, saved up his fifteen dollars for such an occasion, but when the time came, he heard that *lots* were selling *out of town*, where Leonard street since runs, for only fifteen dollars; he resolved to forego his intended frolic, and by his forbearance for one season of joy and fun, *to buy a lot.* But before he reached the place of purchase, he was overruled by another, to join him in his paus-day, and so lost in his fifteen dollars of money spent, which if invested, would have brought him three thousand dollars now. Think of the change, and such changes have been profited in by many. At that time there was only *one* Doctor in New York who "kept a gig"—he par excellence was *Dr. Charlton.* The first man to make *coach springs* in New York was one Williams from England, who came to work in the same shop with Mr. Thorburn—he made money and did well for himself until he joined Tom Paine's society and infidelity, and then he became an outcast, and an alms-house pauper. Mr. Thorburn, in surveying the present and considering the past, makes his conclusion, that the *solid comforts* of social life in New York, have diminished proportionably to the advancements in refinements and luxuries—others think so too.

An ancient house at the corner of Beaver lane and Broadway, of original two stories high, has its cellar wall exposed *out* of ground, thus showing the cutting down of Broadway six to eight feet at least. If we keep the idea of that elevation, we may form some idea of the primitive elevation of the ground whereon the fort stood; aged men have told me they thought the highest elevation of the parapet walls was about equal to the walls of present houses near there.

Mr. Daniel J. Ebbets, aged seventy-six in 1828, who has been a very observant youth and is now an intelligent gentleman of lively mind, has helped me to many facts.

He says, the present Bowling Green was once an oblong square, and was well surrounded with large locust trees.

As late as the year 1787, he had assisted to draw a seine on the beach, where runs the present Greenwich street, say from Beaver lane to Battery: there they caught many fish and much of herring: the beach was beautiful; there boys and horses were wont to bathe and sport in the wave. A *street* to be *there* never

entered the head of the sportive youth. A large rock (see it on Lyne's map) stood out in the middle of present Greenwich street, then in the water, on which was a kind of rude summer house, much to the mind and fancy of the boys; affording them a resort of much frolic and youthful glee.

Then Mr. Ebbets saw no commerce, or vessels along the North river side. The Albany sloops all went round to East river, and all their sailors talked Dutch, and all understood it enough for their business.

He was familiar with the plot of the old fort, and described it thus;—first the green bank, which was sloping, was about fourteen feet high, on which was erected a wall of about twenty feet additional height. An old linden and two apple trees on the city side, were as high as the walls. Some barracks lay along the line of State street.

The Broadway, in 1772, extended only as high as the Hospital. Where the Hospital is, was "Rutger's orchard."

There was a rope walk (Vanpelt's) a little north of Courtland street, running from Broadway to the North river. All the old deeds on north side of Courtland street, speak of fifteen feet of the said walk as in their lots. Another ran parallel to it from opposite the present Bridewell prison; and in its place, or near it, was formerly a range of British barracks; [as I think since, in the line of the present Scudder's Museum.]

The "brick meeting," built in 1764, on Beekman street, near Chatham street, was then said to be in popular parlance, in "the fields." There Whitefield was heard to preach.

Back of the above-mentioned barracks, and also behind the present jail, was a high hill, and on its descent a negro burying ground; and thence further down, it was a fine meadow.

The British army gave the name of "the Mall" to their parade ground fronting the Trinity church.

There were very fine sun fish and roach fish caught in the Collect pond.

The City Hall at the head of Broad street, (afterwards the Congress Hall) besides holding the courts, was also a prison. In front of it, on the head of Broad street, he remembered seeing there a *whipping post*, and *pillory*, and *stocks*. He has seen them lead the culprits round the town, whipping them at the cart tail. They also introduced the wooden horse as a punishment. The horse was put into the cart-body, and the criminal set thereon. Mary Price having been the first who had the infamous distinction, caused the horse ever after to be called, "the horse of Mary Price."

So recently has a part of Water street been filled up, that he could now lead to the spot there, where could be found the body of a vessel deep under present ground.

He verified the fact in Moulton's book, of a canal (or channel)

of water running out of the present Beaver street, into the Broad street canal, in primitive times. He said that half way between Broad street and New street, in Beaver street, there had been dug up two bars of lead, evidently dropped overboard from some boat. At same place was a cedar post, upright, having on it the lines of the ropes of boats once tied to it.

The Mineral Spring, No. 8 Jacob's street, quaintly enough called "Jacob's Well," is a real curiosity, whether regarded either as an illusion or as a reality. The enterprise was bold to bore there one hundred and thirty feet, and the result is said to be that they found a spring having the properties of the Saratoga and Congress waters. Some distrust it, but the proprietors say, twenty-five thousand persons *used* it in a year. It is a part of Beekman's swamp.

The house in Peck's slip, north side, a yellow frame, No. 7, was pointed out to me by an aged person, as being in his youth the *nearest* house to the river, which was then so near, he could jump into the river then ranging along Water street, near to it. He said also that "Walton house," close by on Pearl street, No. 324, had its garden in its rear quite down to the river. He said the hill called Peck's Hill, from Walton house to the Franklin Bank, (at the union of Cherry and Pearl streets) was originally a much higher hill.

I went out to the Dry Dock and Steam Mill, for sawing, &c., on the river margin of "Stuyvesant's Swamp," or flats. It is a very wide extended wet flat, over which tides used to overflow, now sluiced out. Some low grass meadows appear; but generally it is a waste, coming now into incalculable value to that family as building lots. The adjacent hills furnish abundance of coarse sand and gravel material for filling up, which is now busily pursued in the lines of the intended streets. Some of the ancient oaks are scattered around, and many stumps showing the recent woods about here, wherever not submerged in water. At the point or hook, a little beyond the Dry Dock, I saw a small mount, on which, in the revolution, was a small redoubt, near which lay the King Fisher sloop of war.

I observed great digging down of hills and removals of earth going on, all about the Stuyvesant mansion house and farm. Mr. Nicholas S—— told me they often came to Indian graves, known as such by having oyster-shells interred with the bones, and sometimes some fragments of frail pottery.

Just beyond "Peter's Field" and mansion, extending up to the Fever Hospital at Bellevue, is a great bend or bay, which is now all filling up with innumerable loads of earth from the adjacent high grounds; the whole having a long wharf in front, calculated to extend down to the Dry Dock, all of which is to be laid out in streets and city lots. It is an immense and spirited undertaking, affording constant business for the labouring poor.

Canal street is a grand undertaking, effecting a great benefit, by draining through a great sewer the waters which once passed by the former canal to the Collect. The street is broad and the houses genteel; but as this region of ground was once swampy, it is liable now to have wet or damp cellars throughout the range of Lispenard's swamp to the northward, and from Lafayette theatre, (which is laid on piles) down to the North river. Chapel street, which runs southward from Canal street, follows the line of a former water-course (connecting with the canal formerly and now by a sewer) quite down to Leonard street, and has been all made ground, filled in over the sewer.

From the inlets to those sewers is emitted a strong offensive smell of filth and salt water, only however perceptible at the apertures, and never known to have any deleterious effect on health.

Mr. Wilke, president of the bank, told me he once stood sentinel as a volunteer on the sand beach, close to the present old sugar-house still standing nearly in the rear of the present City Hotel, on Broadway. Thus proving, what I had before heard from Mr. Swords and others, that at the rear of Trinity churchyard, a little beyond where Lumber street is now, the boys used to swim.

Mr. Wilke also told me he knew the parties who in 1780 fought a *duel* in the rear of the hospital ground.

In visiting Thomas Rammey, a good chronicle, I learned from himself and wife several facts, to wit:—

Rammey had lived in Cross street; while there, he dug up remains of the old Magazine, and he could see evidence that water sometimes had enclosed it, [as Lyne's ancient map had shown.] His mother-in-law, if alive, would be one hundred and six years of age in 1828. She often talked of the block-houses and palisades across the city, behind the present City Hall; said the Indians occupied many places outside of their line, and used there to make baskets, ladles, &c. for sale. Many of them hutted outside the present Hospital, towards the North river.

She well remembered they were used at times, in high waters, to have a *ferry boat* to cross the people in Chatham street, over where it crosses Pearl street, where it is still low ground. Lyne's map of 1729 marks this same place with a *bridge.*

She had recollection of the wife of Gov. Stuyvesant used to go out to his farm near the flats, and there see numerous fish caught.

She remembered and spoke much of the Negro Plot—said it made terrible agitation—saw the Negroes hung back of the site of the present jail, in the Park. A wind-mill once stood near there.

The Jews' burying-ground was up Chatham street, on a hill, where is now the Tradesman's Bank.

She said that water once ran from the Collect both ways; i. e. to the East river as well as to the North river. Sometimes the salt water came up to it from the North river in the winters, and raised the ice.

In her time the strand or beach on the East river was along present Pearl street generally; and at the corner of Pearl street and Maiden lane, dwelt her brother-in-law, who used to keep his boat tied to his stoop to ferry him off by water.

She said Maiden lane got its name from the practice of women, the younger part generally going out there to bleach their family linen: all of which was then made at home. It had a fine creek or brook, and was headed by a good spring. Sometime afterwards, minor springs remained for a time in cellars there, and one was in Cuyler's house till modern times. The hills adjacent, clothed in fine grass, sloped gradually to the line of Maiden lane, and there *she* bleached with many others.

She said Broadway went no higher than St. Paul's church.

She said "Chapel Hill," where is now Dr. Milnor's church, on Beekman street, was a very high mount and *steep*, from which the boys with sleds used to slide down on the snow, quite to the swamp below. With this agrees the fact told me by Mr. James Bogert, that his father, in later times, used to ride up to it as a high apple orchard.

Mr. Rammey said that behind the City Hall once stood an old alms-house, built in 1710, and taken down about the year 1793; perhaps the burials behind it gave rise to the remark made to me by Dr. Francis, that along the line of Chambers street are many graves.

He says he used to be told that the real "ferry house" on Broad street, was at the north-east corner of Garden street, now Exchange Place, and is lately taken down, [and so several others have suggested to me]; and that the other, (No. 19) a little higher up, (the north end of the Custom-house store) was only a second inn, having a ferry boat sign, either in opposition, or to perpetuate the other. He said the boats were flat bottomed, and used to come from Jersey. To *me* I confess it seems to have been a singular location for a ferry, but as the tradition is so general and concurrent, I incline to think it was so called from its being a resort of country boats coming there to find a central place for their sales. I have heard the names of certain present rich families, whose ancestors were said to come there with oysters.

A man actually born in the old ferry house, at the corner, and who dwelt there forty years, described it as a very low one story house, with very high and steep pediment roof; its front on Broad street; its side along Garden alley had two dormer windows in the roof, much above the plate; shingle roof covered with moss; one hundred years probably of age; had an iron boat, and oars and anchor for a sign; the "Governor's house"

adjoined it in the alley. An old lady close by confirmed all this. *A picture of the whole scene is annexed.*

Mr. David Grim, an aged citizen, to whom we are indebted for much valuable *data* given to the Historical Society, has estimated in detail the houses of the city in 1744, as then 1141 in number, of which only 129 houses were on the west side of the Broadway to the North river inclusive: thus evidencing fully, that the tide of population very greatly inclined to the East river.

Mrs. Myers, the daughter of said D. Grim, said she had seen the British barracks of wood, enclosed by a high fence. It extended from Broadway to Chatham street, along present Chambers street, exactly where is now the Museum. It had a gate at each end; the one by Chatham street was called "Tryon's Gate," after the name of the governor, from which we have derived since *there*, the name of "Tryon's Row."

About the year 1788 the whole of the ancient fort, near the site of the present Battery, was all taken down and levelled under the direction of Messrs. J. Pintard, Vansant, and Janeway, as city commissioners. The design was to prepare the site to erect thereon a house for General Washington as President of the United States; but as the Congress removed to Philadelphia, he never occupied it, and it therefore became the "governor's house" in the person of Governor Clinton.

In taking down the ancient Dutch chapel vault, they came to the remains of Lord and Lady Bellermont, in leaden coffins, known by family escutcheon and inscriptions on silver plates. These coffins, with the bones of several others, were taken by Mr. Pintard, who told me, to St. Paul's church ground, where they all rest now in one common grave, without any notice above ground of "storied urn or animated bust." The silver plates were taken by Mr. Vansant for a museum; but he dying, they fell into hands which with much bad taste, converted them into spoons! A story much like this is told of the use made of the coffin plates of Governor Paulus Vanderbrecke and wife, placed first in G. Baker's museum, and afterwards in Tammany Hall. Lord Bellermont died in 1701. Mr. Dunlap, in his history of New York, vol. i. page 244, gives some facts concerning this.

This brief notice of the once renowned dead, so soon divested of sculptured fame, leads me to the notice of some other cases where the sculptor's hand could not give even brief existence to once mighty names; I refer to the king's equestrian statue of lead in the centre of the Bowling Green, and to Pitt's marble statue in Wall street, centre of William street. Both are gone, and scarcely may you learn the history of their abduction. So frail is *human* glory!

The latter I found, after much inquiry and search, in the Arsenal yard on the site of the Collect. It had before been to Bridewell yard. The statue is of fine marble and fine execution,

in a Roman toga, and showing the roll of *Magna Charta;* but it is decapitated, and without hands—in short, a sorry relic! Our patriot fathers of the revolution, when they erected it, swore it should be as eternal as "enduring marble;" they idolized the man as their British champion,

"In *freedom's* cause with generous warmth inspired."

But the fact was, while the British army occupied New York, their champion lost his head on some unknown occasion, and has never since been heard of! The statue itself was taken down soon after the peace, both as an inconvenience in the street, so narrow there in the busy mart, and also as a deformity. Alexander M'Cormick, Esq., who dwelt near the statue, told me it disappeared the night of St. Andrew, when, as it was whispered, some British officers, who had been at their revels, struck it off in revelry rather than in spite. No inquisition was made for it at the time; one hand had before been struck off, it was supposed, by boys. A story was told among some whigs, that the tories had struck off the head in retaliation for the alleged insult offered to the king, by drawing his statue along the street to melt it into bullets for the war. My friend John Baylie was present in July, '76, and saw the degrading spectacle. He saw no decent people present; a great majority were shouting boys.*

Before the revolution, and even sometime afterwards, William street was the great mart for dry goods sales, and chiefly from Maiden lane up to Pearl street. It was the proper Bond street too for the beaux and shopping belles. Now Broadway has its turn.

Pearl street then had no stores, but it was the place of good dwellings; then Broadway had no stores or business, and had but a few scattered houses about the region of the new City Hall.

Before the revolution, the only road out of town was by the Bowery road, and was once called "the high road to Boston."

The Bowling Green was before called "the Parade."

Mr. Thomas Swords, aged sixty-six in 1828, told me he remembered to have seen the remains of an old redoubt by Grace and Lumber street (corner), the same which was presumed once to have terminated the northern line of the city along Wall street. It was a hill there; there American prisoners were buried in time of the revolution; and he has seen coffins there in the wasting banks of the mount; at the foot of it, was the beach along the North river.

The grandfather of Mr. James Bogert told him that oyster vessels used to come up Broad street to sell them; and in later times, water used to enter cellars along that street from the canal.

David Grim, in his very interesting topographical draft of the

* The statues of Pitt and George III. were both put up in 1770.

city as it was in 1742–4, (done by him when seventy-six years of age, in the year 1813,) is a highly useful relic and gift of the *olden time.* His generous attention to posterity in that gift to the Historical Society is beyond all praise, as a work in itself *sui generis*, and not to be replaced by any other data. He was a chronicle, who lived to be eighty-nine, and to *wonder* at the advancements and *changes* around him! I here mark some of his facts :—

He marks the "Governor's Garden" near the fort, as ranging along the line of Whitehall street, next the fort, and there turning an angle of the fort and enclosing westward to the river. This also agrees with the report of others, who told me of seeing deer kept by the governor in front of the fort on the ground of the Water Battery.

Mr. Grim marks the line of a narrow canal or channel in Broad street, as open above the present Pearl street, and there covered by the bridge or Exchange House, or both.

He marks the localities of public wells in the middle of the streets.

He marks Rutgers' farm as lying north-west of the Collect, and Winthorn's farm as south-east of the same.

At the foot of Courtland street he marks the then *only wharf.* We know it was built there for the king's purposes, having thereon an arsenal reaching up to Dey street.

Mr. David Grim told his daughter of there having been a market once held at the head of Broad street. This agrees with what G. N. Bleeker, Esq., told me, as from his grandmother, who spoke of a market at Garden street, which was in effect the same place.

Bakewell's City Portrait of 1747, a fine perspective, marks the great dock at the foot of Broad street as having a long dividing wharf projecting into it from Broad, and set on piles, which leads me to the idea of "the bridge" so often named there. It was probably the landing place for the unloaded goods from vessels in the east and west mole on both sides of it.

A low market house on arches, having a large dial plate on its roof in front, is set at the foot of Broad street.

The city corporation grants to Trinity church, in 1703, as I saw of record in Mr. Bleeker's office, the grounds there "for a burying place for the inhabitants of the city forever; and upon any of the inhabitants of said city paying therefor to the Rector, &c. 3*s.* for each corpse above twelve years of age, and 1*s.* 6*d.* for any under twelve years of age, and no more." This last emphatic word may seem peculiar when we reflect how very special and exclusive those grounds have been so long occupied.

In the minutes of council of 1696, I saw that a sewer of 1100 feet length was recommended to be made in the Broad street.

I saw in the city commissioner's office, that the population of New York, in 1730, was only 8638; and in 1825, it was 166,086.

David Grim told Mr. Lydigg that he had seen the river water over Chatham street and Pearl street, and extending from the East to the North river; along the line of the Collect as I presume.

Mr. Brower and others have explained to me, that all along the present Grand street, as it approaches to Corlear's Hook, was formerly very high hills covered with apple and peach trees. Much too of the present level of Harman street, leading into Grand street, was formerly hills of sixty feet height. The materials of these hills so cut down furnish excellent gravel for new streets, and especially the means of extending their grounds out into the rivers.

The first bank in New York, called the Bank of New York, began the 9th of June 1784, opened from 10 to 1, and from 3 to 5 each day–A. McDougall, President, Wm. Seton, Cashier, discounts not longer than 30 days, and once a week; gold taken by weight

Hudson's Square is a beautiful embellishment of New York, redeemed from a former waste, once a sand beach. The large growth of the trees and the abundance of grateful shade, make it, in connexion with the superiority of the uniform houses which surround it, a place of imposing grandeur. The continuous long lines of iron palisades, both round the square and before the areas of every house, and up the several door steps, give a peculiar aspect of European style and magnificence.

The residences of Col. Rutgers and Col. Willett, though originally located far out of town, on the East river side, have been surrounded by the encroaching population; but as the encroachments have not been permitted to close very close upon them, they are still enabled to retain some grounds around them of rural appearance. Col. Willett's house was formerly on a knoll situated on the margin of Stuyvesant swamp. Soon all such recollections will be obliterated by the entire different face of things now beginning to appear there.

David Grim said he remembered when carmen first took about the tea water; it was but one-third of present prices. The water formerly, was good at the wells and some of the street pumps.

He remembered when only one lamp was used in the street—say at the corner of Wall and William streets.

Mr. Brower told me, street lamps came into use about ten years before the revolution. The carts at that time were not allowed to have any tire on their wheels.

The carriage of the mail between New York and Philadelphia, even since the revolution, was a very small matter; it was hardly an affair to be robbed, for a boy, without any means of defence, took the whole in saddle-bags on horseback, three times a week. Then they wondered to see it enlarged, and took it on a sulkey; and by and by, "the wonder grew," that it should still more en

large, and they took off the body and run it in a large bag on a platform set on the wheels. It was then long deemed as at its *ne plus ultra;* whereas now it is a load of itself for a four horse stage! At that time the post always went to and fro from the "Blazing Star," vis-a-vis Staten Island, now unknown as a great thoroughfare.

General Washington's residence in New York was at the house now the Franklin Bank; to that house he once went in procession. The house was kept by Osgood, and was then No. 1 in pre-eminence.

The house No. 176 Water street, was the first in New York to change leaden sashes for wooden ones; leaden ones were general. Even Trinity church had its leaden frames put in after the fire of 1778.

Dr. Hosack's map, showing the grounds of New York as invaded by water from the rivers, marks "Rutgers' Swamp," as united to the East river by a little creek a little to the eastward of Rutgers' slip.

At Corlear's Hook he also marks much marsh ground, uniting to the river by a small creek.

Beekman's swamp is also united to the East river by a little creek next south-west of Peck's slip.

Mr. Dunlap, has graphically described the impediments of travelling between the cities of New York and Philadelphia, as seen in his own time, and earlier; for instance, "a commodious *stage boat,*" would start with passengers and goods, from City Hall slip, twice a week, for Perth Amboy ferry, thence by a stage wagon to Cranberry and Burlington, and thence again by stage boat to Philadelphia; all this in three days, barring accidents. But accidents would occur. The stage boats were small sloops, managed by a man and boy, or at most by two men, and passing by "the outside passage," that is by the Narrows; it sometimes occurred that they were driven out to sea. If the weather was very bad they went "inside" by the Kills.

Another way to Philadelphia, was by crossing the bay to Staten Island, in a petty auga, with lee-boards, and managed only by one man. Such a man was sometimes inebriate or stultified. When arrived at Staten Island, you crossed to the ferry at Arthur Koll's sound, by *a scow,* and thence you were carried to the "Blazing Star" inn, at Woodbridge. At Brunswick, you again crossed in a scow; at Trenton again in a scow; then at Neshaminy on a floating bridge, and on the third or fourth day, you were in Philadelphia.

The third and most common route, was to cross the North river to Paulus Hook in a boat, thence through the marshes to Hackensack river, across which you passed in a scow, then to Passaic river, and ferried over, thence as before mentioned, to Philadelphia, in about three days

The perils of the passage from the "Blazing Star," (meaning the sign of a comet,) being four or five miles from the ferry at Staten Island, may be illustrated by the fact, that the Baron De Kalb, when he was a colonel in January 1768, was the only one of nine persons crossing in the scow, who was not so frozen as to lose life or limb; some losing toes, others feet, fingers, &c.; the scow sunk on a sand island, leaving them out *all night.* He alone would not go to the fire when rescued, but put his feet and legs into cold icy water, took some refreshment, went to bed, and got up unhurt. A Mr. George died before they were relieved.

In the year 1785, the first stages were begun between New York and Albany, to run with four horses, on the east side of the North river, at four pence per mile, under a special act of the legislature, in an exclusive grant for ten years, to Isa Van Wyck, T. Hall and J. Kinney.

The canal in Broad street, went up o iginally to *the hill* called *Verlettenberg*, since corrupted to Flattenbarrack hill; the word *berg* implied *a hill*, and *verletten* meant *to stop.* The *ferry* once there, at *the head* or *stop* of tide water, furnished a means to bring country folks and marketing from Brooklyn and Gowanus, &c., up to the heart of the city. All the sides of the canal were once *dyked* with posts, at twelve feet from the houses, some of which have been since found there.

The cold winter of 1780, presented the following incidents, viz:

On the 15th of January, great numbers of the inhabitants passed to and fro on the ice, on the East river.

On the 24th, the Hudson was crossed on the ice.

On the 29th, several persons passed to and fro, between New York and Staten Island; at one time eighty sleighs with provisions, escorted by one hundred soldiers, passed over the same field of ice.

A thaw occurred on the 15th of February, and on the 24th, the navigation became entirely open.

Hugh Gain, in his Universal Register of 1787, gives the population of New York before the fire, at 30,000 inhabitants, and 4200 houses.

About the year 1800, New York had its most fashionable population in Wall and Pine streets, between Broadway and Pearl streets; and also on Pearl street from Hanover Square, (now Old slip) to John street; some along State street; and also in Broadway, from below Wall street to the Battery.

While the late speculations in lots was rife, in and near New York, a Frenchman was induced to become a purchaser of something or nothing, near the Wallabot. In time, he visited his seller, to say he had been to examine "the grand lot vot he had sell him, and he find *no ground* at all, no ting he find but vataire;" he therefore asks the return of his purchase money, and is answered, that that is no buisiness of his. "Den I ask you to be so good

to take off de East river, off de top!" Upon being told, that that was not to be expected of him, the Frenchman says he will have no alternative but to drown himself there in despair, and is coolly answered, that he may go and *so use* his water privilege! We need scarce add, that the lots still remain *under water!*

I add the following facts, to show *comparatively*, the progressive changes of New York, in population and wealth, to wit:

Population of the city,

In 1756,	10,381	inhabitants.	In 1820,	123,706	inhabitants.
" 1771,	21,863	"	" 1830,	203,007	"
" 1790,	33,131	"	" 1840,	312,710	"
" 1810,	96,373	"	" 1845,	366,785	"

Value of taxable property in the city,

	Real Estate.	Personal.	Total.
In 1830,	$87,608,000	$37,685,000	$125,293,000.
In 1836,	233,744,000	75,759,000	309,503,000.
In 1844,	171,937,000	64,024,000	235,961,000.

Governor's Island, originally called Nutting Island, because of the quantity of hazel and other nuts growing there, and furnishing the winter's supply to the citizens. In later times, says Knickerbocker, it was cultivated in gardens for the use of the colonial governors—"once a smiling garden of the sovereigns of the province."

It was originally a part of Long Island, however it may now appear to the eye on beholding so wide a separation by deep water. This widening and deepening of the Buttermilk channel has been caused by the filling in of the south side of the city.

An old gentleman alive in 1828, remembers that as late as 1786, the Buttermilk channel was then deemed unsafe, even for boats to pass through it, because of the numerous rocks there. It was however so used for a boat channel, through which boats with milk and buttermilk, going to New York market from Long Island, usually made their passage. My mother told me that when she first entered New York harbour—then a girl—she was surprised to see all the market boats traversing the East river, rowed by robust women without hats or bonnets . . . . their heads fitted with close caps . . . two rowers to each. How different this from the present state of females!

The same gentleman who told of the channel as he noticed it in 1786, had his attention called to it then by a Mr. Van Alstine, upwards of eighty years of age, who said that he remembered when Governor's Island was separated from Long Island, only by a narrow creek, which was crossed upon logs, raised above the high tide, and having staked logs for a foot way through the marsh then there on each side of the creek.

In making excavations at South Brooklyn, for the Atlantic dock in 1842, they found at the depth of twenty feet a good many

roots of trees, in the positions in which they had once grown on the spot, and below them they found peat.

Wm. Richards, of Philadelphia, famous there for pickling sturgeon, went to New York, before the revolution, to plant lobsters in that neighbourhood; before which time they chiefly imported them from Rhode Island. He had a vote of thanks of the Assembly, many years afterwards. Lobsters after this, probably became naturalized about Harlem.

In 1756, the *first stage* is started between Phiadelphia and New York, by Mr. Butler . . . three days through.

In 1755, the mail was changed from once a fortnight to once a week.

In 1756, the first British "packet boats," commence from New York to Falmouth; each letter to pay four penny-weight of silver.

All newspapers went *free* of postage before the year 1758. It was then ordered that, by reason of their *great increase*, they should pay 9*d.* a year for fifty miles, and 1*s.* 6*d.* for one hundred miles.

In 1765, a *second stage* is announced to travel between New York and Philadelphia, to go through in three days, being a covered Jersey wagon, at 2*d.* a mile . . . . owned in Philadelphia.

In 1766, *another stage* called "the Flying Machine," to go through in two days, is advertised, with "good wagons, and seats on springs," at 3*d.* a mile, or 20*s.* through. This was also owned in Philadelphia.

Mr. McCormick, of Wall street, remembered when "Burnetts Key" extended from Wall street up to Maiden lane, in one entire line of front, and projecting out from Water street, beyond any other line of wharves. It was the bathing place of the city boys and of himself.

In 1702, New York was visited with a very mortal sickness. Isaac Norris' MS. letter says, "the great sickness . . . Barbadoes Distemper or Yellow Fever . . . . as we had it in Philadelphia three years before. Some hundred died there, and many left the town, so that as we passed it, it was almost desolate."

In 1743, a yellow fever, as it was called, visited New York . . . . "not imported"—but like it was at Philadelphia three years before;—they had black vomit and spots. Vide R. Peters' MS.

In digging for a lamp post, at the north-east corner of Reed street and Broadway, they were surprised to get up several human bones, and thus leading to the recollection of the former fact, that between that place and Chambers street, was once the area of the Negroes' burying ground;—it was on a descending hill, inclining northward. A row of low *log houses* once stood there.

In Lynes' survey of New York of 1729, he marks a lane called "old Wind-mill lane," lying between present Courtland and

Liberty streets, extending from Broadway to present Greenwich street, and thence north-westward towards the river side, where the Wind Mill must have stood. It was then the most northern street on the west side of Broadway—all beyond was the King's farm.

The same survey fills up the head of the present Broadway, with a long ropewalk and a long line of trees, reaching from the present Barclay street as high as the hospital.

At that time there was at the foot of the present Chambers street, on North river, a distinguished public garden and bowling green. Such greens, seem to have been much in vogue.

Among the names of streets *changed*, are these:—the present Pine street was called King street; Pearl street was Queen street; Cedar street now, was little Queen street; Liberty street was Crown street,—importing that *the crown* was supplanted by our *self-rule* since! The western end of Garden street, was *a hill* called Flatten-barrack—a celebrated place for boys, in winter to sled down hill! The present Beaver street, *east* of Broad street, was Princess street; the present Stone street, also *east* of Broad street, was Duke street; John street now, *east* of William street, was called Golden Hill from the Dutch of Gowden Berg..... The hill once there at its intersection with Cliff street, gave rise to the name of the street *along the Cliff*. William street, at its *southern* end was called South street.... say from Maiden lane to the East river.

On the subject of names of places, an amusing chapter could be written. Judge Benson has done something on this subject. For instance, Flatten-barrack hill, is simply deduced by corruption from the name of *Verletten* who owned the *berg, i. e.* the hill. To English ears, Verletten-berg, came to sound like Flatten-barrack, and they added *Hill* to it, not knowing that barrack, for berg, was already expressed. Just as the English sailors and others in the East Indies, called the Surajah Dorohla, Sir Roger Dowlass.

New York and Judge Egbert Benson. The Judge died at *Jamaica*, Long Island, in August 1833, in his 87th year. He was the last survivor of the provincial congress of *the State* of New York of 1775. He had been much in public life, and always respected and esteemed. He was born in New York city in really Dutch times. When six years old he went to a Dutch school at the corner of Marketfield and Broad streets, and was taught his catechism in the Dutch language. His father's house stood in front of where the Fulton Bank now stands. They used in the Dutch churches *an hour glass* near the clerk, to ascertain the length of the sermon, which was always limited to one hour. They made the collections in a bag, with *a bell* to give notice of the approach of the deacon (gatherers). Judge Benson remembered the line of palisadoes across the Island from its point on the East river from James' slip to its point on the North river at

the foot of Warren street, with its gates and block houses erected in 1746, for a defence from the French and Indians from Canada, and of a field of barley growing upon the west side of Broadway, as far south as the palisadoes, the space between which and the present Fulton street, was known as the *Kings farm.* He remembered when the site of Columbia college was a race course; and when the first lamps were placed in the city. He was at the opening of St. George's church; and assisted in planting the row of trees now growing in front of Columbia college nearest the building. He was a representative to the first American congress of 1781, and he and James Madison when still living, were the last surviving members of that illustrious body.* His memoir for the Historical Society, 1815, was published in 1825.

Government Offices. 1785. (from Directory.)

Treasury Office, No. 49 Great Dock st., Walter Livingston, Commissioner of Treasury *there.*

Quarter Master General's office. No. 18 Wall street, by Wm. Denning.

General Hospital Department. No. 7 Cherry street, by Edwd. Fox.

Clothier General Department, No. 66 William street, by Joseph Bindon.

Mr. Isaac Collins told me of "Lispenard's pond," of fresh water; it was in Lispenard's meadow between North Seventh street, and Green street and between Broadway and Greenwich; it was filled up about the year 1800. The boys used it for play and for sailing their little boats. He remembered a swamp near the Collect, which still had the stumps of great cypress trees in it. He said Bunker's Hill, so high and so commanding in its prospect, should never have been removed. It would now have been a noble observatory for a grand panorama.

A gentleman has kindly contributed sundry reminiscences—wherein he says:

It makes me feel old, and a little sad, as I take my usual walk *up Broadway* every day before dinner, to think of the numbers of well dressed young gentlemen that pass me by, in whose memories there is no trace of the actual state of that *exquisite promenade*, as it existed above the Hospital *eighteen years ago.* How many pairs of feet are now to be seen every morning arrayed in Benton's best Wellingtons, that *never skated upon the meadows!* How many curled heads that now sport Mr. St. John's

* When we contemplate the ability of such men to leave us enlarged notices of their observations, of their early times,—so much more competent to tell facts, necessarily unknown to me as a much younger man; one cannot but be pained to consider how very little they have done in this matter for us. I actually took the pains in 1828, to write him a long letter, to urge him to communicate what he could,—the same I did to the late Judge R. Peters, but neither of them acted.

short naps in the neighbourhood of Canal street, were never uncovered by one of those sudden gusts that used to sweep down from *the dreary waste of the Collect*, to the utter discomfiture of the pedestrians crossing *the stone bridge!* How many gallants now saunter along at midnight through the purlieus of Bond street and Le Roy Place, fearless of danger, and carry no recollection of that terrible winter in which so many good citizens were knocked down soon after dusk, even as far south as Broome street; when no man would venture beyond Broadway towards the North river by night without carrying pistols, and the watchmen marched on their beats in couples; one to take care of the other.

I remember the first troop of circus riders that ever favoured the good people of New York with their flipflaps and somersets; their leaps over any indefinite number of horses, and marvellous exhibitions of ground and lofty tumbling. I was a boy then, and went to school just on the outskirts of the city, in Broome street. Not far from the school-house, and as near as I can recollect, on or about the spot where Baggot's glass cutting workshop was standing two or three years ago, there was a high steep hill that towered above the few neighbouring houses; this was *a general play ground* for all the schoolboys and *loafers* in that part of the city; and many a tough battle we had, for the honour of our respective establishments. I remember the very spot, (totally hidden from sight now by scores of brick tenements) where I was standing with some ten or a dozen of my schoolfellows, when the tidings were brought by one of our scouting explorers, that "something was going on down at the Collect." Back of the houses upon the east side of Broadway, as far as Mulberry street, it was then *all waste ground from Anthony street up to Grand;* the deep and offensive *quagmire* that had gotten, nobody knows how or why, the name of *The Collect*, filled up the central portion of this space; besides this, there was a little shanty dignified with the name of a market, somewhere about Leonard street and not far from Broadway; the rest of the ground boasted no other edifice than some two or three dozen pig-styes, scattered in picturesque confusion over its surface.

No sooner was the intelligence made known that "something uncommon was going on *at the Collect*," than off we started, full speed, to spy out the wonder: there were no corners to turn then, or lamp posts to run against, in our way; we made a bee-line from *Bunker's Hill* to the plain of the pig-styes, and there sure enough, we found sundry carpenters hard at work erecting a stage, not far from the market. The structure was simple enough, it was merely a platform about six feet high, ten or twelve wide, and about twenty yards long. What it was for, it puzzled our wisdom to guess; but a very brief space unravelled the mystery. The job was almost completed when we

came up, and after lounging about for some fifteen or twenty minutes, staring with all our eyes, and uttering more conjectures than were propounded touching the last comet, we were struck dumb with amazement by the approach of a band of splendidly clad horsemen, in the midst of whom rode a princess, as we supposed, gaily attired in habits of very unclean satin, bedizened with tinsel; a tiara of damaged plumes upon her head, and her cheeks glowing with rouge of the most brilliant intensity. We had heard of the glories of circus-riding; suspicions of the delightful truth therefore flashed on our minds, which was soon heightened to certainty, by the appearance of one of the horsemen, whose striped garments, fools-cap, and antic manœuvres, proclaimed him the clown of the company.

There was no ring for the display of horsemanship; and what gave the affair a peculiar charm in our eyes, no charge for beholding the feats of the professors; they relied for their remuneration upon the generosity of the spectators, which was appealed to in their behalf by the princess of the glittering garments, in personal applications enforced by the presentation to each individual, of the tambourine which constituted the orchestra. The performance consisted of leaps, tumbles, flipflaps and somersets, enlivened by the occasionally grins and practical jokes of the clown. Our hearts warmed to the fellow from the beginning, for the horsewhip of the director or manager of the troop was very often applied to his shoulders; a species of discipline with which we were familiar at school, and which therefore made a direct appeal to our sympathies; of course, we supposed that the lash was laid on in good earnest, and so, for any thing I know, it was. I remember perfectly well the indignation I felt, whenever he got a cut that made him skip like the servants in "Taming the Shrew" when Petruchio lays about him; and equally well the very essential flogging I was favoured with when I went home, for loitering more than an hour beyond my usual time of returning from school; a misdemeanour for which I did not deem it expedient to allege my attendance upon the equestrian exhibition, as an excuse or satisfactory reason.

The gentlemen of the spring-board and leaping-pole of whom I have already made honourable mention, gathered so many coppers (varied with a decent allowance of kicks now and then) in the exercise of their abilities, that their director was soon encouraged to make preparations for a more permanent habitation among us. Whether it was that the effluvia from the Collect were too much for their sensitive olfactory nerves, or that the want of an enclosure was found inconvenient by reason of the indiscriminate character of the beholders, whom the fame of their doings attracted, I know not; but certain it is that in the course of a very few weeks they decamped from the plain of the pig-styes, and established their head quarters in what was then

nothing more than a large lot with a high fence surrounding it; although now it defies competition for neatness and beauty among all the pleasuring places in Christendom. There must be a great many now in New York who remember the time when a lover of rural beauties would have been just as likely to find a rare shrub, a beautiful flower, a brilliant parterre, or an ice-cream, on the craggy top of the Devil's Pulpit, as within *the inclosure* that then formed *the boundary between Niblo's garden and Broadway.* The *house* wherein so many dinners and exquisite suppers have been demolished; so many canvass-backs browned, and so many blue pointers tickled to death; in which so many champagne-corks have been popped, and so many furious head-aches engendered, was not then erected; and in its stead, a fence some eight or ten feet in height, stared with a most forbidding aspect upon the high-road to Boston, (for that part of Broadway was then nothing more *than a road,*) and seemed to defy with a sturdy moroseness, every attempt to spy out the doings that might be in progress within. In the side fronting on Prince street, then as now, was a large gate, secured by a padlock of clumsy dimensions; and a villanous row of sharp spikes extended along the top, to the utter discomfiture of the hopes of every ambitious climber.

This then *was the spot selected* for the display of *equestrian feats;* a stage was erected; and so was a shanty or booth in one of the corners, wherein thirsty souls might indulge their bibulous inclinations, in the intervals of the performance. A ring too was formed; and strange were the rumors that went abroad through the younger part of the population, touching the wonderful works of the trained quadrupeds and their desperate riders. The tambourine that at first had served in the double duty of orchestra and collection-box, had now grown up into a band, consisting of three drums (one a bass), a trumpet and two fifes; and a precious disturbance they kicked up every evening. The performance commenced every day (except Sunday) at about four, and was kept up till dusk; thus lying in wait, as it were, for all the urchins returning from school who happened to dwell any where in the neighbourhood. Among these, for my sins, I was one; and though it seldom happened that I could command the required amount of coin to purchase admission, and the knot holes in the fence were all carefully stopped (to prevent peeping without paying), I never could go on my way without lingering round the charmed spot, in the doubtful hope of a clandestine enjoyment by some unforeseen combination of circumstances; at the more than probable risk of an introduction to the rattan when I got home for the "dallying dear delay" of my return.

At the time of which I am writing, the number of traps for stray silver and bank notes in New York, was much less than it is now: the only theatre was opened (if I remember right) but

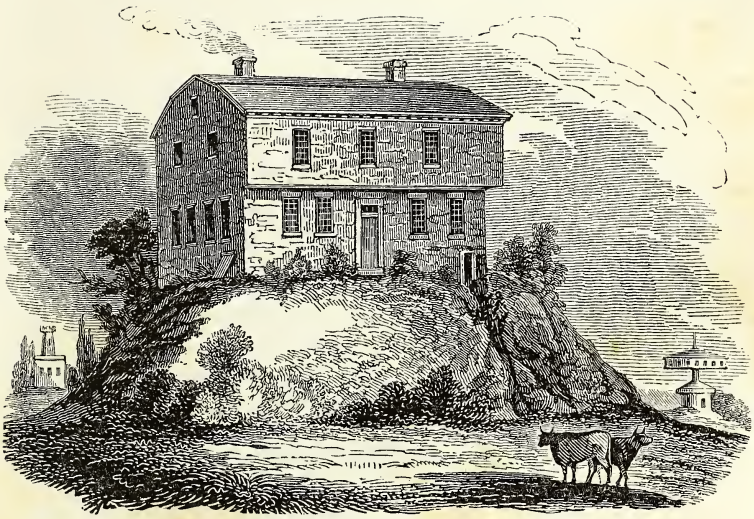
three times a week; the Castle Garden was nothing more than a fortress grinning with thirty-two pounders upon the vessels that sailed up the bay; Peale's museum was not; an opera was a thing unheard of, and *soirées musicales* were among the things yet to be invented. Vauxhall was in all its glory; but nobody ever dreamed of going there except upon Sunday evenings, and those rare occasions upon which Mr. Delacroix was going to do something wonderful—perhaps four or five times in the year. Barrere was making a fortune very quietly with his little concern in Chatham street, where his ice creams and his fountain that threw up a quart of water in twenty-four hours, were the admiration of all the world.

The popular periodical, the New York Mirror, under the above head, gives an article which we give in part below. It may amuse and interest our readers, as giving a brief picture of the innovations and revolutions in things which fashion and change is every where impressing upon our country in the form of *improvement.*

"The city of the Knickerbockers is fast disappearing from the world of realities, and their homes are following them to the vast shadow of oblivion. Tiled roofs and high peaked gable ends have already undergone the fate of the cocked hats, the eel-skin queues, and the multitudinous small-clothes that once gave assurance of a race of Dutchmen in this venerable city; all are gone, and in a few short years there will be none even to remember that such things were! St. Nicholas has abandoned his once favourite metropolis, and how should it be otherwise, since there is not a Dutch chimney corner left for him to nestle in?"

"It is a melancholy thing to see the desolation that is wrought by fashion. How it sweeps away all relics of the venerable past, cutting short the term for which they might be spared by the fell scythe of the inevitable destroyer, time, and anticipating even his too speedy operations. Where is the mansion of the Stuyvesants? We had fondly hoped, that if but for the sake of the immortal Peter, that hallowed edifice could be suffered to remain until its crumbling walls should yield to the slow corrosion of the elements, that generations yet unborn might gaze upon it with respect as the dwelling of a hero. It is gone; the hand of violence has fallen upon it, and the hallowed ground on which it stood, now groans beneath the weight of a tall mansion, whose large chimneys "flout the pale blue skies," and whose air of lightness forms a perfect contrast with the massive and solemn grandeur of the time-worn edifice it has supplanted."

"The Walton house indeed remains; but where are the beautiful little snuggeries that even within the last ten years gave so dignified an air to the narrow precincts of Garden street? It seems but yesterday that we were wont to make a weekly pilgrimage through Broad street on Sunday, after church, for the



Gov. Stuyvesant's Old Mansion, in Bowery, p. 180 and 196.

single purpose of beholding those remaining tokens of a generation long since passed away; and now we look for them in vain. Two were levelled with the ground in 1827, the oldest bearing on its front, in sprawling iron letters, the date of 1701, and the other of 1698; and there was one still older, built in 1689, to which we always felt a strong temptation to take off our hat in passing,—as to the oldest of the Knickerbockers. They are all gone now. We remember a nest of these Dutch tenements at the corner of Broad and Garden streets—the effigies of which are given in the cut that accompanies this article, and they too are gone."

In December, 1835, I visited the smoking ruins of "the great fire." My notices of what I saw and thought, I committed to a small MS. book of thirty pages 8vo. It might prove a useful and interesting picture of that event, at some future age. A *centennial* for instance.

When the forefathers of the present race of inhabitants were sufferers by the great conflagrations of 1776 and 1778, they felt as if ruin was perpetual, but behold how soon the evil was healed, and what was severely felt as a partial evil then, became a universal future good. This last conflagration swept off the last remains of the earliest settlers, and all the visible labours of the Dutch. Farewell now—a long farewell, to the city of the Dutch! Farewell to "the Scout, Burghermasters, and Shepens" no longer there! They and their houses all gone! Farewell to your Rondeels and Stadt huys; to your compact and mazy streets, no longer to be named in fame or song—farewell forever to your ancient, but now burnt out and effaced streets; such as Princess street, Duke street, Dock street, Mill street, and the great and little Queen streets. All now to be reconstructed in modern form and grandeur, and especially by towering stores of four, five and even six stories in height—a measure but too likely to produce other inextinguishable fires.

Since I wrote the above, in 1835, it comes to pass in 1841, that such high houses cannot be insured, unless at extra rates, and the consequence has been that twenty houses in Platt street are resolved to be reduced from five to four stories, as a means to *increase* their income to the owners at a less insurance! so it should be. Losses by fires in ten years preceding the introduction of Croton water, amounted to twenty millions of dollars. But in one year, from August 1842 to August 1843, the total loss with the use of that water, was only $246,404, in buildings and goods.

On the 19th of July 1845, ten years after the "great fire," there came to be another exhibition of a tremendous conflagration, in an adjoining quarter of the city, as is shown in the diagram. The first fire being shown in the border lines, and the last fire in the dark area, wherein were consumed three hundred and forty-five

houses; the houses and goods destroyed, estimated to be worth five millions of dollars; the other at thirty millions.

Mr. Dunlap, in leading his readers "about town," (in his publication,) says: We will proceed first along what is called the East river, and go northward and eastward. The portion of Water street, between "Old slip" and "Coffee-house slip," *was unbuilt on its outer or eastern side*, (and called Rotten-row,) the water occupying the space, from the "Coffee-house slip" to Fly or "Vly-market slip," or "Long Island ferry." That which is Water street now, was called "Burnet street." It was built on both sides, and had a block somewhat similar to Crugar's wharf, (above mentioned) also projecting in the river or harbour. From "Fly-market slip," we find a similar projection serving as the foundation and continuation of Water street to "Burling slip;" from whence, as we go north-east, the water occupied the east side of Water street, except as piers or wharves occasionally projected into it. That part of Water street which was then so called, commenced at "Peck's slip" extending eastward till intersecting Cherry street, which last terminates at what was afterwards "New slip," but *then* was the commencement of the "ship yards." Thus far, made the end of the town, in that direction. Going *back* therefore again to "Crugar's wharf," we will proceed in the *other* direction, going south-west, on which side we find the tide water flowing up to what is now Pearl street, and a long pier projecting into it. South-west of this pier were *two basins* called *east and west dock.* Further on was a small block, which was separated from the Battery by "Whitehall slip."

The Battery on the low point of the island, was founded on rocks, whose black faces appeared between the ramparts and the water, except at some very high tides. This rocky margin was continued round the point unto the commencement of Broadway, at the same spot it now does. Number One Broadway was long known as Kennedy house. The same is still standing, but much enlarged. In the Bowling Green, before it, stood a leaden statue *gilt*, of George III., erected on occasion of the Stamp act *repealed.* South of this place, on an eminence, stood Fort George, which overlooked the Battery, and *overhung* the little narrow street called Pearl street, which has given its name to what was once (four consecutive streets) Dock street, Hanover Square, Queen street, and Magazine street, superseding and engrossing them all by its own name. The governor's house and garden were *within* the precints of the fort, where were quarters and barracks for soldiers. Pearl street, in 1767, (to retrace the order before mentioned) extended from the Battery to Whitehall, thence Dock street to Old slip, thence Hanover Square to Coffee-house slip, and thence Queen street, ending in Chatham road or row. This was a row on the *east* side of what is now Chatham street. The west or north-west side was *open* from where Pearl street now

crosses Chatham, to the old jail, lately metamorphosed into a Grecian temple. This *open space* was occupied by a *rough bank* and a hill called Windmill hill.

The inhabitants then kept *their cows in the town*, and cow-herds received them in the morning, and drove them to pasture, returning them in due time in the evening. (What a rural character then !) The *cow pastures* were on the east, upon a line with the present Grand street, on the west, as low down as the hospital. Behind the tea water pump, was the Kolk or Collect, extending to the vicinity of Bayard's mount, afterward called Bunker Hill. This mount, as I understand him, he elsewhere says, would have presented one of the finest *elevations* for a panoramic picture, imaginable! It is cut down, but should have been reserved as public. To the east of Chatham row, the town was partially built on low swampy ground, intermingled with water, to "the ship yards," (a kind of water habitations.) Nearly opposite the place where Queen street ended, (as above told) in Chatham road, was the celebrated tea water pump, from which the inhabitants were supplied by carts, and attended by men and women distributing water as regularly as they do milk now. Beyond this pump, began farms and gardens along the Bowery or Boston road, the only road northward.

Returning back to Kennedy's house, at the beginning of Broadway, we proceed along the North river side, thus—behind his house and several adjacent ones, up Broadway, were gardens, whose walls of termination rested *on the beach*, and were washed by the tide water! From Trinity church northward, the buildings were mean, until we come to St. Paul's chapel, beyond which were public houses, gardens, fields, orchards, and swamps. Street extended from Broadway down to the river, then ranging where Greenwich street now is located.

At the water end of Broad *street*, were the east and west dock, the Albany pier and basin. Here stood the Merchant's Exchange of brick. A bridge or planked walk extended from it, up the street, covering the former tide-creek or sewer there, extending up to above Garden street, where stood "the ferry house," immortalized in Cooper's Water Witch. Many Dutch houses on this street were still remaining.

The Collect's water communicated with those of the low grounds on the other side of the road, called Lispenard's meadows, under a bridge, and the skaters of that day passed at pleasure from one collection of waters to the other, i. e. from Pearl street, (as now called) over to the sand beach on the North river. There was seen the present king of England, trying to skate, supported by generals, admirals, &c. "But times have altered. Trade has changed the scene!"

The newspapers, at first, in New York, did not rest their sales upon *subscribers*, but upon those who would call and buy; from

this cause, you could hear at Gaine's publication office, opposite the Coffee House, a man bawling out before the house, "News, news, bloody news, great news," &c. This was particularly the case, while the British army held New York. How different now!

Colman's Island, he says, is the same now Coney Island; he says that Colman was buried there when killed; he does not explain *why* his account differs from mine, as "at Colman's point at the Hook."

Dutch houses. He remembered when the greatest part of *Broad street* was so built.

Jacob Leisler, was a militia captain, his opposition as well as the people, was to the Governor Dongan as a *Roman Catholic*, so placed purposely by the Duke of York, made King James II. He and the people declared for King William. Those in opposition, were those in pay and power on the king's side. Leisler was a man of property, and although he helped the side of King William, that court did not countenance him, because they wanted his place for its own favourite. Gov. Slaughter who came out, brought Leisler to a mock trial, and had him *unjustly* executed. [Read Dunlap's book.]

Leisler was buried in the old Dutch church, in Garden street, *by the people*, and Gov. Slaughter was buried in Gov. Stuyvesant's vault, in St. Mark's church.

The Dutch church in Garden street, was built in time of Gov. Fletcher, between 1692 and 1697. My account said it was built *first* in 1643. Trinity was also built at the same time.

Maiden Lane, "*Madge Padje*," its slip was called the Countess's slip, after the Countess of Bellermont, (1700) when it was made. I have seen elsewhere that Coenties slip meant Countess!

Gold street, was called *Gouden Bergh* by the Dutch; i. e. Golden Hill, and probably referred to rich residents there, as was the case at Schenectady, in a similar name there.

Cliff street, was from *Dirk Vander Cliff.*

John street, was called so from John Harpindingh; a part of it was called Golden Hill. He was a man of property, and gave the ground on which was built the North church.

The Negro Plot of 1740, is treated as a panic and not a reality, yet the excitement was extreme. Blacks accused one another from the hope of pardon. They made out that Mr. Ury, an English clergyman and schoolmaster, was a Popish priest in disguise, and hung him and seventeen blacks, and thirteen blacks were burnt alive! The whole excitement was just like the Salem witchcraft, a wild delusion of men's minds, and it chiefly arose from the excited dread of *Popery*. The burning was at the intersection of Pearl and Chatham streets, and the hanging was on *the Island*, where the Arsenal now is, on Elm street.

Sir Danvers Osborne, who came out governor in 1753, soon

afterwards hung himself by his handkerchief in a garden. He had lost his wife in England, and was melancholy. Mr. Delancy as lieutenant-governor, then acted awhile.

Sarah Wilson, the convict, 1771. She had been a favourite maid of Miss Vernon, who was a maid of honour to the Queen. Sarah Wilson found occasion to steal the Queen's jewels; the consequence was, she was disgraced, and transported, and became the servant of Wm. Duval, of Frederick county, Maryland. She run away from him, and set herself up as the Princess Susannah Caroline, sister to the Queen of England! In this fraud she succeeded for a time, until published and discovered by her master, Duval, of Bush Creek, Maryland. The whole story is amusing as told by Dunlap. She united at one time, in Virginia, with the notorious Tom Bell, who had been a convict servant to a storekeeper in Burlington, N. J.

Gen. Horatio Gates, was an Englishman, was captain with Braddock, and afterwards captain and aid to Gen. Monckton, the governor of New York, and both went out with the expedition of 1763, to Martinique. He died near New York city, at Rose Hill house, where he lived. He had a place in Virginia, where he married his first wife, and where some say he died, called Traveller's Rest.

Early Theatre, in Beekman street, April 16, 1764, as per its advertisement: "To be let, the Play-house at the upper end of Beekman street, very convenient for a store, being 90 feet long, by 40 feet wide, inquire of Wm. Beekman." (In the year 1766, during the Stamp Act excitement, the mob tore this building down. This was done because the players had been *forewarned* that amusements and expenses did not suit the solemnity and the public distress of the times.)

Impressment, &c. Four fishermen, supplying the New York market, in June, 1764, were seized by a press-gang in the harbour, and carried aboard the tender. But the people seized the barge of the captain when at the wharf, and bore it to the fields, the present Park, and burned it in triumph, at the same time going to the tender and getting the men released. In the same year, in April, a vessel arrived from Bristol and was boarded for her men; they fiercely resisted, so much so, that the man of war fired upon her. Besides this harassing kind of insolence in our very harbours, the men of war were accustomed to cause the sloops and boats passing them, to strike their colours. On one occasion, a pleasure boat going from Whitehall to Elizabethtown, with Mr. Rickets and his friends, his wife and children, was fired into for such neglect, and the ball struck the nurse having a child in her arms, and killed her! It made much excitement then.

Stamp Act resistance. They burnt the coach of Gov. Colden, and himself in effigy. The people went by night to a brig, having boxes of stamps on board, took them in a boat up the East river,

and there burned them at the ship yards. The alleged objection to Colden was, as they said, that he had had the cannon spiked. His effigy was set astride upon a cannon, and so burned in 1766.

Tea Duty resistance. On the 21st of April, 1774, the long expected tea ship, the Nancy, arrived. The Sons of Liberty waited upon the captain, and compelled him to weigh anchor and go home again! A Captain Chambers, an American, having brought eighteen chests on his private account, was obliged to give them up to the people, who cast them into the water at the Coffee-house slip.

The Statue of Lord Chatham, Wall street, was erected on the 7th of September 1770, "as a public testimony of the grateful sense of the colony of New York, for the many eminent services rendered to America, and particularly in his promoting the repeal of the Stamp Act, 1770." At the same time, they erected the statue of George III., in the Bowling Green, on the 21st of August 1770, the birthday of his father the Prince of Wales. In the case of Pitt's statue, it was an artifice to make him unduly popular as *our friend,* so that he might the better sway our sentiments in making us credit his assertions that "the Parliament had the right to bind us in all cases." In enforcing this doctrine, he died (says John Adams) a martyr to *his idol,* "the sovereignty of Parliament!" Mr. Dunlap insists, that he was not our friend. The statue was voted by town meeting on 23d June, 1766.

Trinity Church Yard. In digging for the new and enlarged foundation of the new Trinity church, several ancient vaults have been opened. Among the relics were the *silver plate* and remains of the Countess of Glifton; interred about 100 years since, those of the Hon. Mr. —— aged seven years, and a number of others. A record of burials at this church is preserved from the year 1702 (with the omission of the time of the revolution) making 160,000 bodies, thus making as many bodies *below* ground as now (in 1840) dwell alive *above* ground in New York.

Communepauw. This remarkably queer sounding name, near New York city, now so little known in its origin and meaning to the New Yorkers themselves, is derived from the name of Mr. Pauw, the original *Patroon* of that part of the Jersey shore, which he had patented to him as *Pavonia.* A part of which formed an early *Commune* in sight of and near to the city, and was thence understood as the chief or first *Commune of Pauw,* i. e. *Communepauw,* and since popularly called *Communipaw.*

Flushing. This ancient village was begun in 1644. Soon after it was visited by the Quakers, sundry of whom settled there. George Fox preached there in 1672, under the two oaks now there. The Episcopal church was formed there in 1720, under the auspices of the Society for the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts.

Here and there we still find a tract of country, some green spot on the desert of civilization, which recalls the days of the *Knickerbockers* and their primitive and simple habits. On Long Island and in Bergen county, by the sedgy margin of the winding Hackensack and the willowed banks of the Passaic, an old mansion, such as marked the whereabouts of the ancients, still exists, fast anchored to its platform, where deeply embowered in venerable trees, it points its sharp roof to the skies. When we meet with such on York Island, or Long Island, we may still greet ourselves with the hope of finding old Dutch hospitality amid the descendants of ancient families. Here are paths leading through beds of pinks, and hollyhocks, and the ever-blooming rose. Here are the jessamines, the honeysuckle and the sweet brier, winding their emulous tendrils and blossoms around the door-posts; and here the trumpet creeper and its dark luxuriant foliage and carmine blossoms. Within is seen the wainscoting of the old hall, the family clock in the corner, the massive carved cornice plate and furniture, all betokening an air *of other days.* There you may still expect to find an unaffectedness of manners, cordial hospitality of reception and directness of purpose, and the beautiful simplicity of costume in the females of the family, such as may be found in the Dutch belles of New Utrecht, Flatbush and Gravesend.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

"A different face of things each age appears,
And *all things alter* in a course of years."

I AM indebted, for the following ideas of "Men and Manners once," as seen in the middle state of life generally, to facts imparted to me by the aged, to wit:—

The Dutch kept five festivals, of peculiar notoriety, in the year: say *Kerstydt*, (Christmas); *Nieuw jar*, (New Year), a great day of cake; *Paas*, (the Passover); *Pinxter*, (i. e. Whitsuntide); and *San Claas*, (i. e. Sainst Nicholas, or Christ-kinkle day). The negroes on Long Island, on some of those days, came in great crowds to Brooklyn and held their field frolics.

The observance of New Year's day (Nieuw jar) is an occasion of much good feeling and hospitality, come down to the present generation from their Dutch forefathers. No other city in the Union ever aims at the like general interchange of visits. Cakes, wines, and punch abound in every house; and, from morning till night houses are open to receive the calls of acquaintances, and to pass the mutual salutations of a "happy New Year," &c.

It was the general practice of families in middle life, to spin and make much of their domestic wear at home. Short gowns and petticoats were the general in-door dresses.

Young women who dressed gay to go abroad to visit, or to church, never failed to take off that dress and put on their home-made as soon as they got home; even on Sunday evenings when they expected company, or even their beaux, it was their best recommendation to seem thus frugal and ready for any domestic avocation. The boys and young men of a family always changed their dress for a common dress in the same way. There was no custom of offering drink to their guests; when punch was offered, it was in great bowls.

Dutch dances were very common; the supper on such occasions was a pot of chocolate and bread. The Rev. Dr. Laidlie, who arrived in 1764, did much to preach them into disuse; he was very exact in his piety, and was the *first* minister of the Dutch Reformed Church who was called to preach in the *English* language.

The negroes used to dance in the markets, where they used tomtoms, horns, &c., for music. They used often to sell negro slaves at the coffee-house.

All marriages had to be published beforehand, three weeks at the churches, or else, to avoid that, they had to purchase a *license* of the *governor*:—a seemingly singular surveillance for a great

military chief! We may presume *he* cared little for the fact beyond his fee.

Before the revolution, tradesmen of good repute worked hard; —there were none as masters, mere lookers-on; they hardly expected to be rich; their chief concern in summer was to make enough a-head to lay up carefully for a living in severe winter. Wood was even a serious concern to such, when only 2s. 6d. to 3s. a load.

None of the stores or tradesmen's shops then aimed at any rivalry as now. There were no glaring allurements at windows, no over-reaching signs, no big bulk windows; they were content to sell things at honest profits, and to trust to an earned reputation for their share of business.

It was the Englishmen from Britain who brought in the painted glare and display. They also brought in the use of open shops at night, an expensive and needless service!—for who sells more in day and night, where all are competitors, than they would in one day if all were closed at night?

In former days the same class who applied diligently in business hours, were accustomed to close their shops and stores at an early hour, and to go abroad for exercise and recreation, or to gardens, &c. All was done on foot, for chaises and horses were few.

The candidates for the Assembly, usually from the city, kept open houses in each ward, for one week; producing much excitement among those who thought more of the regale than the public weal.

Physicians in that day were moderate in their charges, although their personal labour was great. They had to make all their calls on foot, none thought of riding. Drs. Baylie and M'Knight, when old, were the first who are remembered as riding to their patients. Dr. Atwood is remembered as the first physician who had the hardihood to proclaim himself as a *man* midwife; it was deemed a scandal to some delicate ears, and Mrs. Granny Brown, with her fees of two to three dollars, was still deemed the choice of all who thought "women should be modest!"

"Moving day" was, as now, the first of May, from time immemorial.

They held no "fairs," but they often went to the "Philadelphia Fairs," once celebrated.

At the New Year and Christmas festivals, it was the custom to go out to the ice on Beekman's and such like swamps to shoot at turkeys; every one paid a price for his shot, as at a mark, and if he hit it so as to draw blood, it was his for a New Year or Christmas dinner. A fine subject this for Dr. Laidlie's preaching and reformation!

At funerals, the Dutch gave *hot* wine in winter; and in summer they gave wine-sangaree.

I have noticed a singular custom among Dutch families;—a father gives a bundle of *goose quills* to a son, telling him to give one to each of his male posterity. I saw *one* in the possession of Mr. James Bogert, which had a scroll appended, saying, "this quill, given by Petrus Byvanck to James Bogert, in 1789, was a present in 1689, from his grandfather from Holland.

It is now deemed a rule of high life in New York that ladies should not attend funerals; it was not always so. Having been surprised at the change, and not being aware of any sufficient reason why females should have an exemption from personal attention to departed friends, from which their male relatives could not, I have been curious to inquire into the facts in the case. I find that females among the Friends attend funerals, and also among some other religious communities.

I have been well assured that before the revolution, genteelest families had ladies to their funerals, and especially if the deceased was a female; on such occasions "burnt wine" was handed about in tankards, often of silver.

On one occasion the case of the wife of Daniel Phœnix, the city treasurer, all the pall-bearers were ladies; and this fact occurred *since* the revolution.

Many aged persons have spoken to me of the former delightful practice of families sitting out on their "stoopes" in the shades of the evening, and there saluting the passing friends, or talking across the narrow streets with neighbours. It was one of the grand links of union in the Knickerbocker social compact. It endeared and made social neighbours; made intercourse on easy terms; it was only to say, "come sit down." It helped the young to easy introductions, and made courtships of readier attainment.

I give some facts to illustrate the above remarks, deduced from the family of B—— with which I am personally acquainted. It shows primitive Dutch manners. His grandfather died at the age of sixty-three in 1782, holding the office of alderman eleven years, and once chosen mayor and declined. Such a man, in easy circumstances in life, following the true Dutch ton, had all his family to breakfast, all the year round, at day-light. Before the breakfast he universally smoked his pipe. His family always dined at twelve exactly. At that time the kettle was invariably set on the fire for tea, of Bohea, which was always as punctually furnished at three o'clock. Then the old people went abroad on purpose to visit relatives, changing the families each night in succession, over and over again all the year round. The regale at every such house was expected as matter of course, to be chocolate supper and soft waffles.

Afterwards, when green tea came in as a new luxury, loaf sugar also came with it; this was broken in large lumps and laid severally by each cup, and was nibbled or bitten as needed!

The family before referred to actually continued the practice

till as late as seventeen years ago, with a steady determination in the patriarch to resist the modern innovation of dissolved sugar while he lived.

Besides the foregoing facts, I have had them abundantly confirmed by others.

While they occupied the stoopes in the evening, you could see every here and there an old Knickerbocker with his long pipe, fuming away his cares, and ready on any occasion to offer another for the use of any passing friend who would sit down and join him. The ideal picture has every lineament of contented comfort and cheerful repose. Something much more composed and happy than the bustling anxiety of "over business" in the moderns.

The cleanliness of Dutch housewifery was always extreme; every thing had to submit to scrubbing and scouring; dirt in no form could be endured by them: and dear as water was in the city, where it was generally sold, still it was in perpetual requisition. It was their honest pride to see a well-furnished dresser, showing copper and pewter in shining splendour, as if for ornament rather than for use. In all this they widely differed from the Germans, a people with whom they have been erroneously and often confounded. Roost fowls and ducks are not more different. As water draws one it repels the other.

It was common in families then to cleanse their own chimneys without the aid of hired sweeps; and all tradesmen, &c., were accustomed to saw their own fuel. No man in middle circumstances of life ever scrupled to carry home his one cwt. of meal from the market; it would have been *his* shame to have avoided it.

A greater change in the state of society cannot be named than that of hired persons. Hired women, from being formerly lowly in dress, wearing short gowns of green baize and petticoats of linsey-woolsey, and receiving but half a dollar a week, have, since they have trebled that wages, got to all the pride and vanity of "showing out" *to strangers* as well drest ladies. The cheapness of foreign finery gives them the ready means of wasting all their wages in decorations. So true it is that,

> "Excess, the scrofulous and itchy plague,
> Taints downward, all the graduated scale!"

The Quarterly Review has preserved one fact of menial impudence, in the case of the New York girl telling her mistress, before her guests, that "the more you ring the more I won't come!"

General Lafayette, too, left us a compliment of dubious import on his late formal *entre* at New York, when seeing such crowds of well-dressed people, and no remains of such as he had seen in the period of the revolution—a people whose dress was adapted to their condition—he exclaimed, "but where is the *people?*"

emphatically meaning, where is the *useful class of citizens*, "the hewers of wood and drawers of water?"

> "All are infected with the manners and the modes
> It knew not once."

Before the revolution, every man who worked in any employ always wore *his* leathern apron before him, never took it off to go in the street, and never had on a long coat.

We are glad to witness the rise of new feelings among the Dutch descendants, tending to cherish, by anniversary remembrances, the love and reverence they owe their sires. For this object, as they have no "landing day," they resort to their tutelary protector, Saint Nicholas: on such occasions decorating themselves or hall with orange coloured ribbons, and inscribing "Oranje Boven," and garnishing their table with "Malck and Suppawn," with rullities, and their hands with long stemmed pipes.

We are sorry we do not know the history better than we do, of a saint so popular as he is, with only his name of *St. Claes* to help him. He seems however to be the most merry and jocose in all the calendar. The boys all welcome him as "the bountiful Saint Nick," and as "De Patroon Van Kindervreugd;" i. e. the patron of children's joy.

> "A right jolly old elf, with a little round belly,
> Which shakes when he laughs, like a bowl of jelly."

All we know from Knickerbocker, is, that the figure of Hudson's *Guede Vrouw* represented him as attired "in a low brimmed hat, a large pair of Flemish trunk hose, and a very long pipe."

In 1765, the best families in New York entered into certain sumptuary laws to restrain the usual expenses and pomp of funerals.

General Manners of the Americans. Lafayette, in his letter to his wife, immediately after his arrival in our country (at Georgetown, S. C. in 1777), says, "The country and its inhabitants are as agreeable as my enthusiasm had painted them. Simplicity of manners, kindness, love of country and of liberty, and a delightful equality every where prevail. The wealthiest man and the poorest are on a level, and although there are some large fortunes, I challenge any one to discover the slightest difference between the manners of these two classes respectively towards each other. Every thing here is very much after the English fashion, except that there is more simplicity, equality, cordiality, and courtesy than in England. The American women are very pretty, simple in their manners, and exhibit a neatness, which is every where cultivated even more studiously than in England. What most charms me, is, that all the citizens are brethren. In America

there are no poor, nor even what we call peasantry. Each individual has his own honest property, and the same rights as the most wealthy landed proprietor. The very inns are very different from those of Europe; the host and hostess sit at table with you, and do the honours of a comfortable meal; and on going away, you pay your bill without higgling." [The whole picture is picturesque and pleasing, and honourable to the memory of our fathers and their day.]

About the year 1793–4, there was an extravagant, impolitic affection for France, and hostility to every thing British, in our country generally. It required all the prudence of Washington and his cabinet, to stem the torrent of passion which flowed in favour of France, to the prejudice of our neutrality. Now the event is passed, we may thus soberly speak of its character. It may be remembered with what joy the people ran to the wharves at the report of cannon, to see arrivals of the Frenchmen's prizes —we were so pleased to see the British union down! When French mariners or officers were met in the street, they would be saluted by the boys, with "Vive la Republique." The streets too, at night, resounded with French national airs, sung by ourselves—such as "Allons, enfans de la patrie." "Dansons le Carmagnole," &c. Many, too, put on the national cockade of red, blue, and white. Liberty poles, surmounted with red liberty caps, were often set up. We remember the French frigate l'Ambuscade, as making her stay in New York harbour, and at night, the officers and men in launches would go up and down the harbour, with bands of music, singing the national airs. At the same time, the Boston frigate (British), lay off the Hook, and sent in her challenge, for the l'Ambuscade to come out and fight her. It was accepted; and many citizens went out in pilot boats, and saw the action and drawn battle. Then appeared the song,

"Brave Boston from Halifax sailed,
With Courtney, commander, who never did fear,
Nor returned from a fight, with a flee in his ear—
As they steered for the Hook, each swore by his book,
No prayers should their vengeance retard,
They would plunder and burn, they would never return,
Unattended by Captain Bompard!" &c.

All the facts of that day, as we now contemplate them, seem something like the remembrance of our dreams. It was a time, when the people seemed maddened by impulse of feeling—such as we hope never to see aroused again for any foreigners. They were fine feelings to ensure the success of a war actually begun, but bad affections for any nation, whose interests lay in peace and neutrality. Washington bravely submitted to become unpopular, to allay and repress this dangerous foreign attachment.

About this time, almost every vessel arriving, brought fugitives from the infuriated negroes in Cape François, Port au Prince, &c.;

or from the sharp axe of the guillotine of France, dripping night and day with the blood of Frenchmen, shed in the name of liberty and the sacred rights of man. The city thronged with French people of all shades from the French colonies, and from old France, giving it the appearance of one great hotel or place of refuge for strangers hastily collected from a raging tempest. The characteristic old school simplicity of the citizens, in manners, habits of dress, and modes of thinking and speaking on the subjects of civil rights and forms of government, by the square and rule of reason and argument, began to be broken in upon, by the new enthusiasm of *la mode Française.* French boarding houses, marked *Pension Française,* multiplied in every street. Before such houses, groups of both sexes were to be seen seated on chairs, embarrassing the street walkers, and the French in full converse; their tongues, shoulders, and hands in perpetual motion —"all talkers and no hearers." Mestizo ladies, with complexions of the palest marble, jet black hair, and eyes of the gazelle, with persons of exquisite symmetry, were to be seen escorted along the pavements by white French gentlemen, both dressed in the richest materials of West India cut and fashion; also coal black negresses in flowing white dresses, and turbans of "muchoir de madras," exhibiting their ivory dominos, in social walk with white, or mixed creoles; altogether forming a lively contrast to our native Americans, and the emigres from old France, most of whom still kept to the stately old Bourbon style of dress and manner; wearing the head full powdered *a la Louis,* golden headed cane, silver-set buckles, and cocked hat, seemingly to express *en silence,* their profound contempt for the pantaloons, silk shoestrings, and "Brutus crop." The French West Indians, as well as many of ourselves, wore the pantaloons with *feet* to them, let into the shoes. Their ladies dressed generally *en chemise*—a loose flowing exterior, which strikingly aided to expose their superior figures and forms. Such chemise dresses, our young ladies soon learned to adopt and follow. They made then no mistakes in imagining the real symmetry of our belles.

It was wonderful how little these French people mixed in our society. They formed but few alliances with us; and finally disappeared like birds of passage, going we knew not where. While they remained, they gave an air of French to every thing. They introduced us to the use of their confectionaries and bon-bons—jewelry and trinkets—dancing and music. In music they excelled. Their boarding houses, daily and nightly, resounded with the violin and clarionet, and from their example, we adopted *cotillions,* and laid aside all former British modes of dancing. The Frenchmen were great promenaders, being much abroad in the streets as walkers, and much in the country as shooters—they shot and ate all manner of birds, practically thinking that all depended upon the cooking. They were great shots upon the wing

—indeed, they learned us so to shoot with their double-barrelled guns, expensively finished. These were new to us, and we adopted them. Before then, we were more of fishers than shooters, or sought our bird game on the water. From them we first began to cultivate the study of French, and the use of the piano—many of them serving as our instructors. From them we learned to adopt gold watches and gilded framed looking-glasses and pictures. They always dressed with great freshness and cleanliness; but their housekeeping was with proverbial neglect and slovenliness. They had no aim at nice floors, burnished furniture, or cleanly kitchens. They had no love to clean water, but on their persons; and from that cause, they first introduced us to the use and support of public baths. They taught us also to much change our table diet—to use soups, sallads, *sweet oil*, tomatoes, ragouts, fricasees, and perfumes. They had bread bakers, for "French bread" of their own, leavened in their own peculiar way, and French restaurants to furnish ready cooked dishes, fortheir dinners. From them we learned the use of matresses and high bedsteads, the love of musical entertainments and orchstera singing. In a word, they inoculated us with Frenchified tastes and affections.

Courtship and Marriage. A friend having sent us recollections of courtship and marriage as witnessed in colonial times, say some ten or twelve years preceding the war of the revolution, we find it so *confirmative* of sundry facts, scattered in these pages, that we feel tempted to give the article entire.

It was originally written in 1828, to portray to a young niece, (whom we shall call Miss Betsey) what an old bachelor gentleman of eighty, had witnessed of the courtship and wedding of his brother, the grandfather of the young lady addressed.

He begins by saying,—

My dear little Bess:—

Your intended marriage has crowded my old heart with many recollections of former times; and I could not resist the temptation of proving that I am yet far from the useless days of second childhood, by giving you some account of your grandfather's courtship and wedding, *so that you may have the pleasure of contrasting it with your own.* At same time I wish to portray, incidentally, so far as the subject may admit, *the kind* of people we generally were; and *how we did and lived*, when we were the liege subjects of his majesty George III.

Your grandfather had, as the saying is, been '*set up*' in business, in a small shop slenderly stocked with pins, tape, broaches, buttons, &c., about one year. He religiously took down his shutters, opened his door, swept out his warehouse, and dusted his goods himself, every morning, by the time grey dawn broke; for those were the days when men grew rich by rising early and doing their own business, not by sleeping as they do now, until breakfast, leaving their concerns in the hands of thoughtless boys.

No indeed! When I was a young man, we had no capital but our reputation for industry and punctuality. Honesty and labour were as much in fashion then, as dandy coats and starched cravats are now-a-days; and no sensible matron would allow her daughter to be courted by a young man who was not his own servant. To do your grandfather justice, he was ever considered a very thrifty young man: and as he had been very diligent in business, and was fully twenty-five years old, he did not think it being very dissipated for him to engage in a sleighing party at North End. This opinion was strengthened when he learnt that the whole expense would not exceed a dollar.

The hour for starting, one P. M., was rapidly approaching; when your grandfather sallied forth, equipped, to meet his friends at the appointed rendezvous. His second best cocked hat was tied under his chin by a blue cotton handkerchief, while his young queue protruded from behind, as stiff as if it had been griped by the icy fingers of Jack Frost himself, instead of being strictly enveloped in eel skin. An extensive camlet cloak, with a minute cape, six inches in breadth, wrapped up his body, and covered his snuff-coloured coat and small clothes, and stockings, drawn over shoes, and all, to keep out the snow. Yarn mittens protected his hands, and a woollen tippet was warmly tucked around his neck. People, formerly, Betsey, dressed in unison with the weather and the occasion.

The sleigh, the only double one then in town, a vast collection of unpainted boards, capable of containing a moderate load of thirty, drawn by a variegated team of six horses, and driven by black Cæsar, of immortal memory as charioteer, waiter, and fiddler, was at the door. Immediately the party, consisting of gentlemen, who so far as dress was concerned were facsimiles of your progenitor, and ladies enveloped in linsey-woolsey cardinals, the hoods of which were of such ample dimensions that their heads looked like so many beer casks, seated themselves in the vehicle. And away they went, animated by the jingle of one or two cow-bells, to take a cup of hot tea and have a dance at Madame T———'s, at H———. Cæsar, on their arrival, tuned his three-stringed fiddle; the gentlemen appeared in their square-toed pumps, and the ladies shook off their *pattens* to display their little feet in peak-toed high-heeled slippers. And at it they went, dancing and skipping for dear life, until 8 o'clock, when they hurried to town, for to be abroad after 9 o'clock on common occasions, was then a sure sign of moral depravity.

But Bess, I have not spun out this long story about the sleigh ride for nothing:—The pith of the matter is to come now. On this eventful eve, your grandfather was shot indeed by Dan Cupid, or rather by Prudence B———'s eyes. He came home sighing and simpering, and looking very much like a fool. He dreamed all night of that taper arm so closely confined in tight brown silk,

of that slender waist, with the broidered stomacher—and oh! more than all, of that sweet 'blue een,' and that auburn ringlet, which the gypsey had allowed to escape unpowdered. The next day he went about sighing like a blacksmith's bellows. And Sunday after Sunday, he travelled down to the North church, rigged out in his best attire, with his cornelian broach, paste buckles, lace frill-worked cravat and all, to get a peep at the blooming Prudence. And, verily, I fear that her sylph-like form obtained more of John's attention than, Dr. B———'s sermon. Thus he went on, until he thought his circumstances would allow him to offer his heart and hand to the fair damsel.

Now Betsey, I suppose you are all on tiptoe expecting to hear of a moonlight walk, a stolen kiss, a stammered confession and a blushing answer. But you will be disappointed. Love had a much greater sense of propriety in those days. His votaries then had to deal with rigid old fathers and prudential mothers instead of thoughtless girls. Your grandfather set himself down one morning at his desk, mending his pen, spread out a broad sheet of paper, and after various trials, indited in a hand like copper-plate an humble letter to the parent of his beloved Prudence, stating the amount of his property, his yearly profits, &c., and requesting permission to pay his addresses to his daughter. John was, as I have already said, esteemed a very prudent young man, so that Mr. B——— felt no hesitation in returning an affirmative answer, and probably moreover he chuckled a little at the idea that Prudence was to make out so well.

Fortune had smiled kindly on brother Jack's love thus far, and now was coming the trying, interesting hour when he was to make his first official visit. He shut up his shop full five minutes before dark. He swallowed his tea in such haste as almost to excoriate his tongue. His cravat was tied and re-tied twenty times, his hair as often touched with pomatum and powder; and his three cornered scraper was sleeked down like a well curried pony. In a word, he spent more time at his toilet on that eventful eve, than during his whole life previous. At last he started for the house of his fair charmer. Thrice he essayed to knock, and thrice he essayed in vain. I verily believe he would have spent half the night in mustering up the requisite courage for a gentle love-tap, had I not helped his modesty with a thundering jerk of the knocker, and then run away and left him to answer for himself.

John was ushered *up stairs* into a fearful circle to begin his courtship. When the door of the parlour was opened, one side of the fireplace displayed a bevy of Prudence's maiden aunts, bristling in all the frigidity of single blessedness, knitting most vehemently, and casting, every time a new *row* was to be begun, sharp and scrutinizing glances at the young spark, over their round eyed spectacles. On the other side was Mr. B———,

stretched at his ease in an arm-chair, in a black cap instead of his wig, wrapped in a blue gown, with his breeches unbuttoned at his knees, quietly smoking his pipe. Mrs. B———, in her chintz dress and mob cap, was at his side, engaged in making patch-work; whilst the lovely Prudence sat quite erect by her mamma, with her pincushion and house-wife dangling from her waist, and her eye cast down, diligently pricking her fingers instead of her sampler. Courting was a sober business in old times. Your grandfather seated himself much nearer the spinsters, than his deary. He showed his affection very properly by keeping at a respectful distance. He passed the evening in talking politics and the scarcity of money, with his future father-in-law, in assisting his future mother-in-law to arrange her party-coloured squares; in picking up the balls of yarn, as they were respectively dropped by the maiden aunts; now and then casting sly sheep's eyes at Prudence, at every instance of which familiarity the aforesaid maiden ladies dropped a stitch! As soon as the bell rung nine, he gave one tender squint at your grandmother, and took his leave.

This was the old-fashioned way of paying attentions; and this your grandfather performed every night, excepting when he was allowed to escort Miss Prudence to some neighbouring tea-party. Betsey, are you not shocked at the degeneracy of modern times? Only think, that now young ladies and gentleman, as soon as they are engaged, and this often before they are out of their teens, are permitted to walk all alone by moonlight, and have a parlour to themselves a whole winter's evening.

Alack-a-day, as your great aunt Thankful says, what is the world coming to!

Matters proceeded in this quiet and proper way for some time, until the final question was put, and the night of the wedding appointed. Ample time, however, was allowed for the consultations of the three aunts,—the seventy times seven examinations of the same articles, before a vote for their purchase could be obtained. John was obliged to neglect his business sadly, and to ambulate from one end of the town to the other, with the spinsters, Mrs. B———, and Prudence, to "look at" andirons, candlesticks, pots, kettles, &c. But Betsey, as I fear the same endless preparation is as necessary to marriage now, as it was then, I will avoid the charge of garrulity, and hasten on with my story.

It was a clear, cold December night, the night of the wedding. The best parlour in Mr. B———'s mansion reflected from its well waxed oaken pannel work, the light of a dozen sconces. A glowing fire blazed in the spacious chimney, the jambs of which were ornamented with scripture stories of Samson, Daniel, Joseph, and the prodigal son, represented in sky blue on squares of china, and made more engaging by the judicious introduction of the costume of the eighteenth century. The vast looking-glass

duly set in real mahogany frame, gave such likeness of the blaze that you would hesitate whether to warm yourself by the real or imagined fire. The solid leather bottomed chairs flanked the equally substantial iron-footed tables, like so many sturdy old patriots. In short, in every part, what was wanting in grace and beauty, was supplied with weight and comfort.

Presently the company began to assemble. There were then no hackney coaches. Ladies and gentleman both made use of nature's carriages; and cousin after cousin, belle after belle, came trotting along to Mr. B———'s in their *pattens* with as much glee as if they had been drawn by four royal grays. All at last were collected, and waiting only for the parson. Old Mr. B——— in his full bottomed wig, velvet coat and breeches, gold buckles, waistcoat reaching to his knees, conversed with his brother merchants on the usual topics. Mrs. B——— in her plain brocade and snowy cap, only rivalled by her neck handkerchief, was seen ever and anon to wipe away a truant tear. The maiden aunts, stiff as pokers, were giving to sister spinsters most minute accounts of Prudence's domestic arrangements, and were particularly eloquent in relating the many wonderful bargains they had made in conducting the purchases. The young men in their Sunday suits, throwing off clouds of flour every time they moved their heads, stood dangling their steel watch-chains, and making formal speeches to the young ladies who sat, with their cushioned head gear, bolt upright, flirting their two foot-fans, and blushing and simpering with maiden propriety. At last Dr. B——— appeared, full dressed with gown, cassock and bands,—with a wig, that seemed to consist of a whole unsheared sheepskin. For a parson to have attended a wedding in a simple black coat and pantaloons, sixty years ago, Betsey, would have been deemed rank heresy, indeed I have been inclined to think that half the power of ministers in my day lay in their wigs.

The presence of the divine was a signal for the appearance of Cæsar, in a green coat beautifully studded with steel buttons (probably the courting coat of Mr. B———, for the coats lasted out generations, in old times), bright red breeches, blue stockings, and yellow vest; followed by Cleopatra and her flaming copperplate gown, and hoop to imitate the ladies. The former sustained a mahogany tray, shining like his face, sprinkled all over with those very little teacups, which I believe made their last appearance in your baby-house, Betsey; the latter bore a twin waiter loaded with nut-cakes, symbols, and bread and butter. This ebony procession appeared and disappeared three several times; and then the bridal party entered. First came two pretty maidens, who longed I dare say to be in Prudence's shoes, in white dimity, with the eternal upheaved top-knots, escorted by another gentleman and myself, in blazing scarlet. Next came the happy pair; Prudence slightly suffused, with her eyes bent towards the ground

—not her head, for loaded as it was, the slightest inclination of it might have produced a motion somewhat like that of a top-heavy cornstalk witch; John, moving and looking as awkward as a boy whose free limbs have been shaken for the first time into jacket and trowsers. But stop, I am too general. It will never do, not to be particular on such a subject as wedding dresses.

To begin with the lady; her locks were strained upward over an immense cushion, that sat like an incubus on her head, and then plastered over with pomatum, and sprinkled with a shower of white powder. The height of this tower was somewhat over a foot. One single white rose bud lay on its top like an eagle on a haystack. Over her neck and bosom was folded a lace handkerchief, fastened in front by a bosom pin rather larger than a dollar, consisting of your grandfather's miniature set in virgin gold. Her airy form was braced up in a satin dress, the sleeves tight as the natural skin of the arm, with a waist formed by a bodice, worn outside, from whence the skirt flowed off, and was distended at the ankles by an ample hoop. Shoes of white kid, with peaked toes, and heels of two or three inches elevation, inclosed her feet and glittered with spangles, as her little pedal members peeped curiously out. There, Betsey, a London milliner could not have described a bridal garment more accurately. Now for the swain. Your grandfather slept in an arm-chair the night before his wedding, lest the arrangements of his pericranium, which had been under the hands of a barber the whole afternoon, should be disturbed. His hair was sleeked back and plentifully befloured, while his queue projected like the handle of a skillet. His coat was of a sky blue silk, lined with yellow; his long vest of white satin, embrodiered with gold lace; his breeches of the same material, and tied at the knee with pink ribbon. White silk stockings and pumps, with locks and ties of the same hue, completed the habiliments of his nether limbs. Lace ruffles clustered around his wrists, a portentous frill worked in correspondence, and bearing the miniature of his beloved, finished his truly genteel appearance.

The party soon arranged themselves, and Dr. B———, with a dreadful solemn air, united the lovers in the holy bonds of matrimony. The three maiden aunts, probably reflecting upon their lonely state, snivelled audibly. Mrs. B——— put a handkerchief to her eyes, and Mr. B——— gave a loud hem as if to clear his throat. After the ceremony, the parson made a long and serious address to the young couple, during which the old ladies looked meaningly at the young damsels, who pertly pouted with their pretty lips, and played with their pretty feet rather impatiently upon the floor; whilst the young beaux hunched each other with their elbows and grinned slightly. The speech over, and when all the company had saluted the bride with loud and hearty kisses, which sounded like the irregular discharge of small arms,

Cæsar's fiddle began to speak audibly. The new married pair slided through a minuet, and then the whole company danced and romped until supper was announced.

And such a supper! I might as well attempt to give an idea of the flavour of venison on paper, as of this supper. At each end of the table, attended by a pair of ducks lay a glorious turkey, flat on his back as if inviting dissection. Next came two luscious hams, with graceful overshadowing box; then sausages, garnished with fried apples; then smoked two tender surloins of beef; then the golden salmon; in short, the table groaned under a load of flesh, fish, and fowl of all sorts and kinds

At each corner rested a huge pumpkin pudding, surrounded with numerous satellites of tarts, and in the very centre of the board stood jellies, and the wedding cake, with its snowy covering of sugar, studded with flowers and ginger, full as large round as a bushel basket. Strict justice was done the repast. The ladies ate as though they lived by eating, the gentlemen as though they were hungry, the parson as if he loved it. Many jokes were cracked. Many a good wish to the new married pair was drank, and the company departed in high spirits. Cæsar drove the bride and bridegroom, in Mr. B———'s one horse square top chaise, to their own dwelling, where they lived long and happy, although Prudence neither played upon the piano nor read Italian.

If, Bess, this narrative affords you as much pleasure in reading of olden times, as it has your uncle in recalling them, I am satisfied.

P. S. Your grandmother spoke out the *obey* so as to be distinctly heard all over the room.

With a view to illustrate and better confirm our notices of manners and customs, we here give sundry interesting remarks from the pen of Charles F. Hoffman, Esq., as presented to the New York Historical Society, saying;

It has always been a curious subject with me, when speculating upon the growth and development of our national character, to trace the influence of sectional peculiarities, and determine if possible how far the striking social features which characterize some of the States, are represented in the general national portrait.

But the interest—if any be allowed to attach to the theme—the interest of the inquiry becomes much more real when the early manners and customs of the present state of New York are the subject of investigation; for the vast influx of immigration since the revolution, has not only obliterated her peculiar colonial character, but the very memory of it is rapidly passing away. The Massachusetts-man, the Virginian and South Carolinian, are still identified with their fathers, in both private and historical association; while New York, alike in the grave

writings of the annalist and in the habitual mention of the daily press, is scarcely recognized as having more than a territorial existence previous to the revolution. The popular phrase of "OUR Pilgrim fathers," has become perfectly domesticated in the public lecture-rooms of New York; and no one thinks of discussing a question of morals in the newspapers, without referring to "the customs of *our* Puritan ancestry." Both these phrases, indeed, have more than once, of late years, been used in our state legislature, to add force to some eloquent appeal. Now, while it might be in very questionable taste to carp at or arraign the natural associations of those who compose, if not the largest, yet perhaps the most intelligent, and possibly the most valuable portion of our fellow citizens throughout the state generally, yet this covering up and obliteration of our ancient story is not altogether well! New York, though she had no Speedwell nor Mayflower freighted with precious hearts, daring the wilderness for conscience's sake—New York was still planted, and *earlier* planted, by men as bold to confront the perils of a new climate or the horrors of savage warfare, as those who landed at Plymouth—by men, too, who penetrated beyond the mountains, and established their little colonies a hundred and fifty miles from the sea-shore, without thinking that they did anything extraordinary enough to transmit their names to posterity.

But it is with neither of these memorable bands of adventurers that we now have to do. My aim is only to call your attention to the distinctive character of the people of New York —their character, whether good or bad, but still *distinctive*, as it existed previous to the revolution.

In those old colonial days, when the now popular dogmas about "the pure Anglo-Saxon race" had not been broached, except in the student's closet, the chance traveller who visted the banks of the Hudson observed the happy fusion of national prejudices and the general ease and uniformity of sentiment which prevailed among the descendants of the different European stocks by which that noble valley was originally planted; but, while recording that the general system of opinions here was far more liberal and tolerant than that prevailing in the neighbouring colonies, those who have stated the fact leave us to make up our own judgment as to the cause. We may ascribe the amiable trait to the social intercourse and frequent intermarriages of the different races already alluded to; we may attribute it to the homely fact, that most of the settlers of New York came hither to enjoy life, not to establish creeds; to secure a domestic fireside, not to make converts to new political truths; or, lastly, we may look for the cause in the nature of their favourite pursuits, and the mollifying effect, upon manners, of many a simple old festal custom.

All of these influences, most probably had a combined effect in producing the result. The facility with which both the French

and the English intermingled with their Dutch predecessors in the colony, is easily accounted for, by our knowledge of the long residence in Holland of most of the French, and many of the British immigrants, before coming hither to establish themselves; and the same cause will account for Dutch being equally with English, the general language of the colony, long after the latter race had begun to preponderate in numbers. Oddly enough, however, while their Puritan brethren were drawing tighter and tighter the rein of religious authority in New England, it was to the *English* here that the people of New York were indebted for their first lessons in general toleration, a toleration not the less remarkable at that day, because the Roman Catholic faith was not included; and it is singular that the historians of New England should affect to trace any of the precious leaven of political puritanism among the people of New York, not only previous to the revolution, but so early as the year 1698, a period when more than one influential English family of this province was grievously suspected, of "popery;" and when in the city of New York especially, jesuits were supposed to be prowling around every corner.

But what were the principal pursuits of our forefathers? How did their habits of life which I have already alluded to in this connection influence their general tone of character? The bold deeds of Miles Standish, and the celebrated names Miantonimo and Philip of Pokanoket, have made the Indian wars of New England familiar to every schoolboy,—familiar as are the savage forays into Kentucky, of a much later day. But so little has the legendary story of New York been illustrated, until the appearance of Campbell's Annals of Tryon County, and the more recent and valuable work upon the times of Brant and the border wars generally, by another member of this Society, that few seem aware that the province of New York was for nearly the full space of a century, a straggling camp of partisan soldiery, ever on the alert to meet and repel invasion.

Whether the French, after drawing their wonderful line of forts, which extended through the western wilderness, from Quebec to New Orleans, whether they really ever hoped to cut a path to the Atlantic by the way of the Hudson, it is now difficult to say. But long previous to the date of Leisler's ill-starred attempt to expel them from Canada, and down to the time when Wolfe triumphed at Quebec, the old chronicles which record the formidable descent of Count Frontinac, the massacre of Schenectady, and other inroads of Hurons and Adirondacks led on by French officers, tell us repeatedly of sudden taxes levied, and men warned to hold themselves ready in arms, even in this city, apparently so remote from the scene of the never-ending border struggle. To the military character thus fearfully fostered through several generations, not less than to the general love of sylvan

sports, engendered perhaps by the pursuit of the fur trade, many of the most characteristic traits of our forefathers are safely attributable.

The wars with New France, as Canada is called by the provincial writers of that day, commenced at an early period of New Netherland's history, and though ostensibly suspended when the parent countries were at peace with each other, yet the incessant forays between the New York and Canadian Indians; between the famous Five Nations, or Iroquois of New York, and the Hurons and Adirondacks of the St. Lawrence, was in fact a struggle between the French and English, to secure possession of northern and western New York. A grasping desire for territory on the part of the French, and a bitter jealousy of their rivalship in the fur trade, upon the part of the New Yorkers, impelled the colonists on either side, to share personally in these Indian quarrels, without troubling themselves much about the danger of compromising politically the mother countries which pretended to sway them. In a word, the pursuit of the fur trade afforded them, as it has done in later days, an admirable cover for that respectable species of land-piracy which permits bands of men to cut each other's throats, and fight out their national quarrels in the wilderness, without necessarily involving their country's flag, by the practice of such wholesale hostility against each other. And, after all, how did it matter much that the New York trader who was traversing the Mohawk and Oswego with a boat load of muskets and gunpowder, to exchange for furs with his Iroquois friends, should lend his hardy crew to them for a day or two, while the Burgeois of Montreal, who coasted Lake Ontario with his batteaux, had his voyageurs already clad and painted like Indians, in honest expectation of such a contingency!

The large immigration of disbanded German soldiers in Queen Anne's time, and the influx a few years later of Scotch jacobites, who had been in arms for the Pretender, brought a representation of new races of not ungenial habits, to coalesce with the earlier colonists of New York; and it was owing to the half military, half marauding temper these induced, that the breaking out of the Revolution found so few neutrals in New York—so many that took up arms either on one side or the other, fighting with such desperation to the close, that in no other province did the struggle wear so completely all the fearful features of a civil war as in this.

It is now curious to look at the other side of the picture, as we have it authentically transmitted to us. According to the intelligent Mrs. Grant, of Laghan, (whose delightful Reminiscences of early New York, are probably familiar to most of us,) there were in her day but few youth of character or respectability, who had not made one or more expeditions to the frontiers, serving at least one campaign, in what might then be called the Aboriginal

Flanders of America. Yet, the great simplicity of manners, the peace, security, and abundance which prevailed in the Valley of the Hudson, gave to that favoured region a character of almost pastoral tranquillity. "This singular community," says the observing Scotch woman, "seemed to have a common stock, not only of sufferings and enjoyments, but of information and ideas." Some pre-eminence in point of knowledge, there certainly was, yet those who possessed it seemed scarcely conscious of their superiority. The daily occasions which called forth the exertions of mind, sharpened sagacity, and strengthened character; avarice and vanity were there confined to very narrow limits; of money there was very little, (wampum beads being actually at one time a common medium of exchange,) and dress was, though in some instances valuable, not subject to the caprice of fashion; the beasts of prey that haunted their enclosures, (for wolves and bears especially abounded in this colony,) and the enraged savages that always hung threatening on their boundaries, made them more and more endeared to each other. In this calm infancy of society the rigors of law slept, because the fury of turbulent passions had not yet awakened it. Fashion, that whimsical tyrant of adult communities, had not yet erected her standard; "yet no person," says Mrs. Grant, "appeared uncouth or ill-bred, because there was no accomplished standard of comparison; their manners, if not elegant and polished, were at least easy and independent, while servility and insolence were equally unknown." Belted in, as it were, by the formidable Iroquois on their northern and western borders, and acknowledging those martial tribes as their chief bulwark against the allied Hurons and French of Canada, they were thus brought in immediate contact with those whom the least instance of fraud, insolence, or grasping meanness, might have converted from even valuable friends into resistless enemies. They were thus, we are told, compelled at first to "assume a virtue if they had it not," while the daily pressure of circumstance, at last rendered that virtue habitual.

With regard to the New York women of that day, the same writer bears particular testimony that while their confined education precluded elegance of mind, the simplicity of their manners was as far removed as possible from vulgarity. "At the same time," she observes, "these unembellished females had more comprehension of mind, more variety of ideas, more, in short, of what may be called original thinking, than could be easily imagined." Indeed it was on the women that the task of religious instruction chiefly devolved; and the essentials rather than the ceremonials of piety, being instilled by them, the mothers of the colony were thus regarded with a reverence which gave a simple earnestness to their character when mixing in secular concerns.

Of the domestic, or rather the out-of-door pursuits of these

simple housewives, there is one charming picture has come down to us. While the custom of the male head of the household cherishing some ancient tree planted immediately in front of the door-way, was almost universal in both town and country, alike in Albany and New York, as well as in every rural settlement, each dwelling was adorned with its little garden, which was under the special care of the mistress of the family. The garden spot, devoted equally to flowers and esculent vegetables, was thought to evidence equally the advance of her taste and the condition of her housekeeping. After describing these gardens as "extremely neat, but small, and not by any means calculated for walking in," the European resident exclaims, "I think I yet see what I have so often beheld in both town and country, a respectable mistress of a family going out to her garden in an April morning, with her great calash, her little painted basket of seeds, and her robe over her shoulders, to her garden labours. These were by no means figurative; a woman in very easy circumstances and abundantly gentle in form and manners, would sow and plant, and rake incessantly." These fair gardeners (we are also told) were likewise good florists, and displayed much emulation and solicitude in their pleasing employment.

In connection with this glimpse of not uninteresting homely habits it may be worth while to recur to the condition of slavery in early New York. So utterly is this institution now effaced from among us, that it has become difficult to realize how much is due to the far-seeing statesman and pure patriot, through whose instrumentality, chiefly, abolition was effected within our borders. Yet in no colony of our present Union did slavery more generally prevail than in that of New York; for while the social distinctions, depending upon taste and education, were quietly respected, there was here no division of society into two great classes, as at the south; where one great landed proprietor could count hundreds of human beings as his serfs, while another of the same blood, was sunk almost below the servile tiller of the soil, by the very fact of his owning no property in any man but himself. For, while the number of slaves in any New York family rarely exceeded a dozen, there was hardly a dwelling in the colony that did not shelter some of these family appendages. Slavery was indeed here literally "a domestic institution." "There were no field negroes," no collection of cabins remote from the house, known as "the negro quarters." The slaves lived under the same roof, and partook of the same fare as the rest of the family, to which they belonged. They were scrupulously baptized, too, and shared the same religious instruction with the children of the family. There was no especial law, we are told, preventing the barter of slaves; but a natural sentiment, which had grown into a custom, as compulsory as any law, prevented the separation of families; and above all, the sale of any child without the permis-

sion of the mother, who would often exercise her own caprice in designating its future master. The exchange of slaves was also almost invariably limited to family relatives. When a negro woman's child attained the age of three years, it was solemnly presented, the first new-year's day following, to the son, or daughter, or other young relation of the family, who was of the same sex with the child so presented; and when in after years, the youthful master went out to seek his fortunes upon the frontiers, a thousand instances are related of the fidelity and devotion of these sable squires, amid the perils of the wilderness. There is one remark which I will venture to make, in connection with this branch of our subject, because its truth may be, even at this late day, verified in Rockland, Orange, King's, Queen's and other counties of this state, where the full-blooded descendants of these negro slaves are still found with their African features and complexions, wholly unchanged. In this colony alone was it customary, among the rural population, (after the fashion of dealing with the household serfs of northern Europe, in the olden time,) to seat the menials at the lower end of the family board, *but* notwithstanding this familiar contact with the race, *amalgamation*, as I have already hinted, was utterly unknown to our forefathers. The mulatto mixture was introduced here from other states. As a happy confirmation of the truth of this observation, derived from other sources, I may mention that after writing thus far, I found, upon referring to the work from which I have already so freely quoted, the valuable testimony of its writer, given in the following words:

"It is but justice to record a singular instance of moral delicacy, distinguishing this settlement (the colony of New York) from every other in the like circumstances. Though from their simple and friendly modes of life, they were from infancy in habits of familiarity with their negroes, yet being early taught that nature had placed between them a barrier, which it was in a high degree criminal and disgraceful to pass, they considered a mixture of such distinct races with abhorrence, as a violation of her laws. This greatly conduced to the preservation of family happiness and concord. It may be thought remarkable that our forefathers, while deducing not only their general code of morality, but this special creed as to the preservation of castes, from the Bible, likewise pretended to find in the same good book the most unquestionable authority for holding the black race in bondage. They imagined that they had found the negro condemned to perpetual slavery, and thought nothing remained for them but to lighten the chains of their fellow Christians after having made them such."

Of law, we are drily told by a contemporary, the generality of those people knew very little; of philosophy, nothing at all, save as they found them both in the Bible, the time-cherished

possession of every family; and often their only literary treasure. We have now the laws, the poetry, and philosophy, of which they were so deplorably ignorant; yet the law-giver, the poet, and the philosopher, might perhaps perversely decide that the spirit which gives vitality to these elements of social elevation, was hardly more diffused than formerly. They either and all of them might declare that *Order*, the first and highest *law* of Heaven itself—that *Truth* and *Naturalness*, the basis of all *poetry*—that *Happiness*, the ultimate aim of all *philosophy*—though by no means so well *understood* as now, were practised nearly as well; were enjoyed almost as generally as in our enlightened day.

Men acted then, not because public opinion *constrained*, but because their own honest and well trained natures *impelled* them. "Public opinion"—that name of the most tremendous engine of a people's power, and most subtle weapon against individual freedom—that engine, whose formidable energies have made New England gloriously powerful as she is—that weapon, whose mischievous meddling with private rights is marring the manly independence of Americans, and letting out its social worth from the heart of the nation—public opinion, as we understand it, was wholly unknown to *our* fathers.

To those familiar with the racy humour of Knickerbocker's history—whole pages of which we have seen quoted in a grave work of historical reference, as presenting a true picture of New York society and manners previous to the Revolution—to those, I say, who are disposed to take this very witty, but not altogether well-judged caricature of our forefathers, as a veritable though exaggerated picture of the times preceding the Revolution, the views in which we have indulged may seem lifeless and unattractive.

Yet, while it would not have been difficult, with the mere aid of many a sketch, work, and manuscript in the collection of the Historical Society, to prepare a paper that might have some curious interest for many, I have preferred taking a more general, though less entertaining view of my subject. I wished to call the attention of more philosophic minds to the actual condition of the people of New York before the schoolmaster was abroad. I wished to awaken some interest in the manners and customs of a race of men who seem to me to have been full as respectable in their day, on the score of *character*, as we claim to be in ours, on the score of mere *intellectuality*—a race of men who I confess, are full as interesting to me from their honest individuality, so to speak, as are those creatures of enlightened public opinion which are called the "intelligent mass," in our day. Nor would I be understood as either preaching up conservatism, or yearning, with antiquarian affection, for the usages and modes of opinion which belonged to times gone by. My first object has been

Diagram of Great Fires, 1835 and '45, p. 197.

merely to remind you that the people of those times are not unworthy of your study, and that their claim to remembrance may be more fully acknowledged than now, in those coming years when we may vainly seek to fan the embers of expiring tradition. My second object has been, to interpose a doubt which must often have occurred to all thinking men, whether the boasted intelligence and improved external mechanism of the society in which we live is really such an improvement upon the social plan by which the character of our forefathers was developed, that we are willing to forego their memory, save as it may minister to our curiosity.

REMARKABLE FACTS AND INCIDENTS.

——"To strike our marvelling eyes,
Or move our special wonder."

In filling up a chapter of this kind, we foresee that it will be necessarily so various and *desultory*, as to proclude any classification. It will be all such *facts and things* as may best serve to surprise, amuse and inform the present generation. Though old in themselves, they will be novelties to many now,—a present picture,—though in fragments, and in mosaic of a buried age.

In the year 1735, animosity ran pretty high between the military governor and his council on the one part, and the mayor and council on the other part. On this occasion, *Zanger* the printer, took the part of the latter, which was considered "vox populi" also; the consequence was, he was put under arrest and trial. The popular excitement was strong, and feelings extended even to Philadelphia. Andrew Hamilton, there a celebrated lawyer and civilian, volunteered to aid Zanger, and went on to New York, and there effected his deliverance with great triumph. Grateful for this, the corporation of the city voted him "a golden snuff-box, with many classical inscriptions, and within they enclosed him the freedom of the city." The box might now be a curiosity.

I was shown the locality of an incident which has had more readers than any other popular tale of modern times. No. 24 on Bowery road, is a low wooden house, the same from which the heroine of "Charlotte Temple" was seduced by a British officer. The facts were stated to me, and the place shown by Dr. F.

In 1769 was a time of fierce and contentious election for Assemblymen; the poll was kept open for four days; no expense was spared by the candidates; the friends of each party kept open houses in every ward, where all regaled and partook to the

full; all citizens left off their usual business; there were only 1515 electors, of which 917 were freeholders; all non-resident voters were sought for earnestly in the country and brought to the city polls. John Cruger, James Delancy, Jacob Walton, and John Jauncey, were the successful candidates by majorities generally of 250 to 270 votes.

On an occasion of an election, Mr. Alexander M'Dougal (afterwards Gen. M'D.) was the author of an address "to the public," signed "Legion," wherein he invoked the public assembling of the people at the fields near De la Montange's, (which is in modern parlance in the Park, near Peale's museum,) "in order effectually to avert the evil of the late base, inglorious conduct by our general assembly, who, in opposition to the loud and general call of their constitutents and of sound policy, and to the glorious struggle for our birthrights, have dared to vote supplies to the troops without a shadow of pretext. Therefore, let every friend to his country then appear."

For this stirring appeal M'Dougal was taken under arrest by the sergeant at arms of the assembly, who placed him in the county gaol. While he was there confined, forty-five persons "Sons of Liberty," (for "forty-five" persons was a talismanic number then) went to visit him in prison, to salute and cheer him. Not long after, "forty-five" female "Sons of Liberty," headed by Mrs. Malcomb, (wife of the general) made their visit also to cheer the state prisoner, and to applaud "his noble conduct in the cause of liberty." It was this leaven that was carrying on the fermentation thus early for the revolution.

The gaining of the election caused the New Yorkers, in 1770, to recede from their non-importation covenants, and the Whigs of Philadelphia resolved to buy nothing of them "while governed by a faction."

The winter of 1755 was so peculiarly mild, that the navigation of the North river kept open all the season. Mr. David Grim, saw from that cause, Sir Peter Hackett's and Col. Dunbar's regiment go up the river to Albany in that winter.

The winter of 1779–80, on the other hand, was the extreme of cold, producing "the hard winter." Two great cakes of ice closed up the North river from Paulus Hook ferry to Courtland street. Hundreds then crossed daily. Artillery, and sleds of provisions, were readily passed over: and even heavy artillery was borne over the frozen bridge to Staten Island.

My friend James Bogert, then a small lad, was with his uncle, the *first* persons who were ever known to have crossed the East river on the ice, at or near Hell Gate,

The winters of 1740–41, 1764–5, 1779–80, and 1820–21, formed the four severest winters in 100 years; and were the only winters in which the North river could be crossed on the ice. The cold, on the 25th January 1821, was *seven* degrees below

zero; being one degree lower than any former record. The cold in January 1765, was at *six* degrees below *zero.*

> "Then the parching air burnt frore,
> And cold performed *the effect of fire!*"

I saw in the Historical Society Library, something very rare to be found in this country: they are sixteen volumes folio of MS. Journals of the House of Commons, in Cromwell's rule, say from 1650, to 1675, said to have been presented through the family of the late Governor Livingston. I suspect, however, they came through the family of Governor Williamson, because a great part of Col. De Hart's library went by will to De Hart Williamson in 1801. Mrs. D. Logan had before told me of having seen those volumes in the possession of Col. De Hart, of Morristown, N. J. about the year 1800. She could not learn how they came into this country, although she found it was believed they were abducted by some of Cromwell's friends (who went out first to New England, and afterwards settled near Morristown) to prevent their use against those who might remain in England. Their ample margins had been partially used by a commanding officer of our army there, when paper was scarce, to write his orders!*

Captain Kidd, the celebrated pirate, was once married and settled at New York. As the trial of Kidd, which I have seen and preserved, states on the authority of Col. Livingston, that he had a wife and child then in New York, my inquiring mind has sometimes, looking among the multitude, said, Who knows, but some of these are Kidd's descendants? I observe, however, that the name is not in the New York Directory; Col. Livingston recommended him to the crown officers "as a bold and honest man." He had probably been a privateersman aforetime out of New York, as we find the records there stating that he there paid his fees (in 1691) to the governor and to the king. Another record also states some process against one of his seamen, as deserted from him.

In 1695 he arrived at New York from England, with the king's commission, and soon after began and continued his piracies for four years. In 1699 he again arrived within the Long Island Sound, and made several deposits on the shore of that island. Being decoyed to Boston, he was arrested, sent to England, and executed at Execution Dock on the 23d March, 1701.

To this day it is the traditionary report that the family of J——— at Oyster Bay, and of C——— at Huntington, are en-

* An elaborate notice of these volumes has been made by James Bowdoin, Esq., for the Historical Society, of Massachusetts, and I have since ascertained that they accord with the *printed* Journals. It is nevertheless strange that they are here.

riched by Kidd's spoils; they having been in his service, *by force it is presumed*, and made their escape at Long Island at Eatonneck, which gave them the power afterwards of attaining "the deposits" above referred to. Both J——— and C——— became strangely rich.

The records of Philadelphia show that, contemporaneous with this time, "one Shelly, from New York, has greatly infested our navigation with Kidd's pirates."

In the "History of the Pirates," Boston edition, we find some additional facts concerning Captain Robert Kidd and his associates. The king's commission to Kidd, while he affected to be a legal *Privateersman*, incidentally named the pirates whom he was intended to seek and capture; they were "Captains Thomas Too, John Ireland, Thomas Wake, and Captain Maze, and other subjects, *natives or inhabitants of New York and elsewhere in America*, they being *Pirates* upon the American seas," &c. None of their histories appeared in the book. Some of them were natives of New Jersey nearest to New York. With Kidd were executed at London as his accomplices, Nich. Churchill and James How of New Jersey, and Gabriel Loff, Hugh Parrott, Abel Owens, and Darby Mullins. It was proved that Kidd had killed his gunner "William Moor" in a quarrel. It will not fail to be observed in the foregoing, and similar cases of *names*, that none of them are of the true Holland race. It is however believed, that the New Yorkers as Dutchmen, were keen enemies of the Spaniards, who had so long oppressed and wasted their father-land. They might have been willing to connive at unlawful aggressions on their possessions in the West Indies and in South America: Even the English colonists, every where, had no aversion to their being roughly scourged, as enemies in many wars.

In 1712 a pirate brigantine appeared off Long Island, commanded by one Lowe, a Bostonian; he was a successful fellow, who had captured Honduras. About the same time one Evans also comes on the coast.

The next year two pirates looked into Perth Amboy and New York itself.

Lowe commanded the "Merry Christmas," of three hundred and thirty tons, and his consort was commanded by one Harris. [Another pirate, Captain Sprigg, called his vessel "the Bachelor's Delight."] They bore a black flag; while off the Hook, they were engaged by the Greyhound of his Majesty's navy. He captured the least of them, having on board as prisoners thirty-seven whites and six blacks; all of whom were tried and executed at Rhode Island, and all bearing our common English names. Captain Solgard, who thus conquered, was presented with the freedom of the city in a gold snuff-box. Lowe, in indignation,

afterwards became cruel to Englishmen, cutting and slitting their noses. He had on board during the fight, as the prisoners told, £150,000 in silver and gold.

The gazettes of this period teem with their adventures. In that time the public mind was engrossed with the dread of them, and they had accomplices often on shore to aid them and divide the spoil.

In 1724 William Bradford, in New York, publishes the general history of the pirates, including two women, Mary Reed and Anne Bonny.

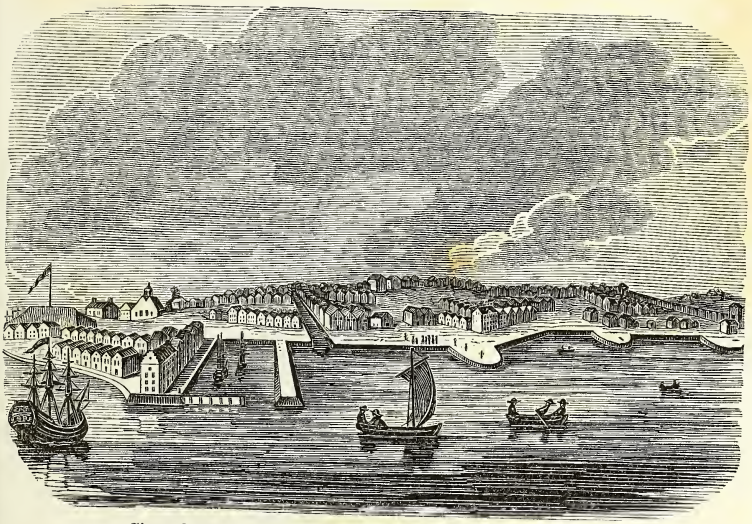
First discovery of New York harbour by the English. It is not *told*, and perhaps not *known* to any American historian, that New York harbour and the mouth of the Hudson, were discovered by *the English*, before seen or known by *Hudson.* My edition of "Modern History," being a *continuation* of the Universal History (in 3 vols. 8vo., concerning America,) London edition, 1763, vol. 2, p. 240, says, "A ship was equipped by two enterprising public spirited noblemen, the Lords Southampton and Arundel, to prosecute discoveries, the conduct of which was entrusted to *Capt. Weymouth.* The adventurer set sail in the month of March 1605, and arrived the following *Whitsunday* at the mouth of Hudson's river, on the coast of North America, to which, *for this reason*, he gave the name of *Pentecost harbour.* At first his voyage was successful, he traded with the natives for furs, and obtained *a considerable cargo*; but his men *kidnapping some of the Indians*, he was *forced* to quit the coast abruptly, to avoid the effects of their resentment, and take his departure for England."

It may be remarked also, that the *French* have also had some show of claim to discovery, by *the Dauphin* in April 1524, one of Verranzo's ships. He entered the harbour about the latitude of 41° described somewhat like New York—there he remained and traded with the natives till the 5th of May. See Hakluyt's voyages.

The same vol. 2nd, p. 546, says, "It is difficult, and indeed immaterial, to settle the claims of prior possession amongst the colonists of America. Capt. Hudson, an Englishman, is said to have been the first who discovered this country, and about the year 1608 he sold it to *the Dutch.* [This time don't agree with our records that his discovery was in September 1609.] This transaction was certainly very questionable, as it had not the sanction of James I., without which it was thought it was not in the power of a private subject to dispose of so important and so fine a tract of country. The *Dutch* however proceeded to settle it; the court of England complained of this settlement, and of their placing a governor over it—protesting against it." Sir Samuel Argal, while acting as governor in Virginia, as deputy to Lord Delawar, (p. 245) "was indefatigable in making discoveries on the

coasts of New England, Nova Scotia, and Acadia; from whence he had driven some parties of French, who had attempted to make settlements—Sir Samuel claiming all this coast as the right of the crown of England. It being represented that Mr. Argal bent his whole application to the discovery of new countries, without making the proper advantage of those already in possession, he was recalled (1611). It was perhaps owing to the above mentioned characteristics of Sir Samuel Argal, that it is said, vol. 2, p. 346: "Sir Samuel Argal, in his way from Virginia to New Scotland (Nova Scotia), attacked and destroyed the plantations of the Dutch, *by order*, it is to be presumed, from the court of England." "Upon this, the Dutch applied to king James for a confirmation of Hudson's conveyance; but all they could obtain, was leave to build *some* cottages for the conveniency of their ships, touching for fresh water, *in their way to Brazil.*" "This permission afforded them *pretexts* for enlarging their settlements, till at last, New Netherlands became a flourishing colony."

Early Notices. In 1670, Dan'l Denton of England, who had been residing among the first English settlers at Jamaica, Long Island, published in London, his "brief relation of New York," as it had appeared to him under its then recent change, from the Dutch to the British rule. From it as a scarce work, (reprinted by the Historical Society of Penna.,) I make sundry extracts, depictive of things as they were, viz. He writes, he says, to give satisfaction to those who may be desirous to go thither. Land, he says, is procured by forming a company sufficient to make a town, which the governor readily confirms, wherever they may choose to locate it. A part of the first land they leave to lie in common as pasture land, until more population may make it useful to divide the remainder. It seems to be all a gratis concern, for the sake of population and improvement. The things most needful for the new comers, is said to be clothing; for with that, they can supply themselves with cattle and corn; and with any sorts of English goods, such as implements of husbandry, nails, hinges, glass &c., they can command everything. The tradesmen there of all kinds, have enough to do, and all live happily. There they do much in raising their own flax, making their own linen, their woollen cloth, and linsey-woolsey. I may say, (says he,) and that truly, that if there be any terrestrial happiness to be had by people of all ranks, especially of an inferior rank, it must certainly be here: here any one may furnish himself with land and live rent free; yea with such a quantity of land, that he may weary himself in the walking over his fields of corn, and all sorts of grain. And let his stock of cattle amount to hundreds, he need not fear their want of pasture in the summer, or fodder in the winter, the woods then affording sufficient supply. In the summer season, the grass grows spontaneously as high as the knees,



City of Nieu Orange, as sketched in 1673, p. 11 and 147.

and some places as high as the waist, interlaced with pea vines and other weeds, which cattle much delight in. Grape vines abound, forest trees afford shade, and brooks and ponds are all about at hand, for cattle in their ranges. Such a free and open land once, free to all who would come and take, might make many of us now ejaculate a wish that we had been born *then*, to have put in for our share of the common chance. Mr. Denton says, here, those on whom fortune hath frowned in *England*, should come—here gain an inheritance of lands, and stock of cattle—here live happily while they live, and then leave a benefit to their children after them. Happy land, says he, where nature hath made such rich provison of all sorts of game, of wild beasts, and wild fowl, where he may furnish his house with venison, turkies, geese, heath-hens, swans, ducks, pigeons, partridges, quails, &c., and when wearied with the pleasure of hunting, he may go a fishing, where the rivers are so furnished, as that he may fully supply himself with fish, before he can leave off the recreation. Travel where you will, you see no poor and know of no beggars. In such a land, you travel without fear of robbers; and if you chance to come across an Indian town, they will be sure to give you freely of their best. Such is the healthfulness of the country, that families for twenty years have not been met with sickness—indeed the very air of the atmosphere is invigorating, sending forth such a fragrance from its flowers, herbs, and vegetation, as readily to be noticed at sea before they can make the land. The flowers give such supply to honey bees, that you can scarcely see a house, which is not on the south side, begirt with its hives of bees, which here increase after an incredible manner. Truly here is indeed a terrestrial *Canaan*, flowing with milk and honey. Truly the inhabitants as well as the land are blessed—blessed with peace and plenty; in their fields and ground, in their cattle, in their basket and in their store: Everything is a picture of blessedness.

Surely, some of the present pains-taking moderns, who are talking of our vaunted *improvements*, might sigh for such a former state of repose and plenty. On some such impulse of feeling the author even then, apostrophizes his generation, and says, "how free are those parts of the world from the pride and oppression, with their miserable effects, with which many, nay almost all parts of the world are troubled, which being ignorant of that pomp and bravery which aspiring humours are servants to, and striving after almost everywhere; where a wagon or cart gives as good content as a coach, and a piece of home-made cloth better than finest lawns or richest silks—where if their low roofed houses may seem to show closed doors against pride and luxury, they do, nevertheless, stand open wide, to let charity in and out either to assist each other, or relieve a stranger!" Do any now

covet or envy the picture,—let them go and try to emulate it, by going to Oregon. That *is now* what New York once was.

The author, even then, admired that so fine a country should be so little known abroad. He gives as a reason, that the former Dutch did not encourage the English; that they also chiefly inclined to the pursuit of the beaver trade, to the neglect of agricultural improvements—that they also made themselves unpopular by exacting *the tenth* of all which men produced off their land. Soon as it was changed to English rule, the country as he thought, began to improve, for then he says, "several towns of a considerable greatness were begun and settled by people out of New England, and every day, *more and more* came to view and settle."

New York, he says, is then built most of *brick* and *stone*, and covered with red and black tile; and seen at a distance, as an elevated site, it is of pleasing aspect. The inhabitants consist mostly of English and Dutch, and have a considerable trade with the Indians, for beavers, otters, and other furs, as also for bear, deer, and elk skins. They produce some tobacco, as good as of Maryland. *Long* Island, is then spoken of as "inhabited from one end to the other," while up the North river, there's no settlements save at Esopus ("Sopers") and Albany. The west end of Long Island, then, had four or five *Dutch* towns, the rest being all *English*, to the number of twelve, besides villages and farmhouses." Strawberries then abounded, "so much so in June, that the fields and woods were dyed red, which the country people perceiving, would go forth with wine, cream, and sugar; and instead of a coat of mail, every one takes up a female behind him on horseback, and starting for the fields, set to picking the fruit, and regaling themselves as long as they last. They have also cranberries, raspberries, plums of various sorts, and huckleberries. In May, the woods and fields were curiously bedecked with roses, and an innumerable multitude of delightful flowers; all of which, the natives say, administer relief to sundry diseases."

"Upon the south side of Long Island, in the winter, lie store of whales and grampuses, which the inhabitants with small boats, begin to make a trade of, catching them to no small benefit. There is also an *innumerable* multitude of *seals*, lying all winter upon broken marshes, sand bars, and beaches, which might be caught and made into excellent oil, if there were but skilful men to undertake it." *Now*, we must notice that there are no seals there.

The author has considerable to note of Indians, but nothing of sufficient circumstance to be herein stated. He speaks of their love of rum—their making their wives their husbandmen—their superstition in their powows. They buried their dead sitting upright, and deposited with them their favourite articles. They made much use of greasing and painting their bodies, and having but little clothing. They seemed even then, in his opinion, a debased and wasting race.

The Rev. "C. W." of the Protestant Episcopal church, put out a *little* journal of two years' residence in New York, which he visited in the year 1678. The London edition of 1701, I have seen, and made my extracts thus, viz.

He sailed the 27th May, 1678, in the Blossom, from old England, with Gov. Andros, and arrived at New York in the *then* ordinary passage on the 7th August! Speaks highly of the healthiness of the place. Of the natives (Indians) much commends their fine forms, and says the women so hardily bear their children—instances the case of one *Harman* the Indian, in Marbletown, in the county of Ulster, formerly called *Sopus*, whose squaw, to harden herself, would go out after delivery to bring in on her back a bundle of sticks. The Indians grease themselves to preserve their skins from blistering in the summer sun, and as their best armour against musquitoes, and against the winter's cold. Their hairs on the chin they pluck out. Their breech flaps they tie with a *snake skin* round their middles. He tells *the value of skins*, says beavers bring 10*s.* per pound; an ox-hide 3*d.* a pound wet, 6*d.* dry. Negroes bring 30 to £40 a head, the same which cost 12 or £14 in Barbadoes. *The price of provisions* thus—Long Island wheat 3*s.* a skipple (*i. e.* three parts of a bushel), Sopus wheat half a crown a skipple. Bread 18*s.* per *cwt.* Pork £3 per *bbl.*, beef 30*s.* Both Indians and Dutch are obstinate and incessant smokers of tobacco. The latter are great eaters of sallads and bacon, and very often buttermilk. Tobacco is 2½*d.* a pound. All smoke with short campaigne pipes. Their best ale is made of wheat malt. Their quaffing liquors are rum punch and brandy punch. Their sweet wine is fiall. The Indians bring in all varieties of game, selling a venison for 3*s.* Their dogs are young wolves stolen when young. About Christmas is the *whaling season* here—two boats of six men each make up the company; then the whales come on from the north-east; a whale of sixty feet length yields about forty to fifty barrels of oil. Of *bears*, he says the Indians seek them in companies of two or three to be secure in case of only wounding them, when *one* person would be attacked. But, says he, I was once, with good diversion with some others, where in an orchard of Mr. John Robinson's of New York they followed a bear from tree to tree, upon which he would swarm like a cat. He came down backwards. He says that pennyroyal bruised and held to the smell of a rattlesnake will soon kill it! They also say the same plant will expel a dead child, and it is also a remedy for a venomous bite, applied to the wound. Their wigwams are made of bark set upon poles. They bring many oysters and fish to market in their canoes. The fort at New York is one of the strongest in North America, and when taken by the Dutch was the fault of Capt. Manning, who suffered it, in the absence of the governor; for which he was condemned an exile to a small island, called

from his name *Manning Island*, where *I* have been several times, *with* the said captain, whose entertainment was commonly a bowl of rum punch. The Dutch women almost always wear slippers (down at heel). They have another custom peculiar, which is that they feast freely and merrily at the *funeral* of any friend, eating and drinking very plentifully, *as I have seen.*

The betrothed Indian woman, covers her face like Rebecca, a whole year before she is married. Her husband does not lie with his squaw, whilst the child has (not) done sucking, which is commonly two years, for they say the milk will not be good, if they get children so fast. They bury the body sitting upon their heels, and put with them their weapons and wampum, &c. like those in Ezek. 32 : 27. They make thread of Indian hemp. They were smart at cutting trees with a flint axe. They eat the lice they find in one another's heads, and say they are wholesome! All the companies he met of them, out of town, all bowed head and knee to him, calling him the Sacka-makers' *Kakin-do-wet*, *i. e.* the governor's minister. Their war paint is black, for peace red. Their tribes near on Long Island were at Rockaway; 2d, Sea-qua-ta-cy, to the south of Huntingdon; 3d, Unckal-chau-ge; 4th, Setauch, Setauchet North; 5th, Ocqua-bang Southold; 6th, Shin-n-cock, Southampton the greatest tribe; 7th, Mun-tauck, to the eastward of East Hampton. Top-paum has one hundred and fifty fighting men. The West Chester Indians have seventy-five fighting men. The Na-usin or *Neversinks* are but few.

At New York he was minister and teacher to the English, there were also two others, a Lutheran, the other a Calvinist Low Dutchman, very shy and averse to each other's creeds, called *Domines*, who spoke Latin *fluently*, to the shame of our A. M. himself! The English observed one of their customs the New Year, and many presents were sent to him from the English residents there, a measure he thought to be equally kind and singular.

New York in 1678, as seen by Gov. Andros's chaplain. He said that Fredk. Phillips was deemed the richest *Mün Heer* there, and that he had whole hogsheads of Indian money, or *wampum.* Persons could then buy plantations at two to three pence an acre; all covered with wood, under a permit from the governor. So much encouragement for settlers! but if inclined to merchandize, then to pay £3 12*s.* 17*d.* fees, or six beavers, (for the privilege of trading,) and they may turn cent for cent, on what they may import from London; fifty per cent, is but an indifferent advance considered! So he took his shipments,—what he paid £43 for in furs, he received £80 for in London. Horses there were rarely shod, and their feet became like flints, by running in the woods. The city was as large as some Market towns in England, all being built the London way. The garrison, side of a high situation, and a pleasant prospect. The diversion, especially in the winter by the Dutch, is *aurigation*, i. e. riding about in wagons,

and upon the ice, it is admirable to see *men and women*, as if *flying* upon their skates, from place to place, with marketing upon their heads and backs. He concludes, that its seasons and healthiness are so bracing and so delightfully felt, that he could invite cordially English gentry, merchants and clergy to go thither even if they be of hypohcondriacal *consumption*: *only*, if it were not for *the passage*—oh the passage thither is *hic labour, hoc opus est!* The ship may founder, or she may be taken by a Pickeroon. He went home to England in a Quaker's ship, and should have fared ill enough with the nauseous old water, had not the governor's lady kindly provided him with a rundlet of Madeira.

Smuggling before the Revolution. I have been told by respectable commercial gentlemen, who were in business at New York before the revolution, that it was a common every day affair to smuggle contraband goods ashore, at many places on Long Island and Staten Island. They would even unload *in day time* without any fear of *informers*, who were held to be odious, and were visited with tar and feathers too. The measure itself, was entirely in harmony with the will of the people, who considered that in proportion to their success, they would profit by the lowness of the prices. Besides, they all deemed it to be unreasonable, that they should be taxed to raise funds to be sent and spent abroad. In that way, much of the tea, gin, china, and sundry dry-goods, came out from Holland; other goods came from St. Eustatia as an intermediate port. Some of the best names, now known in New York as independent men, attained their wealth in the *Dutch* contraband commerce. The king's officers, too, felt the unpopularity of their position, and seemed well disposed to connive at things not actually seen by themselves. For instance, several vessels used to unload by night and day at a cove on Staten Island, within a mile of Amboy, where the king's officers of the customs, were established. The inside of the sound along Long Island, was also a frequent and favourite place of discharge. The teas which came from England, were of course subject to duties, and paid highly—and every family thought themselves *interested* to have them low. [The fact may serve to teach ourselves, even now, that the best way to secure good faith towards our own revenue, will be to make them moderate and acceptable to the mass of the people: else we offer a lure to create and foster corruption.]

It was not considered infamous then, as now, because the people thought themselves oppressed by the exclusive measures of the parent country, in *monopolizing* trade. It was considered that the duties were not for ourselves, but for remote crown officers and favourites. *Informers* therefore were held in great detestation, and were almost sure to meet with tar and feathers, or worse. Kelly and Kitchener at New York, having informed against the mate of a vessel, who had invested his wages in wine

to make a little profit, were seized by the populace and paraded by them through the streets in a cart, their faces and clothes smeered with tar and sprinkled with feathers. The same was done to a person at the drawbridge at Philadelphia, in 1769. At Newport the people seized an informer, placed him in the pillory, and then gave him tar and feathers. At Boston, a person informing against a vessel from Rhode Island which had landed a cask of wine, was seized and his naked skin well tarred and feathered, and paraded about in a cart holding in his hand a lighted lanthorn.

We give a pleasant description of St. Nicholas' day, in which is happily depicted many of the passing changes of the times:

SAINT NICHOLAS' DAY.

A safe arrival to Saint Nicholas to night
Through all the windings of dark Anthracite.
I fear not one Dutch chimney can be found
In which the saint may turn his carriage round—
That magic coach, so famed in olden times,
And drawn by tiny steeds from distant climes;
Ah, well I recollect the ample space,
Where little people did their stockings place,
Then sit delighted round the hickory blaze
And watch the chimney with expectant gaze,
Discussing all they thought the dawn would show,
And wondering where Saint Nicholas next would go.
And when the anxious night was passed
And the wished morning came at last,
Then each with haste the knot untied
And open flew the stocking wide,
Disclosing such a bounteous store,
No little mortals would desire more;
And oh, what smiling, happy dimpled faces,
What laughing, shouting, capering and grimaces,
What ships and tops, and bounding balls,
And sugar'd fruits, and toys and dolls,
What pleasure sparkling in each youthful eye,
How free from care—how full of ecstasy—
But children now, have so much wiser grown
That all their simple pleasures are unknown,
And little urchins who may read my rhymes
Will call them silly traits, of by-gone times.
Saint Nicholas, must marvel much to see
Such alterations in old Albany,
And when he looks, the gable ends to spy,
A gilded dome will strike his wandering eye
Instead of Holland bricks, and simple tiles,
Ionic temples from the Grecian Isles;
Our great grand sires could hardly tell the models,
But people now a days, have wiser noddles.
Old Pearl, I knew, a pleasant quiet street,
Snug houses and neat stoops, where friends would often meet,
The men with pipes, cock'd hats and fine long queues,
The girls with white short gowns, stuff petticoats and high heel shoes,
And knitting at the side, and fingers going,
And now and then a tender glance bestowing.

Soon as the old Dutch bell rung out for eight,
The bolt was drawn upon the little gate,
The table set—and for our supper
Supaan and milk, and bread and butter.
And Pearl street claims the mead of praise
For changing all these good old ways;
Now she has courts, with grass and roses,
(Not pinkster blumies, nor Dutch posies,)
With seats of learning classical and pure,
Pity such columns cannot long endure.
I own my vision was at first astounded
By church and houses, somehow so confounded,
And something on the top I see
Like what the French call fleur de lis,
But altogether 'tis imposing,
And I'm no critic's skill disclosing,
But merely as an idle passer by
Note down what happens to attract my eye.
Then there are squares, and parks and pailings,
No wooden stiles—but iron railings,
And mansions towering in height,
With plate glass windows, clear and bright—
Marble and granite—and such domes,
Old Dutchmen scarcely know their homes,
And Knickerbockers of the day
Are sometimes seen to lose their way.
A study too is all the fashion
Call'd bumps—denoting any passion,
And these are found to my surprise
On cheek, and mouth, and nose and eyes,
Now little hills upon the face
I humbly think quite out of place,
But mountains on the head are seen,
And no doubt rivers flow between;
All these to every crani-lover
Some strange propensities discover.
Saint Nicholas would wonder most of all,
Were he to see the City Hall.
Dutch worthies there have been forgot,
And in their place, is Walter Scott.
Now Holland's history proclaims
A list of great and brilliant names,
And Holland's sons should love to show,
How much to these great names they owe.
Here let me make this declaration,
Good men I love of every nation,
I like the Scotch—a clever race,
But think Sir Walter out of place.
My time is limited, and I,
Must bid my ancient friends good bye,
I came to celebrate the day,
And to our Saint, my homage pay. 1835.

St. Nicholas was born on the 6th of December, in the year 343, at Patura a city of Lycia, of reputable parents, who early initiated him in the doctrines of the Christian faith, which he practised in so exemplary a manner as to reach the ear, and to receive the

patronage of Constantine the Great, and through him became the head of the church, or Bishop of Myra.

His legendary life abounds too greatly with absurd statements of miraculous powers, to warrant recital, beyond what is absolutely necessary in explanation of the origin of some of the patronages which superstition formerly assigned to him, and which are yet credited by those of the Latin and Greek churches.

When he was an infant, and consequently dependent upon the sustenance with which Providence has so bountifully provided the female parent, he never could be induced to receive such natural support, on Wednesdays or Fridays; a virtuous and exemplary attention to the ordinances of the church, which marked him—justly, could we but believe the fable, "as a pattern for future infants," and caused him to be regarded as their peculiar saint and patron, under the endearing title of "Child Bishop."

Numerous free schools were established for the instruction of youth, under the patronage of St. Nicholas, their great friend. And before the reformation, the election of what was known by the title of Boy Bishop, or Episcopus Puerorum in the cathedrals in England, has been considered to have had its origin from the alleged attachment of the saint to the rising generation. He is styled in several of the legends as "the glorious confessor." His was the peculiar honour of being worshipped by those of almost every country "whose march was on the mountain wave, and whose home was on the deep." In illustration of this fact, there was scarcely a place of any note on the coast of Europe, or adjoining the principal rivers, but what traces of temples of worship could be found, that were put under his protection, and enriched by offerings from mariners, fishermen and others, as well as by merchants trading beyond sea.

Dutch taste.—The last specimens of the old Dutch taste in building have now, says the New York Transcript, nearly disappeared from our city; but they are still to be seen in great abundance a few miles out in the country. This is particularly the case on Long Island, among the farmers, as may be seen in Brooklyn, Flatbush, Gravesend, &c. There may be seen houses with bevel roofs, from a story to a story and a half high, with the gable end to the street, and the shingles on the said gable end tastefully rounded at their lower ends, and looking all along their lower edge like the herring-bone of a quilted petticoat; while on both sides of the houses are wide projecting eaves, sufficient to defend two companies of men, rank and file, from the hardest shower. So much for the houses. The barns are low, with high roofs, and almost invariably painted red. In allusion to this latter taste, a gentleman, the other day, asked a descendant of one of the old original settlers, why it was that the barns were always painted of that colour. He replied, "It is the Dutch coat of arms."

"The Dutch coat of arms? Well, what does that mean?"

"Why, it means that white paint costs a shilling a pound, while the red only costs fourpence."

This explanation appeared very rational, and the questioner was satisfied. For our part, we like to see these ancient specimens of the Knickerbocker taste. They exhibit economy, and they are, moreover, as it were *connecting links* with the tastes, feelings, and notions of the olden time, which the rage of modern improvement is doing its best to drive entirely into the ocean of oblivion.

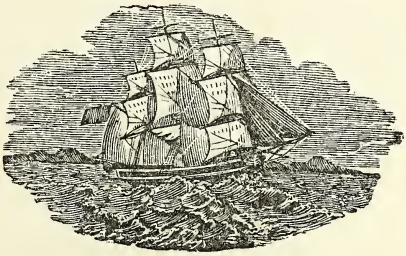
THE FEDERAL PROCESSION AND SHIP HAMILTON,

AS THEY PASSED ALONG THE STREETS IN NEW YORK, IN 1788,

TO CELEBRATE THE ADOPTION OF THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION.—TO WIT.

In the seventh division there appeared a frigate of thirty-two guns, twenty-seven feet keel, and ten feet beam, with galleries and every thing complete, and in proportion, both in hull and rigging; manned with upwards of thirty seamen and marines in their different uniforms; commanded by Commodore Nicholson, and drawn by ten horses.

THE FEDERAL



SHIP HAMILTON.

At the hour appointed for the procession to move, thirteen guns were fired from the ship, as a signal for marching. She then got under way, with her topsails a-trip and coursers in the brails, proceeding in the centre of the procession. When abreast of Beaver street she made the proper signal for a pilot, by hoisting a jack at the foretop-mast head, and firing a gun. The pilot boat appearing upon her weather quarter, the frigate threw her main topsail to the mast; the boat hailed, and asked the necessary questions; the pilot was received aboard and the boat dismissed. The frigate then filled and moved abreast of the fort, where the crew discovered the President and members of Congress. She immediately brought to and fired a salute of thirteen guns, which was followed by three cheers, and politely answered by the gentlemen of Congress. The procession then moved; when the ship came opposite to Mr. Constable's, the crew discovered at the window Mrs. Edgar, who had generously honoured the ship with

the present of a suit of silk colours; immediately they manned the ship and gave three cheers. When she arrived abreast of the old slip, she was saluted by thirteen guns from his most Catholic Majesty's packet, then in the harbour, which was politely returned. She then made sail and proceeded through Queen street to the fields, when squalls came on, and the wind ahead, she beat to windward by short tacks, in which the pilot displayed his skill in navigation, heaving the lead, getting ready for stays, putting the helm a lee, by bracing and counter-bracing the yards, &c. In the fields, she had to descend several hills, in rising which she afforded a delightful prospect to the spectators, her top-sails appearing first and then her hull, in imitation of a ship at sea; exhibiting an appearance beyond description splendid and majestic. When she arrived at her station abreast of the dining tables, she clewed up her top-sails and came to, in close order with the rest of the procession, the officers going ashore to dine. At four o'clock she gave the signal for marching, by a discharge of thirteen guns, when the procession moved by the lower road. The manner in which the ship made her passage through the narrow parts of the road, was highly interesting and satisfactory, being obliged to run under her foretop-sail, in a squall, and keep in the line of procession; this was accomplished with great hazard, by the good conduct of the commander and the assiduity of the seamen and pilot; she arrived at her moorings abreast of the Bowling Green at half past five, amidst the acclamations of thousands; and the different orders in the procession, as soon as they were dismissed, honoured her with three cheers, as a mark of approbation for the good conduct of the Commodore and his crew.

The ship Betsey and her voyage round the world. 1797–9. By Captain Edmund Fanning.

This elegant little ship of ninety odd tons (first rigged as a brig) which was built in 1792, was a matter of great interest to the good city of Gotham in her day. She was constructed *in superior style* for a Charleston packet, under Captain Motley, and what was strange to the Gothamites of that day, and may be still stranger to us now, she was built so *up in the town*, as to have been launched *across three streets*, and to have occupied *three days* in the launching. She was built on blocks set in Cheapside street, a fancy or convenience of the master builder to build her before his own door, and was first launched into George street (now called Market street), then down into Cherry street, then across to Water street, and finally over the dock into the East river! Her first voyage in 1797 to go round the world, under Captain Fanning, was a company concern for commercial enterprise in the South seas and Pacific ocean, and resulted in her coming home at the end of two years with a valuable cargo of silks, teas, china, and nankeens from China, with a healthy crew of young fellows. all decked in china silk jackets and blanched

chip-hats, trimmed with blue ribbons. The ship presented a daily sight at the Flymarket wharf, where hundreds were daily visiters, to see the ship of war in beautiful miniature with her battery tier, fore and aft. The whole voyage was a fortunate adventure, and resulted in 1000 dollars apiece to the seamen, and sundry gifts of silks, nankeens, &c.

In the year 1800 he made his second voyage in the corvette ship Aspasia of twenty-two guns, under commission of the United States, having five lieutenants and eight midshipmen, &c., and discovering several new islands, and opening new places of trade and profit.

It was to this style of fortunate exploration and *beginning*, that we are indebted for our subsequent successful adventures in the Pacific ocean, and South seas, as told more at large in the published "Voyages round the world" of the same Captain Fanning, who has been called by the British Reviewers *a second Cook.** It was he who by his first and subsequent voyages set in motion our annual fleets of whale ships, to seek cargoes of sandal wood, seals, fur, beach-la-mer, birds' nests, mother of pearl, pearls, sharks' fins, turtle shell, and all the cargoes of oil, &c., thus enriching our citizens, creating and employing hardy and experienced seamen, and bringing into the national treasury millions of dollars of revenue! Finally, it is the same master spirit, who by his memorials and personal applications and explanations to Congress and the national rulers, has been actively employed in getting up and finally accomplishing, the departure of the *national* exploring expedition to the south pole, &c. He died at New York in 1841, at the age of seventy years.

Steam Packets to Europe. On the 22d and 23d April, 1838, arrived at New York, the famed new steam packets, the Syrius, and Great Western, the former of 700 tons, from Cork, in eighteen days, and the latter, of 1300 tons, from Bristol, in sixteen days. Their arrival was greeted, with much pomp and ceremony, by the citizens and public authorities,—vide the Gazettes of the day. They treated it however as too much of a *new wonder*, and as *a first* successful experiment, loading the *British officers* of the vessels with honours, as if *they* had performed a new thing. This was overlooking facts in the case. There had been a steam packet of their own arrived about three weeks before, which had gone out to the West Indies, her first voyage, safely, and went from Jamaica to Norfolk and Baltimore. She was of smaller size, and excited but little attention, called the City of Kingston, of 325 tons, schooner rigged. It is however due to ourselves as *Americans* to say, that as many as eighteen years before, the New Yorkers had themselves made the successful

* His work had been republished with commendation in England, and also translated into French, and published in France.

experiment of traversing the Atlantic and northern seas in the steam ship *Savannah*, commanded by Captain Moses Rogers. She sailed from New York in March 1819, went to Savannah, left Savannah the 25th May, arrived at Liverpool the 20th June, left there 23d July for St. Petersburg, moored off Cronstadt the 5th September, left there the 10th October, and arrived again at Savannah on the 30th November. All this without accident or harm. She stopped four days at Copenhagen, and four days at Arundel in Norway. She was visited by the emperor of Russia, and also by the king of Sweden, Bernadotte, and each, making Captain Rogers a present, as a token of their approbation of his skill and enterprise. The Savannah afterwards went to Constantinople, where Captain Rogers also received a present from the Grand Seignor. The present from the emperor of Russia might seem singular: It was a silver teakettle, a first noticed generator and condenser of steam! These facts of steam ship enterprise, should forcibly remind us of "poor Fitch," as he called himself, when he wrote to Mr. Rittenhouse, in June 1792 (one of his shareholders), saying, "This, sir, *will be* the mode of crossing the Atlantic in time, whether I shall bring it to perfection or not!!!"

Closing of the Hudson, by ice, to wit:—On Feb. 3, 1790, and 1802; Jan. 12, 1795; Jan. 23, 1796; Jan. 6, 1800; Jan. 3, 1801; Jan. 12, 1804; Jan. 9, 1806; Jan. 4, 1808; Jan. 19, 1810; Jan. 5, 1825; Jan. 11, 1830; Dec. 31, 1832. The earliest times of closing in the foregoing period was on the 30th Nov. 1820. The earliest *opening* of the river when it was free of ice, was the 8th Feb. 1828. The latest was April 4, 1836. [The facts were *noted* at the New York University.]

Yankee Doodle. It may interest some to know that we have reasons enough to satisfy ourselves, that this now popular national air, was first bestowed upon us, by British officers, in colonial times. They applied it chiefly on the people of the Eastern States, as being once the willingly confessed "children of Oliver Cromwell," whose name and politics they professed to approve. He in his time had been nicknamed *Nankee Doodle* by the cavaliers, in verses set to the jig tune of *Lydia Locket;* they saying in the former case,

> "Nankee doodle *come to town*
> Upon a little pony,
> With a *feather* in his hat
> Upon a maccaroni," &c.

When hostilities were beginning at Boston, our affected military masters there, began to parody the foregoing, by jeering us with verses like these, viz:

> "*Yankee* doodle *came to town*
> For to buy a fire-lock,
> We will tar and *feather* him;
> And so we will *John Hancock*."

Former Trinity Church, razed 1840-1, p. 243.

The word *Yankee* was, we suppose, substituted for the former *Nankee*, as expressing the name which the Indians had used as their pronunciation of English, which they usually called *Yengee.*

The Americans, aware that the term *Yankee* was bestowed on them as a term of derision, felt moved to strike up that air when they compelled the retreat of the British from Lexington, as if they intended to say, mark what we Yankees *can do!* The same, they did when they compelled their surrender at Saratoga and Yorktown.—More extended facts and illustrations on the present subject, may be seen in the Annals of Philadelphia.

Uncle Sam, is another national appellation applied to us, by ourselves, and which, as it is growing into popular use, and was first used at *Troy*, New York, it may be interesting to explain, to wit: The name grew out of the letters E. A. U. S. marked upon the army provisions, barrelled up at Troy, during the last war with England, under the contract of Elbert Anderson; and implied his name, and U. S. the United States. The inspector of those provisions, was Samuel Wilson, who was usually called by the people, *Uncle Sam.* It so happened that one of the workmen, being asked the meaning of the initials on the casks, &c., waggishly replied, they meant Elbert Anderson and *Uncle Sam*—Wilson. The joke took; and afterwards, when some of the same men were on the frontiers, and saw the same kind of provisions arriving to their use, they would jocosely say, here comes Uncle Sam. From thence it came to pass, that whenever they saw the initials U. S., on any class of stores, they were equally called Uncle Sam's; and finally, it came by an easy transition, to be applied to the United States itself.

Great Trinity Church Cause.—By an advertisement in this day's paper, says the New York Herald, the parties to the great suit in Chancery, respecting the property of Trinity Church, are called upon by G. Sullivan, Esq., counsel in the case, to listen and hear the decision of the Court of Errors next month.

This is one of the most remarkable causes ever tried in this State. The property in question was formerly called the "Queen's Farm," and extended to a great extent over the present site of our city. Anneke Jants, a fine, fat, hearty *Dutch vrou*, owned it about a century ago. Trinity Church has been in possession since that time. The property is now valued at *thirty millions of dollars*, and its yearly revenue at *three millions*, which by charter is far beyond what Trinity Church is authorized to hold. Numerous and vital interests in this city are pending on the decision. If the Court of Errors should decide in favour of the heirs, a great many very fashionable people who now live out of Trinity Church, will have to give up their splendid establishments, and betake themselves to other avocations—while some of the pretty descendants of Anneke Jants will start up with large fortunes, and bear the bell away in Broadway, in the *soirees* and saloons.

A great claim had been made upon Trinity Church lots, in the city, by unthought of heirs. In April, 1839, Smith Harponding, a journeyman printer, entered suit against the Reformed Dutch Church, for the value of twenty-five millions of dollars! being the value of a tract of sixteen acres, bounded by Broadway, Maiden-lane, Fulton, Nassau, and John streets; his documents were voluminous. His suit however, failed afterwards.

While this chapter is passing through the press, we copy the following from a New York paper, without vouching for its truth, to wit:

Origin of steam navigation. Mr. John Hutchins, of Williamsburgh, has got out a lithograph representing the first Steamboat ever constructed, with a brief account of the locality and accidents attending the enterprise. The boat was that of John Fitch, and was constructed on the pond known as "the Collect," which covered what is now the heart of the sixth ward of our city, on which are located the Halls of Justice, City Prison, &c. The water was in some places fifty feet deep, but in good part shallow, and surrounded by boggy, swampy ground, such as may now be found on the upper part of the Island. A stream ran thence to the North river, nearly on the line of our present Canal street. On this pond, Mr. Fitch launched his boat, the first rude progenitor of our modern steamboats, in the summer of 1796 or '7—say fifty years ago. Two men and a boy were with him the boy, John Hutchins, who survives to tell the story. This boat had both paddlewheels and propellers, after a fashion. The paddlewheels splashed the water badly, the idea of covering them with a box not having yet been suggested. It would propel itself say twice around the pond, at the rate of four or five miles an hour, and then stop to take in water and heat it so as to make more steam. This was six years before Fulton built his first boat in France, and ten years before he built one in this country. The boat was finally abandoned by the projectors, and gradually broken up and carried off for firewood, by the neighbouring squatters.

GARDENS, FARMS, ETC.

"Yes, he can e'en replace agen,
The *forests* as he knew them *then!*"

Mr. Abram Brower, aged seventy-five, in 1828, says that in his youth he deemed himself "out of town" about where now stands the Hospital on Broadway. Blackberries were then so abundant as never to have been *sold.*

Jones had a "Ranelagh Garden" near the hospital; and "Vauxhall Garden," where they exhibited fire-works, was at the foot of Warren street.

At Corlear's Hook all was in a state of woods, and it was usual to go there to drink mead.

The *first* "Drovers' Inn," kept so near the city, was a little above St. Paul's church—kept by Adam Vanderbarrack, [spelt Vanderbergh by D. Grim, who said he had also a *farm* there.]

Bayard's spring, in his woods, was a place of great resort of afternoons; it was a very charming spring, in the midst of abundance of hickory-nut trees; tradesmen went there after their afternoon work. It lay just beyond Canal street, say on the south side of present Spring street, not far from Varrick street.

In the year 1787, Col. Ramsay, then in Congress, considered himself as living "out in the country" at the "White Conduit house," situate between Leonard and Franklin streets.

"Tea Water Pump Garden," celebrated for its excellent pump of water, situate on Chatham street near to Pearl street, was deemed a "far walk." It was fashionable to go there to drink punch, &c.

A real farm house *in the city*, stood as an ancient relic until eighteen years ago, in such a central spot as the corner of Pine and Nassau streets. Mr. Thorburn saw it, and was told so by its ancient owner.

The old Dutch records sufficiently show, that in primitive days all the rear of the town was cast into farms, say six in number, called "Bouwerys;" from whence we have "Bowery" now. Van Twiller himself had his mansion on farm No. 1, and his tobacco field on No. 3. No. 1, is supposed by Mr. Moulton's book, to have been "from Wall street to Hudson street;" and No. 3, "at Greenwich, then called Tapohanican." A deed of Gov. Keift to Gov. Van Twiller in 1638, calls it "a tobacco farm at Sapo Kanickan." No. 4, was near the plain of Manhattan, including the Park to the Kolck; and No. 5 and 6 to have lain still farther to the northward.

The ancient *bon-vivants* remember still "Lake's Hermitage" as a place of great regale; the house and situation is fine even now; situated now near the sixth avenue, quite in the country, but then approached only through "Love Lane."

The ancient mansion and farm out on the East river, at the head of King's road, once the stately establishment of Dr. Gerardus Beekman, is made peculiarly venerable from the grandeur of its lofty and aged elms and oaks; its rural aspect and deep shade attracted the notice of Irving's pen. It was used too as the selected country residence of General Clinton in the time of the war.

Robert Murray's farm-house in this neighbourhood should be venerable from its associations. There his patriot lady entertained Gen. Howe and his staff with refreshments, after their landing with the army at "Kip's Bay," on purpose to afford Gen. Putnam time to lead off his troops in retreat from the city, which he effected. She was a Friend, and the mother of the celebrated Lindley Murray.

The garden of "Aunt Katey," and called also "Katey Mutz," was spoken of by every aged person, and was peculiarly notable as a "Mead Garden." It was called by some "Windmill Hill," in reference to its earlier use; and also "Gallows Hill" by others, as once a place of execution. Its location was on "Janeway's farm," about the spot where is now the Chatham Theatre. A part of the garden met the line of the ancient palisades. The whole hill, which was large, extended from Duane down to Pearl street, along the line of Chatham street; near her place was once "the City Gate." "Soft waffles and tea" were the luxuries there, in which some of the gentry then most indulged.

The angle whereon the Park Theatre now stands, belonged originally to the square of the Park; that corner of the square was once called "the Governor's Garden," (so David Grim said) in reference to such an intended use of it.

A garden of note was kept vis-a-vis the Park, where is now Peale's museum, and named "Montagne's Garden." There the "Sons of Liberty," so called, convened.

A drawing of the Collect as it stood about the year 1750, done by David Grim, which I saw with his daughter Mrs. Myers, places a *garden* at the west side of the *little* Collect, which he separates from the big or main Collect by an elevated knoll, like an island, on which he marks the Magazine, and a negro hanging in gibbets; between this knoll and the big Collect is drawn a *marsh;* a winding *road* is marked along the south side of the little Collect.

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APPAREL.

"We run through every change, which fancy
At the loom has genius to supply."

There is a very marked and wide difference between our moderns and the ancients in their several views of appropriate dress. The latter, in our judgment of them, were always stiff and formal, unchanging in their cut and fit in the gentry, or negligent and rough in texture in the commonalty; whereas the moderns, casting off all former modes and forms, and inventing every new device which fancy can supply, just please the wearers "while the fashion is at full."

It will much help our just conceptions of our forefathers and their good dames, to know what were their personal appearances. To this end, some facts illustrative of their attire will be given. Such as it was among the gentry, was a constrained and painstaking service, presenting nothing of ease and gracefulness in the use. While we may wonder at its adoption and long continuance, we will hope never again to see its return. But who can hope to check or restrain *fashion*, if it should chance again to set that way; or who can foresee that the next generation may not be more stiff and formal than any which has passed, since we see, even now, our late graceful and easy habits of both sexes already partially supplanted by "monstrous novelty and strange disguise!" Men and women stiffly corseted; long unnatural looking waists; shoulders and breasts stuffed and deformed as Richard's, and artificial hips; protruding garments of as ample folds as claimed the ton when senseless hoops prevailed.

A gentleman of eighty years of age has given me his recollections of the costumes of his early days to this effect, to wit: —Men wore three-square or cocked hats, and wigs; coats with large cuffs, big skirts lined and stiffened with buckram. None ever saw a crown higher than the head. The coat of a beau had three or four large plaits in the skirts, wadding almost like a coverlet to keep them smooth; cuffs very large, up to the elbows, open below and inclined down, with lead therein; the capes were thin and low, so as readily to expose the close plaited neck-stock of fine linen cambric, and the large silver stock-buckle on the back of the neck; shirts with hand-ruffles, sleeves finely plaited, breeches close fitted, with silver, stone, or paste gem buckles; shoes or pumps with silver buckles of various sizes and patterns; thread, worsted, and silk stockings; the poorer class wore sheep and buckskin breeches close set to the limbs.

Gold and silver sleeve-buttons, set with stones or paste of various colours and kinds, adorned the wrists of the shirts of all classes. The very boys often wore wigs; and their dresses in general were similar to those of the men.

The women wore caps, (a bare head was never seen,) stiff stays, hoops from six inches to two feet on each side; so that a full dressed lady entered a door like a crab, pointing her obtruding flanks end foremost; high heeled shoes of black stuff, with white silk or thread stockings; and in the miry times of winter they wore clogs, gala shoes, or pattens.

The days of stiff coats, sometimes wire-framed, and of large hoops, were also stiff and formal in manners at set balls and assemblages. The dances of that day among the politer class were minuets, and sometimes country dances; among the lower order hipsesaw was every thing.

As soon as the wigs were abandoned and the natural hair was cherished, it became the mode to dress it by plaiting it, by queuing and clubbing, or by wearing it in a black silk sack or bag, adorned with a large black rose. We here give the protraits of head-dresses of men and women, such as they appeared, as the fashion, at about the year 1800.

In time, the powder with which wigs and the natural hair had been severally adorned, was run into disrepute only about twenty-eight to thirty years ago, by the then strange innovation of "Brutus heads;" not only then discarding the long-cherished powder and perfume, and tortured frizzle-work, but also literally becoming "round heads" by cropping off all the pendant graces of ties, bobs, clubs, queues, &c. The hardy beaux who first encountered public opinion by appearing abroad unpowdered and cropt had many starers. The old men for a time obstinately persisted in adherence to the old regime; but death thinned their ranks, and use and prevalence of numbers at length gave countenance to modern usage.

From various reminiscents we glean, that laced ruffles, depending over the hand, was a mark of indspensable gentility. The coat and breeches were generally desirable of the same material —of "broad cloth" for winter, and of silk camlet for summer. No kind of cotton fabrics were then in use or known. Hose were therefore of thread or silk in summer, and fine worsted in winter; shoes were square-toed, and were often "double channeled." To these succeeded sharp toes, as piked as possible. When wigs were universally worn, grey wigs were powdered; and for that purpose sent in a wooden box frequently to the barber to be dressed on his block-head. But "brown wigs," so called, were exempted from the white disguise. Coats of red cloth, even by boys, were considerably worn; and plush breeches and plush vests of various colours, shining and smooth, were in common use. Everlasting, made of worsted, was a fabric of great use for breeches, and sometimes for vests. The vest had great depending pocket flaps, and the breeches were short above the stride, because the art, since devised, of suspending them by suspenders, was then unknown. It was then the test and even the pride of a well formed man, that he could by his natural form readily keep his breeches above the hips, and his stockings, without gartering, above the calf of his leg. With the queues belonged frizzled side-locks and *tout pies*, formed of the natural hair, or, in defect of a long tie, a splice was added to it. Such was the general passion for the longest possible whip of hair, that sailors and boatmen, to make it grow most, used to tie theirs in eel skins. Nothing like surtouts were known; but they had coating or cloth great coats, or blue cloth and brown camlet cloaks, with green baize lining to the latter. In the time of the American war, many of the American officers introduced the use of Dutch blankets for great coats. The sailors used to wear hats of glazed leather, or woollen thrums, called chapeaus; and their "small clothes," as we would now call them, were immensely wide "petticoat-breeches." The working men in the country wore the same form, having no falling flaps, but slits in front; and they were so full in girth, that they ordinarily changed the rear to the front when the seat became prematurely worn out. At the same time numerous working men and boys, and all tradesmen, wore leather breeches and leather aprons.

Some of the peculiarities of the female dress were these, to wit: Ancient ladies are still alive, who often had had their hair tortured for hours at a sitting in getting up for a dress occasion, the proper crisped curls of a hair curler. This formidable outfit of head work was next succeeded by "rollers," over which the hair was combed above the forehead. These again were superseded by "cushions" and artificial curled work, which could be sent to the barber's block, like a wig, "to be dressed," leaving the lady at home to pursue other objects.

When the ladies first began to lay off their cumbrous hoops, they supplied their place with successive substitutes, such as these, to wit: first came "bishops," a thing stuffed or padded with horse hair; then succeeded a smaller affair, under the name of *Cue de Paris*, also padded with horse hair. How it abates our admiration of the "lovely sex" to contemplate them as bearing a roll of horse hair under their garments! An old satire said,

> "Thus finish'd in taste, while on her you gaze,
> You may take the dear charmer for life,
> But never undress her, for out of her stays,
> You'll find you have lost half your wife."

Next they supplied their place with silk or calimanco, or russell thickly quilted and inlaid with wool, made into petticoats; then these were supplanted by a substitute of half a dozen of petticoats. No wonder such ladies needed fans in a sultry summer, and at a time when parasols were unknown, to keep off the solar rays. I knew a lady going to a gala party, who had so large a hoop, that when she sat in the chaise, she so filled it up that the person who drove it (it had no top) stood up behind the box and directed the reins.

Some of those ancient belles, who thus sweltered under the weight of six petticoats, have lived now to see their posterity, not long since, go so thin and transparent *a la Française*, especially when between the beholder and a declining sun, as to make a modest eye sometimes instinctively avert its gaze.

Among some other articles of female wear we may name the following, to wit: Once they wore a "skimmer hat," made of a fabric which shone like silver tinsel; it was a very small flat crown and big brim, not unlike the present Leghorn flats. Another hat, not unlike it in shape, was made of woven horse hair, wove in flowers, and called "horse hair bonnets," an article which might be again usefully introduced for children's wear as an enduring hat for long service. I have seen what was called a bath bonnet, made of black satin, and so constructed to lay in folds that it could be set upon like a chapeau bras; a good article now for travelling ladies. "The mush-mellon" bonnet, used before the revolution, had numerous whalebone stiffeners, in the crown, set at an inch apart in parallel lines, and presenting ridges to the eye, between the bones. The next bonnet was the "whalebone bonnet," having only the bones in the front as stiffeners. "A calash bonnet" was always formed of green silk; it was worn abroad, covering the head, but when in rooms it could fall back in folds like the springs of a calash or gig top; to keep it up over the head it was drawn up by a cord always held in the hand of the wearer. The "wagon bonnet," always of black silk, was an article exclusively in use among the Friends, was deemed to look, on the head, not unlike the top of the "Jersey

wagons," and having a pendent piece of like silk hanging from the bonnet and covering the shoulders. The only straw wear was that called the "straw beehive bonnet," generally by old people.

The ladies once wore "hollow breasted stays," which were exploded as injurious to the health. Then came the use of straight stays. Even little girls wore such stays. At one time the gowns worn had no fronts; the design was to display a finely quilted Marseilles, silk or satin petticoat, and a worked stomacher on the waist. In other dresses a white apron was the mode; all wore large pockets under their gowns. Among the caps was the "queen's night-cap," the same always worn by Lady Washington. The "cushion head-dress" was of gauze, stiffened out in cylindrical form with white spiral wire. The border of the cap was called the balcony.

A lady of my acquaintance thus describes the recollections of her early days preceding the war of Independence. Dress was discriminative and appropriate, both as regarded the season and the character of the wearer. Ladies never wore the same dresses at work and on visits; they sat at home, or went out in the morning, in chintz; brocades, satins, and mantuas were reserved for evening or dinner parties. Robes or negligées, as they were called, were always worn in full dress. Muslins were not worn at all. Little misses at a dancing-school ball (for these were almost the only fetes that fell to their share in the days of discrimination) were dressed in frocks of lawn or cambric. Worsted was then thought dress enough for common days.

As a universal fact, it may be remarked that no other colour than black was ever made for ladies' bonnets when formed of silk or satin. Fancy colours were unknown, and white bonnets of silk fabric had never been seen. The first innovation remembered was the bringing in of blue bonnets.

The time was when the plainest women among the Friends (now so averse to fancy colours) wore their coloured silk aprons, say, of green, blue, &c. This was at a time when the gay wore white aprons. In time white aprons were disused by the gentry, and then the friends left off their coloured ones and used the white. The same old ladies among Friends, whom we can remember as wearers of the white aprons, wore also large white beaver hats with scarcely the sign of a crown, and which was indeed confined to the head by silk cords tied under the chin. Eight dollars would buy such a hat when beaver fur was more plentiful. They lasted such ladies almost a whole life of wear. They showed no fur.

In the former days, it was not uncommon to see aged persons with large silver buttons to their coats and vests; it was a mark of wealth. Some had the initials of their names engraved on each button. Sometimes they were made out of real quarter dollars, with the coinage impression still retained; these were

used for the coats and the eleven-penny-bits for vests and breeches. My father wore an entire suit decorated with conch-shell buttons, silver mounted.

On the subject of wigs, I have noticed the following special facts, to wit:—They were as generally worn by genteel Friends as by any other people. This was the more surprising, as they religiously professed to exclude all superfluities, and yet nothing could have been offered to the mind as so essentially useless. We here give a portrait of a public Friend, such as he was in costume, done from life.

In 1737 the perukes of the day, as then sold, were thus described, to wit:—"Tyes, bobs, majors, spencers, fox-tails, and twists, together with curls or tates (tétes) for the ladies."

In the year 1765 another peruke-maker advertises prepared hair for judges' full bottomed wigs, tyes for gentlemen of the bar to wear over their hair, brigadiers, dress bobs, bags, cues, scratches, cut wigs, &c.; and to accommodate ladies he has tates (tétes), towers, &c. At same time a stay-maker advertises cork stays, whalebone stays, jumps and easy caushets, thin boned misses' and ladies stays, and pack thread stays.

Some of the advertisements of the olden time present some curious descriptions of masquerade attire, such as these, viz:—

Year 1722—runaway, a servant clothed with damask breeches and vest, black broadcloth vest, a broadcloth coat of copper colour, lined and trimmed with black, and wearing black stockings. Another servant is described as wearing leather breeches and glass buttons, black stockings, and a wig.

In 1724 a runaway barber is thus dressed, viz:—wore a light wig, a grey kersey jacket lined with blue, a light pair of drugget breeches, black roll-up stockings, square-toed shoes, a red leathern

apron. He had also a white vest and yellow buttons, with red linings.

Another runaway servant is described as wearing "a light short wig," aged 20 years; his vest white, with yellow buttons and faced with red.

A poetic effusion of a lady of 1725, describing her paramour, thus designates the dress which most seizes upon her admiration as a ball guest:—

> "Mine, a tall youth shall at a ball be seen,
> Whose legs are like the spring, all cloth'd in green,
> A yellow ribband ties his long cravat,
> And a large knot of yellow cocks his hat."

A gentleman of Cheraw, South Carolina, has now in his possession an ancient cap, worn in the colony of New Netherlands about 150 years ago, such as may have been worn by some of the chieftains among the Dutch rulers set over us. The crown is of elegant yellowish brocade, the brim of crimson silk velvet, turned up to the crown. It is elegant even now.

In the year 1749 I met with the incidental mention of a singular overcoat worn by Captain James as a storm coat, made entirely of beaver fur, wrought together in the manner of felting hats.

Before the revolution no hired men or women wore any shoes so fine as calfskin, that kind was the exclusive property of the gentry; the servants wore coarse neats-leather. The calfskin shoe then had a white rand of sheepskin stitched into the top edge of the sole, which they preserved white as a dress shoe as long as possible.

It was very common for children and working women to wear beads made of Job's-tears, a berry of a shrub. They used them for economy, and said it prevented several diseases.

Until the period of the revolution, every person who wore a fur hat had it always of entire beaver. Every apprentice, at receiving his "freedom," received a real beaver at a cost of six dollars. Their every-day hats were of wool, and called felts. What were called roram hats, being fur faced upon wool felts, came into use directly after the peace, and excited much surprise as to the invention. Gentlemen's hats, of entire beaver, universally cost eight dollars.

The use of lace veils to ladies' faces is but a modern fashion, not of more than twenty to thirty years standing. Now they wear black, white, and green; the last only lately introduced as a summer veil. In olden time none wore a veil but as a mark and badge of mourning, and then, as now, of crape, in preference to lace.

Ancient ladies remembered a time in their early life when the ladies wore blue stockings and party-coloured clocks of very striking appearance. May not that fashion, as an extreme ton

of the upper circle in life, explain the adoption of the term "Blue stocking Club?" I have seen with S—— C——, Esq., the wedding silk stockings of his grandmother, of a lively green, and great red clocks. My grandmother wore in winter very fine worsted green stockings, with a gay clock surmounted with a bunch of tulips.

Even spectacles, permanently useful as they are, have been subjected to the caprice of fashion. Now they are occasionally seen of gold—a thing I never saw in my youth; neither did I ever see one young man with spectacles—now so numerous. A purblind or half-sighted youth then deemed it his positive disparagement to be so regarded. Such would have rather run against a street post six times a-day than have been seen with them. Indeed, in early olden time they had not the art of using temple spectacles. In early years the only spectacles ever used were called "bridge spectacles," without any side supporters, and held on the nose solely by nipping the bridge of the nose.

My grandmother wore a black velvet mask in winter with a silver mouth-piece to keep it on by retaining it in the mouth. I have been told that green ones have been used in summer for some few ladies, for riding in the sun on horseback.

Ladies formerly wore cloaks as their chief overcoats; they were used with some changes of form under the successive names of roquelaus, capuchins, and cardinals.

In the old time, shagreen-cased watches, and turtle shell and pinchbeck, were the earliest kind seen; but watches of any kind were much more rare then. When they began to come into use, they were so far deemed a matter of pride and show, that men are living who have heard public Friends express their concern at seeing their youth in the show of watches or watch chains. It was so rare to find watches in common use, that it was quite an annoyance at the watchmaker's to be so repeatedly called on by street-passengers for the hour of the day. Gold chains would have been a wonder then; silver and steel chains and seals were the mode, and regarded good enough. The best gentlemen of the country were content with silver watches, although gold ones were occasionally used. Gold watches for ladies was a rare occurrence, and when worn, were kept without display for domestic use.

The men of former days never saw such things as our Mahomedan whiskers on christian men.

The use of boots has come in since the war of Independence; they were first with black tops, after the military, strapped up in union with the knee buttons; afterwards bright tops were introduced. The leggings to these latter were made of buckskin for some extreme beaux, for the sake of close fitting a well turned leg.

It having been the object of these pages to notice the change

of the fashions in the habiliments of men and women from the olden to the modern time, it may be necessary to say, that no attempt has been made to note the quick succession of modern changes, precisely because they are too rapid and evanescent for any useful record. The subject, however, leads me to the general remark, that the general character of our dress is always ill adapted to our climate; and this fact arises from our national predilection as English. As English colonists we early introduced the modes of our British ancestors. They derived their notions of dress from France; and we, even now, take all annual fashions from the ton of England; a circumstance which leads us into many unseasonable and injurious imitations, very ill adapted to either our hotter or colder climate. Here we have the extremes of heat and cold. There they are moderate. The loose and light habits of the east, or of southern Europe, would be better adapted to the ardour of our midsummers; and the close and warm apparel of the north of Europe might furnish us better examples for our severe winters.

But in these matters (while enduring the profuse sweating of 90 degrees of heat) we fashion after the modes of England, which are adapted to a climate of but 70 degrees. Instead, therefore, of the broad slouched hat of southern Europe, we have the narrow brim, a stiff stock or starched buckram collar for the neck, a coat so close and tight as if glued to our skins, and boots so closely set over our insteps and ancles, as if over the lasts on which they were made. Our ladies have as many ill adapted dresses and hats; and sadly their healths are impaired in our rigorous winters, by their thin stuff-shoes and transparent and light draperies, affording but slight defence for tender frames against the cold.

Mr. A. B., aged 75, in 1828, told me the following facts, viz:

Boots were rarely worn, never as an article of dress; chiefly when seen they were worn on hostlers and sailors; the latter always wore great petticoat trowsers, coming only to the knee and there tying close; common people wore their clothes much longer than now; they patched their clothes much and long; a garment was only "half worn" when it became broken.

The first umbrellas he ever knew worn, were by the British officers, and were deemed effeminate in them. Parasols, as guards from the sun, were not seen at all. As a defence from rain, the men wore "rain coats," and the women, "camblets." It was a common occurrence to see servants running in every direction with these on their arms, to churches, if an unexpected rain came up. As a defence in winter from storms, the men wore "great coats" daily. It was a general practice (as much so as moving on the first of May), to put on these coats on the tenth of November, and never disuse them till the tenth of May following.

Gentlemen of the true Holland race, wore very long body coats,

the skirts reaching down nearly to the ancles, with long and broad waists, and with wide and stiff skirts; they wore long flaps to their vests; their breeches were not loose and flowing, although large, but were well filled up with interior garments, giving name to the thing as well as to families, in the appellation of Mynheer Ten Brœck.

A female child of six years, in full dignity of dress, was attired thus, viz:—a white cap of transparent texture, setting smooth and close to the head; on the left side of it was a white ostrich feather, flattened like a band close to the cap; the cap had a narrow edge of lace. From the neck dropped a white linen collar, with laced edges. A gold chain hung on one shoulder only, and under the opposite arm. A white stomacher, with needle ornaments, and the edges laced. The body braced with stays. A white apron, very full at the top and much plaited, and edged all round with small lace. A silk gown of thick material of dove colour, very full plaited, and giving the idea of large hips; (indeed all the Dutch women affected much rotundity in that way.) Broad lace was sewn close to the gown sleeves, along the length of the seam on the inside curve of the arms, so as to cover the seam. The sleeve cuffs were of white lace, large, and turned up. This picture from life was given by an artist who understood the detail.

Mrs. M'Adams, a venerable lady whom I saw at the age of ninety-three, spoke of a circumstance occurring in New York in 1757, respecting Gen. Gates' first wife: she was generally reported as riding abroad in *men's clothes*, solely from the circumstance of her wearing a riding habit after the manner of English ladies, where she had been born and educated. It proved that the manners of the times did not admit of such female display, and perhaps it was more masculine than we now see them on ladies.

The price of fine cloth before the revolution, was "a guinea a yard;" and all men, save the most refined, expected, after wearing it well on one side, to have it vamped up new as a "turned coat." Among common men, the practice was universal. Thus showing how much *better* cloths were then than now, in durability.

All elderly gentlemen had gold-headed canes. It was their mark of distinction. Seeing that they were once so general, it is matter of curiosity now, to ask what may have become of the many, now no longer seen! It was usual to see them in the churches and other public places, used ostensibly as a support to *the chin* when sitting; but often times from motives of vanity, as a badge of expensive ability. It was a pride of the same kind, which gave favour and use to gold snuff-boxes, and to the free proffering of their contents, to the persons near. Silas Deane, it is remembered, had one, a present from royalty, which he was very proud of displaying with its diamonds. This was so mani-

fest to Charles Thompson, his familiar friend, that he once broke out upon him in full laugh for his manner of urging it upon his notice!

In former days, the mechanics, working men, and country people attending markets, were universally accustomed to appear abroad in leather breeches, leathern aprons, and baize vests of red or green. The working boys did the same.

A modern apprentice now must have his suit of fine broadcloth, his hat of the finest fur and latest fashion, his boots of the best cut and style, &c.; but formerly, all this was quite different. Imagine to yourself, a young man of eighteen, then, of good proportions, handsome face, blooming with health and beauty, dressed in a pair of deerskin breeches, blacked or buft up every week for his Sunday appearance at church—his legs at same time covered up to the knees with blue yarn knit stockings, and his feet encased in a pair of coarse leather shoes, well greased, and surmounted with a pair of brass buckles. Observe that he wore a speckled or checked shirt all the week, and a white one on Sunday, which was always carefully taken off as soon as he got home from church, was folded up and laid by for the next sabbath service. Imagine that the leather breeches, after long wear got greasy and horny as they grew old, and were only flexible, so long as they were on, and kept warm by the superflux of youthful heat. Suppose, that in the morning of a cold day in January, when snow had blown in at his bed-chamber window, scattering its fleece about his garret, and loading his breeches, stiffening them up to a standing capability, and he shaking out the snow and pulling them on! Such was once his lot; and such he once encountered without fear or murmur; when he could rise warm from his straw bed and woollen rug, subduing by his own warmth the stubborn stiffness of the leather, and going down stairs with a whistle, to kindle the fires for the house, and for his master.

In those days, none were anxious for the safety of the house against night robbers; street doors were universally left on the latch till bed-time and retirement; or were habitually left open for ready ingress or egress, the family in meantime, frequently passing the evenings on their street *stoops* or porches.

FURNITURE AND EQUIPAGE.

"Dismiss a real elegance a little used,
For monstrous novelty and strange disguise."

The tide of fashion, which overwhelms every thing in its onward course, had almost effaced every trace of what our forefathers possessed or used in the way of household furniture or travelling equipage. Since the year 1800, the introduction of foreign luxury, caused by the influx of wealth, has been yearly effecting successive changes in those articles, so much so that the former simple articles which contented, as they equally served the purposes of, our forefathers, could hardly be conceived. Such as they were, they descended acceptably unchanged from father to son and son's son, and presenting, at the era of our Independence, precisely the same family picture which had been seen in the earliest annals of the town.

Formerly there were no side-boards, and when they were first introduced after the revolution, they were much smaller and less expensive than now. Formerly they had couches of worsted damask, and only in very affluent familes, in lieu of what we now call sofas or lounges. Plain people used settees and settles, —the latter had a bed concealed in the seat, and by folding the top of it outwards to the front, it exposed the bed and widened the place for the bed to be spread upon it. This, homely as it might now be regarded, was a common sitting room appendage, and was a proof of more attention to comfort than display. It had, as well as the settee, a very high back of plain boards, and the whole was of white pine, generally unpainted and whitened well with unsparing scrubbing. Such was in the poet's eyes when pleading for his sofa,—

"But restless was the seat, the back erect
Distress'd the weary loins that felt no ease."

They were a very common article in very good houses, and were generally the proper property of the oldest members of the family, unless occasionally used to stretch the weary length of tired boys. They were placed before the fire-places in the winter to keep the back guarded from wind and cold. Formerly there were no windsor chairs; and fancy chairs are still more modern. Their chairs of the genteelest kind were of mahogany or red walnut, (once a great substitute for mahogany in all kinds of furniture, tables, &c.,) or else they were of rush bottoms, and made of maple posts and slats, with high backs and perpendicular. Instead of japanned waiters as now, they had mahogany tea

boards and round tea tables, which, being turned on an axle underneath the centre, stood upright like an expanded fan or palm leaf, in the corner. Another corner was occupied by a beaufet, which was a corner closet with a glass door, in which all the china of the family and the plate were intended to be displayed for ornament as well as use. A conspicious article in the collection was always a great china punch bowl, which furnished a frequent and grateful beverage,—for wine drinking was then much less in vogue. China teacups and saucers were about half their present size; and china tea-pots and coffee-pots, with silver nozzles, was a mark of superior finery. The sham of plated ware was not then known, and all who showed a silver surface had the massive metal too. This occurred in the wealthy families in little coffee and tea-pots; and a silver tankard for good sugared toddy, was above vulgar entertainment. Where we now use earthen-ware, they then used delf-ware imported from England; and instead of queen's-ware (then unknown,) pewter platters and porringers, made to shine along a "dresser," were universal. Some, and especially the country people, ate their meals from wooden trenchers. Gilded looking-glasses and picture frames of golden glare were unknown; and both much smaller than now, were used. Small pictures painted on glass, with black mouldings for frames, with a scanty touch of gold leaf in the corners, was the adornment of a parlour. The looking-glasses in two plates, if large, had either glass frames figured with flowers engraved thereon, or was of scalloped mahogany or of Dutch wood scalloped—painted white or black, with here and there some touches of gold. Every householder in that day deemed it essential to his convenience and comfort to have an ample chest of drawers in his parlour or sitting room, in which the linen and clothes of the family were always of ready access. It was no sin to rummage them before company. These drawers were sometimes nearly as high as the ceiling. At other times they had a writing desk about the centre, with a falling lid to write upon when let down. A great high clock-case, reaching to the ceiling, occupied another corner; and a fourth corner was appropriated to the chimney place. They then had no carpets on their floors, and no paper on their walls. The silver-sand on the floor was drawn into a variety of fanciful figures and twirls with the sweeping brush, and much skill and even pride was displayed therein in the devices and arrangement. They had then no argand or other lamps in parlours, but dip candles, in brass or copper candlesticks, was usually good enough for common use; and those who occasionally used mould candles, made them at home in little tin frames, casting four to six candles in each. A glass lantern with square sides furnished the entry lights in the houses of the affluent. Bedsteads then were made, if fine, of carved mahogany, of slender dimensions; but, for common purposes, or for the fami-

lies of good tradesmen, they were of poplar, and always painted green. It was a matter of universal concern to have them low enough to answer the purpose of repose for sick or dying persons—a provision so necessary for such possible events, now so little regarded by the modern practice of ascending to a bed by steps, like clambering up to a hay mow.

A lady, giving me the reminiscences of her early life, thus speaks of things as they were before the war of independence :—marble mantels and folding doors were not then known ; and well enough we enjoyed ourselves without sofas, carpets, or girandoles. A white floor sprinkled with clean white sand, large tables and heavy high back chairs of walnut or mahogany, decorated a parlour genteelly enough for any body. Sometimes a carpet, not, however, covering the whole floor, was seen upon the dining room. This was a show-parlour up stairs, not used but upon gala occasions, and then not to dine in. Pewter plates and dishes were in general use. China on dinner tables was a great rarity. Plate, more or less, was seen in most families of easy circumstances, not indeed in all the various shapes that have since been invented, but in massive silver waiters, bowls, tankards, cans, &c. Glass tumblers were scarcely seen. Punch, the most common beverage, was drunk by the company, from one large bowl of silver or china ; and beer from a tankard of silver.

The use of stoves was not known in primitive times, neither in families nor in churches. Their fire-places were as large again as the present, with much plainer mantel-pieces. In lieu of marble plates round the sides and top of the fire-places, it was adorned with china Dutch-tile, pictured with sundry scripture pieces. Dr. Franklin first invented the "open stove," called also "the Franklin stove," after which, as fuel became scarce, the better economy of the "ten plate stove," was adopted.

The most splendid looking carriage ever exhibited among us, was that used as befitting the character of that chief of men, General Washington, while acting as President of the United States. It was very large, so as to make four horses, at least, an almost necessary appendage. It was occasionally drawn by six horses, Virginia bays. It was cream coloured, globular in its shape, ornamented with cupids supporting festoons, and wreaths of flowers, emblematically arranged along the pannel work ;—the whole neatly covered with best coach-glass. It was of English construction.

Some twenty or thirty years before the period of the revolution, the steeds most prized for the saddle were *pacers*, since so odious deemed. To this end the breed was propagated with much care. The Narraganset pacers of Rhode Island were in such repute that they were sent for, at much trouble and expense, by some few who were choice in their selections. It may amuse the present generation to peruse the history of one such horse, spoken of

in the letter of Rip Van Dam of New York, in the year 1711, which I have seen. It states the fact of the trouble he had taken to procure him such a horse. He was shipped from Rhode Island in a sloop, from which he jumped overboard when under sail and swam ashore to his former home. He arrived at New York in 14 days passage, much reduced in flesh and spirit. He cost £32, and his freight 50 shillings. This writer Rip Van Dam, was a great personage, he having been President of the Council in 1731; and on the death of Governor Montgomery that year, he was governor ex officio, of New York. His mural monument is now to be seen in St. Paul's church.

Mr. A. B., aged seventy-five, told me that he never saw any carpets on floors, before the revolution; when first introduced, they only covered the floors outside of the chairs around the room; he knew of persons afraid to step on them when they first saw them on floors; some dignified families always had some carpets, but then they got them through merchants as a special importation for themselves. Floors silver sanded in figures, &c., were the universal practice. The walls of houses were not papered, but universally whitewashed.

Mahogany was but very seldom used, and when seen, was mostly in a desk or "tea-table." The general furniture was made of "billstead," another name for maple.

The first stoves he remembered came into use in his time, and were all open inside in one oblong square; having no baking oven thereto, as was afterwards invented in the "ten plate stoves."

He thinks coaches were very rare; can't think there were more than four or five of them; men were deemed rich to have kept even a chaise. The governor had one coach; Walton had another; Colden, the lieutenant governor, had a coach, which was burnt before his window by the mob; Mrs. Alexander had a coach, and Robert Murray, a Friend, had another, which he called his "leathern conveniency," to avoid the scandal of pride and vain glory.

GAZETTES OF THE OLDEN TIME AND THEIR NOTICES.

"These mark the everyday affairs of life."

Although the old Gazettes of colonial days, have been but very tame chroniclers of their times, as compared with the present surcharged sheets, pregnant with *everything*; yet they all tend more or less, *incidentally*, to show forth something *characteristic* of their age, and of their then "everyday affairs of life."

The following pages, extracted from several Gazettes of the times referred to, will more fully illustrate what we mean: and by way of more fully describing the little vehicles of intelligence used by "the gentlemen of the olden time," we shall begin the present chapter with the thorough exhibition of all the local facts to be derived *at one time*, from a single journal of the day. Though long past and dead, it still talks to us of the age in which it lived.

We use first the New York Gazette, *revived* in the weekly Post Boy of 4th March 1750–1, No. 246; printed and sold by *James Parker* at the *new* printing office in *Beaver street*. The paper is printed on *cap* sized paper, and is ten shillings a year. Little as it was, it must have been a well prized and welcome visiter, when it only presented itself with limited information, but once a week.

Its first page contains the proclamation of Governor Belcher, of Nova Cæsarea (i. e. New Jersey), *dissolving* the then refractory assembly, which refused *supplies*, and quoting from his letter from the lords commissioners of trade, that they were resentful at "*the state of rebellion* in which the colony is so unhappily involved." Frank words, and rough enough to the Jersey Blues, full twenty-six years before their *open* rebellion, was actually sustained and finally finished.

The little Gazette has several short advertisements printed all round its *margins*, in a transverse direction to the column matter. From among these, I give the following *specialties*, to wit:

"*The Public Whipper* being lately dead, *twenty pounds* a year is offered to a successor at the Mayor's office."

"Good Foot-linen-wheels, are advertised for sale, made at Oyster-bay, and sold in Beekman street near the *new English church*." None of the present generation are aware that *little* wheels to move by the tread *of the foot*, to spin linen-thread, were once so designated, to distinguish them from *big* wheels turned *by the hand* to spin woollen yarn.

Plays. "This evening will be presented the Bold stroke for a Wife, with Dæmon and Phillis, for the benefit of Miss George."

"Three negroes—a man, woman, and girl, *to be sold* by R. Griffiths."

"A large stable and *chaise* house behind Whitehall slip, facing *Copsy* battery, for the use of receiving such by the ferry boats, is to let." The word *copsy* is now obsolete. It was spelt *capsey*, and meant the *turning point* at the battery.

Among the other advertisements in the columns, we notice the following, as marking local names and localities, now no longer familiar to the ear—to wit:

"To be sold, *a plantation* of 15 acres, of *John Minthorne's*, in the *out ward*, and bounded on the east side of *fresh water*, and pleasantly situated."

The present Shrewsbury river is called *Navesink's* river.

"Twelve acres of salt meadow on the East river side, *back* of alderman Stuyvesandt's, is to be sold at auction at the *Spring Garden*."

"Half of the ground on the south side of Crown street, *commonly* known by the name of *Barberie's Garden*, is for sale."

"*Godfrey's sea quadrant improved*, and other mathematical instruments, are made and sold by Anthony Lamb." A special honour to Mr. Godfrey's important invention, which we were glad to see thus announced.

Houses situated at the *water end* of Broad street, are termed as "lying near the *Long bridge*," and good "for merchants or *shop keepers*."

Several persons give notice of "intending" or "designing for England."

A *Mr. Charles Dutens*, teacher of French and jeweller, gives a long advertisement, full of self-conceit and egotism, and sprinkled throughout with scraps of Latin, for the use of young ladies and gentlemen, whose love of learning might incline them to take lessons from him in French, at his house near the *Long Bridge at Broad street*, where he also makes and vends finger and ear rings, solitaires, stay hooks and lockets, and sets diamonds, rubies and other stones. "Science and virtue (says he,) are *two sisters*, which the most part of the New York *ladies* possess," meaning their qualities; and to induce them to credit *his* assertion, he gives at length *a dream* which he had, as a cause that "he came to the fancy to set forth the present advertisement."

New York Mercury, by Hugh Gaine, on Hunter's Key, began in 1752, in cap, next year demi size, furnishes facts as follows, to wit:

1753. The negro fellow who committed the murder of his master, Jacob Van Naneste, *was burnt* at *Millstone*, New Jersey, on Wednesday last. He stood *the fire* with the greatest intrepidity, and said "they had taken the root, but left the branches."

A very good assortment of Iron ware, is advertised at the store of Rip Van Dam.

An advertisement of January, 1753, reads thus:—This is to acquaint gentlemen and others, who have a mind to transport themselves, wares, or merchandise from New York to Philadelphia, or from Philadelphia to New York, that there is now a *stage boat*, well fitted, kept by *Wm. Vandrills*, who proposes (wind and weather permitting,) to sail from New York to Amboy, *every Monday and Thursday*, and thence by wagon to Burlington, and thence take passage to Philadelphia.

Middling and single refined London and Boston *loaf sugar*, is advertised. "Nutten Island" is named also the "Meal market," "White Hall," "The Long bridge" across Broad street.

The new Presbyterian church *steeple* in Philadelphia, is advertised to be made by lottery, saying, "A work of this kind (corner of Arch and Third streets), which is principally ornamental, is to be encouraged by all well-wishers to *the beauty of Philadelphia.*" (It was common then to advertise lotteries *there*, for several places distant.)

Hoop Petticoats, are thus noticed, March, 1753. "Their petticoats which began to heave and swell before you left us, are now blown up into a most enormous concave, and rise more and more every day! The superfluity of head dress lately abandoned, seems to have fallen from their height, only to extend the breadth of their lower parts. They pretend that these wide bottoms are airy, and proper for the season. Others pretend that their whalebones and hoops are to keep off the undue approaches of our sex. The first time I saw a lady dressed in one of these petticoats, I could not forbear blaming her in thought, for walking abroad when *so near her time to stay at home*, but soon recovered myself, by the observation that all the *modish* part of the sex were as far gone as herself! It is generally thought however, that the fashion was introduced by some crafty lady, to conceal some mishap, by having many imitators. In the meanwhile one cannot but be troubled to see so many well shaped virgins bloated up, and waddled up and down like big bodied women. Should this measure become general, we should soon feel the want of street room. Congregations already begin to be pinched for room; and should the men fall into the scheme of trunk-breeches, by way of reprehension or reprisal, man and wife could no longer sit in the same pew!"

The Common Council notify, that all persons indebted to the city corporation for *quit rents*, shall pay in the same to the city *chamberlain* or treasurer.

The dress of an Engraver and Jeweller, of twenty-five years of age, runaway, is thus given:—A blue coat with *black* mohair buttons, blue *lapelled* waistcoat, the lapells lined with black velvet,

a pair of *black leather breeches* with *solid silver buttons*, and brown wig.

Search is made in all the wards by *the constables*, for small-pox, and only three cases found; a circumstance of much joy to all.

A writer in the Gazette of April, 1753, noticing the intended new College, deprecates its falling into the hands of any ascendant *sect*, and stating the Presbyterians are aiming for it, says, "I shall think it strange if our legislature shall suffer themselves to be either jockied or bullied, as they did by other sects in the case of the *New Jersey* college, under *the pretence* of a Catholic establishment. [It would be a curious history, which could show the *true cause*, why all the colleges have been so universally in the hands of clergymen. "So did not St. Paul."]

Four horses started for the New York subscription plate *on the course* near "*Greenwich.*"

The London Company of Comedians, in July, 1753, address the magistrates and the public, praying the grant of permission to play, and saying they were encouraged to go to New York as early as 1750, and that thereupon Mr. Hallam undertook to send out *Mr. Robert Upton*, in October, 1750, to perform, erect a building, and settle permission, &c. For this purpose he had funds from Mr. Hallam; but he nevertheless joined himself to a *set of pretenders*, and did nothing for Mr. Hallam & Co. In April, 1752, Mr. Hallam & Co., being solicited by several gentlemen in London, and sundry Virginia captains, they embarked and arrived at York river, Va., the 28th of June. There they had the grant of the governor to perform, and remained with much applause, eleven months; but now being arrived at New York, they find *great obstacles* in their way, although they had been persuaded to visit it as *a polite city*, where the muses could find shelter, and not that the instructive and elegant entertainment of the stage, was to be utterly banished! They pray a reconsideration, and that they may *be permitted* to show their ability to support the dignity, decorum, and regularity of the stage.

Green mould candles for sale, at the Old Slip market. [Probably made of the bayberry.]

Charles Sullivan's tavern, at the *Fresh water*, in the *out ward* of the city.

Frail Ladies. "Last Thursday, (July, 1753,) twenty-two frail ladies, taken out of several houses of ill repute in this city, were committed to the workhouse, and next day five of them were condemned to receive fifteen lashes each, before a vast concourse of people. All were then ordered to leave the city."

The Post Office, at the Bowling Green, Broadway, will be open every day, save Saturday afternoons and Sundays, from eight to twelve A. M., and from two to four P. M., except on *post nights*, when attendance will be given till ten at night, by

A. Colden, deputy postmaster, and afterwards postmaster. N. B. *No credit* in future.

Ran away, A. Fitz Morris, a taylor, twenty-three years old, from Ireland, had a *light coloured wig*, mouse coloured coat, and *blue* linings, gold twist buttons, *black* stockings, woollen shag breeches. Another runaway, is said to have "his hair *scalped* like a wig."

Wire Dancer. Mr. Dugee performs on the wire and slack rope, by permission, at a new house built for that purpose, in Mr. Adam Van Denberg's garden.

Red Clover seed, offered for sale near the Half Moon Battery, near Whitehall slip. [This shows an early use of *clover.*]

Play bill, 22d of October, 1753. By a company of comedians from London, at the New Theatre, in *Nassau street*, (by his honour's authority.) Love for Love, afterpiece, Tom Thumb the Great, Hallam's family; Box 6s. Pit 4s. Gallery 2s. The next play was Richard the Third, and the Devil to Pay. They go to Philadelphia.

French, Low Dutch, Latin and English, taught by Tho. Ross.

Patrick Audley, Taylor, from Great Britain, makes gentlemen's laced and plain clothes, hunting dresses, pantine sleeves, racoloes for clergymen and others, ladies' josephs.

The New Exchange is now opened as a coffee-room, by Keen & Lightfoot, [near the meal market, I believe].

A Public Library is to be formed by a subscription of gentlemen, April, 1754.

"Roger Magrah is moved up near the *Horse & Cart* Inn, in the street that Alderman Cortlant lives in."

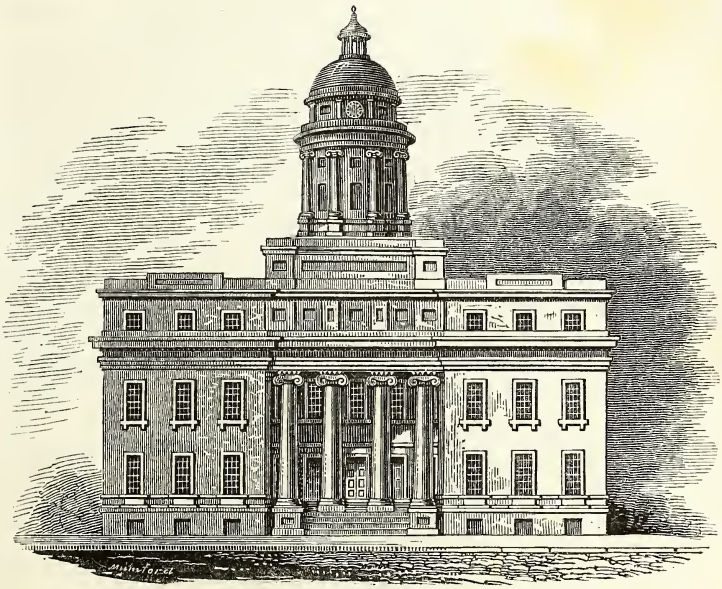
The New York College, opened in May, 1754; is helped by a lottery, and the price of tuition, under Samuel Johnson, principal, a former missionary, is twenty-five shillings per quarter. *Numerous* discussions concerning *the sect* to govern this college, appeared in the Gazettes. Some claimed for the Church, others for the Presbyterians. [Why either of them? and why not a civil institution? Wm. Livingston, Esq., afterwards governor of New Jersey, was a frequent writer on the side of the latter, titled the Watch Tower.]

Patrick Flanley, an Irish runaway, is thus advertised; had a grey homespun coat, lined with *blue* shalloon, fawn *skin* vest, hair outside, and purple sheepskin breeches.

M. Derham, milliner from London, arrived with her wares, &c.

The Hon. Shirley Washington, Esq., arrived at New York, as commander of his majesty's ship Mermaid, of twenty guns, from England. I see also a *Captain Washington*, commander of a privateer. I notice also, a *Captain Kid* often arriving at Philadelphia from Nova Scotia.

Albany is thus noticed by a writer in September, 1754, saying: It is much to be feared, that the French, before a declaration of



Exchange, Wall Street, burned 1835, p. 266.

war, may attack us, and if they do, they will too probably *take the city of Albany*, whose inhabitants *are more renowned for the artifices of traffic and the thirst of gain*, than for a military spirit.

The Rev. Mr. Graham, of Rumbout precinct, in Dutchess county, "continues to teach Latin, Greek and Hebrew, *very cheap*."

Of Female Dress. "These foreign invaders first made their attack upon the stays, so as to diminish them half down the waist, exposing the breast and shoulders. Next to the caps; cut off the flappets and tabs, bored and padlocked the ears. Next came the wide hoops and French pocket holes; and last of all, have *lately* shortened the rear, so that the heels and ancles are exposed, even to the very gusset and clock! O, shame! shame!"

It is worthy of remark, that all of the names, usually found among the *gentry* of the state of New York now, generally *professional* men, are all to be found in the advertising columns of these old Gazettes, as men of *business*. There we read of "De Lancey, Robinson & Co., at their store in Duke street." "Gerard W. Beekman's dry goods store;" "Robert G. Livingston has for sale;" "To be sold by Le Roy & Rutgers;" "To be sold by Philip Livingston;" "James Jauncey has for sale;" "For sale by S. G. Lansing, near *Coenties market;*" "N. W. Stuyvesant, auctioneer." The truth is, concerning such business men, that they were at the top of society; the lawyers and doctors then served for much smaller fees, and had not any pre-eminence. It is only of later years, that *lawyers* have got so much into public councils and state affairs; before the Revolution, they were much restricted to small local affairs; international law was not required and was not studied. Maritime law, and insurance policies, now so much understood, were then scarcely known. They have since got rich out of these incidents of commerce, and now take precedence of their actual makers. Merchants and riches once headed all things.

Fencing and Dancing is taught by John Rievers, at the corner of Stone street.

A Grand Ball, upon the occasion of St. Andrew's day, was given by the Scotch Society, at the Exchange room, and King's Arms tavern. Many officers of the army were present; the ladies made a most brilliant appearance, and it is thought that there was scarcely ever so great a number of elegantly dressed fine women seen together in North America. The officers were peculiarly delighted and surprised with so many interesting ladies, more than they had ever met together in our country.

It appears that the new gaol was built by a lottery; the drawing was published of it, April, 1758. A lottery is also made to pay £1100, debt of the city of Albany by the war. The twenty-six hundred men to be raised by New York for the war, were each to have a pair of *buckskin* breeches.

The ways of Trade. Nov. 1760. Public notice is given by the custom house, that "some of *our* traders from foreign ports, have been for some time hovering in the sound and on the coast, with a view to discharge their cargoes *duty free;* all good citizens are invited to aid the authorities and give information, &c."

A proclamation from the governor of New Jersey, says, It is believed provisions and lumber are intended to be smuggled off for the use of the enemy, *by some.*

To Let, the house at *White Hall,* now in the possession of *Lord Loudon,* enquire of Frances Moore, nigh the Bowling Green. [She was probably the widow of Col. Moore, the original proprietor.]

1759. *Greenwich,* to be sold by A. Sarzedas, a pretty *country seat,* nigh the North river, about three miles from the city, generally known by the name of *Greenwich,* containing four acres, all in garden.

South-east Storm, 14th February, 1759. Joseph Whipple, Esq., deputy governor, going to his lodging in the evening, by reason of the great damage done to *the Long wharf,* fell in and was drowned. He had a great funeral train.

The curse of cowardice. The papers are all well filled with calls to "gentlemen volunteers, and gentlemen sailors," to enlist in *Sir* this, and *Sir* that's regiment, &c., and also several advertisements for deserters. Among the other allurements to enlistment, I notice a kind of sermon for sale, called "the curse of cowardice," being a discourse on Jer. xlviii. 10. "Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord deceitfully; and cursed be he that keepeth back his sword from blood." The author says, "Ye young and hardy men, whose very faces seem to speak that God and nature formed you for soldiers, ye that love your country, *enlist;* for honour will follow you in life or death. Ye that love your religion, enlist; for your religion is in danger. Can Protestant Christianity expect quarters from heathen savages and French papists?"

An aged negro man on Long Island, died at Smithtown, in Suffolk county, say, negro Harry, in December, 1758, at least one hundred and twenty years of age when he died. He remembered New York, he said, when there were but three houses in it, (and now consider, that now in 1834, there are persons alive on Long Island who *could* have seen *that* man!) He could do a good day's work when past one hundred years. He was purchased at New York by Richard Smith, the first proprietor of Smithtown, and descended down to his grandson, Captain Richard Smith, of the same town, who is himself past sixty years of age in 1759. He had been a slave one hundred years in Smith's family, and supposed himself one hundred and forty years old!

The New York Insurance Office, opened at the house of the widow Smith, adjoining the Coffee-house, another at the Coffee-house is called "the old insurance office." August 21, 1759.

Places. "*At Whitehall* at *the house* of the late Col. Moore;" "at his house *in the fly;*" Bayard street;" "Canons Dock;" "Rotten Row;" "Wynkoop street;" "Royal Exchange;" "Smith Street;" "Coenties market;" "on Golden hill;" "the Long bridge;" "the great Dock near the change;" "Dock street;" "Pot Baker's hill."

1760. "Scotch carpets," a variety of them for sale by Matthew Wilders—another also advertises "an assortment of carpets." [These were their first appearance most probably, as sand was used long after.]

Marriages announced, March 17. Married on Tuesday night last, Mr. Jacob Walton of this city, merch't, to Miss Polly Cruger, daughter of Henry Cruger, Esq., an eminent merchant of this place; an agreeable young lady, possessed of every good quality to render the marriage state completely happy, with a large fortune."—[The mode then of noticing.]

A Windmill for sale, in the out ward of the city, near the Bowery lane, having two pair of stones, inquire of John Burling.

Mary Alexander, relict of the Hon. James Alexander, deceased, and mother to the present Earl of Stirling, died at New York, April 1760. She was for many years past, a very eminent trader in this place; afterwards her shop goods are advertised to be sold off. Lord Stirling was two years after made one of his Majesty's council in New York.

For sale, a neat assortment of women's and children's stays—also hoops and quilted coats; also men and women's shoes from England.

The transport vessels at New York, have much difficulty to engage their crews from their fears of *impressment*, wherefore Gen. Amherst engages to give such men a certificate of protection *provided* they enlist for the transports at £6 per month.

Persons in Albany, advertise their stores of goods in the city Gazette.

Nicholas C. Bogert, has removed his store *from his father's*, to the house of Capt. Michael Bogert near the fly market, next door to Mr. Bassetts, where he has for sale a general assortment of goods for cash or short credit. Cornelius Bogert was drowned at the flat rock battery, in bathing.

Prices. Nut wood 35*s.* a cord, oak wood 22*s.*—wheat 6*s.* 6*d.*

Paper Hangings. A new article of genteel patterns, just arrived and for sale by G. Noel, bookseller.

Irish beef and Irish butter for sale by Greg and Cunningham; also Bristol ale.

Doctor Guischard, surgeon from Paris, advertises that "he is experienced in women's delivery, and will *with the help of the Lord,*" prove himself serviceable in their extremity.

A parcel of fine young slaves just imported in the schooner Catherine from the coast of Africa, and for sale at Moore's wharf,

by Thomas Randall and J. Alexander. [They used to be sold also at public auction on board vessels, and also at the Coffee-house.]

At this time there are *three weekly* newspapers in New York.

Lotteries for many places are from time to time advertised *to draw* upon Biles' Island—one for St. John's church, Elizabethtown—one for Shrewsbury church, &c. &c.

Doings at *Perth Amboy*, July 7, 1760; upon the arrival there of Gov. Boone to take his government, he was escorted by the troops of horse of Elizabethtown and Woodbridge; at the line of *the city* he was met by the mayor, recorder, aldermen, and common council and conducted into town, afterwards his Excellency walked in procession to the *City Hall*, where he was proclaimed. He afterwards gave an elegant entertainment, and in the evening the town was illuminated. [Who would now think of such things of the present *little* Amboy.]

The arrival of ships of war and transports, or of departures of such, are frequent, also numerous occasions of British generals and regiments and troops coming and going at New York or the adjacent colonies, is frequent during the Canada war, making New York quite a military camp.

Cotton goods advertised for sale by Thomas Watkins, [a new article, I think] a neat assortment of *printed cottons*, calicoes, and chintz—boys and girls' worsted and *cotton* hose—*cotton* and linen checks—cotton in bales. [A Liverpool paper of 1834, states that *the first bag* of cotton imported into that place, was brought from the United States in January 1785, *by the Diana*, and she brought only that one bag.]

I never see *Broadway* noticed as *a street;* but as often as *houses there* are advertised, they are said to be near or opposite to some one. It was then a place out of business.

The governor, James Delancy, Esq., died suddenly "at *his seat in the Bowery*, near this city."

"*Ferry street.*" The burghers of this street "are said to have petitioned to enlarge *the canal* or drain in the said *Ferry street.*" [This must mean Broad street.] The ferry stairs was at fly market.

James Rivington, bookseller from *London*, has just opened in Hanover Square, Sept. 1760, and is called "*the only* London bookseller in America." He afterwards became "the tory printer" in the war of the revolution.

Henry Whitman, near the Oswego market, makes "*Philadelphia* buttons and buckles," as cheap and good as can be purchased *in Philadelphia.* Many counterfeits have been sold here, but he will warrant his *not to break.*

1761. January 12, Sunday. Funeral sermons were preached in all the churches in the city, on the death of his late Majesty George II. All the public actions of *society* then bespeak *much loyalty.*

The New York, New England, Nova Scotia, and Quebec, &c.,

Coffee-house, which has been kept for fifty years past in *Threadneedle street*, behind the Royal Exchange, is now to be removed for a short time, until the party walls of the house can be rebuilt, by Thomas Lever.

The Hon. Gen. Moncton "dwells in the commodious house in *Beaver street.*"

Tincture of golden rod is much praised, it cures quickly grey flux—it also destroys the *gravel* by quickly dissolving all gravel in the kidneys.

The General Assembly of this colony, are to meet March 24th. *at the house* of Teunis Somerndyck. [This was perhaps in consequence of "repairing the City Hall" in the next year, 1762.]

H. Levy offers for sale, hyson tea, coffee, chocolate—English made shoes.

To be sold, a likely breeding negro wench, who is now big with child, for which reason she does not suit her master. [Plain direct language truly.]

Evert Fels, inviter to the funerals, is removed from *Broadway* down to *the North river*, next to the King's stores.

A curricle but little used, for sale with a pair of blood horses, at Larey's livery.

The light-house at Sandy Hook, is to be erected *on ground* at Sandy Hook, which is to be purchased with £3000, to be raised by a lottery. A second lottery was made for £3000 more to build the light-house.

Lost, *between* New York and Greenwich, a green purse containing a gold jacobus, a half and quarter johannes, and three or four pieces of eight.

Umbrellas of all sorts, men and boys *felts* and *castors*, and other goods for sale, by John Hamersly & Co., near Coenties market, [meaning the *market* near Coenties house.]

The General Assembly of New Jersey is now sitting (July) at *Burlington* for the despatch of business. [Can any one now tell which was their hall, and where the Governor's house.] The same question might be asked also of like houses at Perth Amboy.

A lottery for raising £2800 to pave such parts of *Philadelphia* streets, as the managers may choose, is advertised—the whole scheme and agent's name, at New York.

A shark of 12 feet in length was caught at "the ferry stairs" [at foot of Fly market I think].

British camps were sometimes formed on Long Island, and sometimes on Staten Island; on the latter, Gen. Otway's regiment encamped in August, 1761, arrived from Albany—Gen. Amherst also staid there.

Persian and plat carpeting—thread and cotton hose for sale, by H. Van Vleck. [They go ahead of Philadelphia in such luxuries].

The Theatre. Permission has been given by the lieutenant-governor, to Mr. Douglass, to *build* a theatre.

Impressment is so much feared, that people are afraid to visit New York harbour as usual with provisions. The Mayor therefore publishes an assurance from Capt. Darby, that *none such* shall be taken.

Oct. 29. Sir Jeffery Amherst was installed *as knight*, at Staten Island. The cause and the occasion was this. The troops, eleven regiments, returned from the war on the Canada frontiers, under Gens. Monckton, Amherst, and Otway, and were encamped from August to November, upon the centre of Staten Island, where they formed a market and invited sellers; while there, orders came from England to Major Gen. Monckton, to invest Gen. Amherst with the order, which he did in a public manner before the army, by putting the ribbon over Sir Jeffery's shoulder. Gen. Monckton was immediately after installed as Governor of New York, and a procession made for him in New York, and at night the city was illuminated. New York is often like a military camp, always troops and frigates going and coming. In this matter *the society there*, must have always been very different from Philadelphia. Gen. Monckton and all the troops went away from Staten Island on the 15th of November, with a fleet of one hundred sail, for the West Indies. What a sight!

Some unusual names of streets, viz: "Petticoat lane near the fort," Chapel street, "Rotten Row near the dock," at another place called Rorten Row, "Synagogue alley," "the New Dock."

"*Pennsylvania Stoves*, newly invented," both round and square, to be sold by Peter Clopper.

The new Theatre in Chapel street, (now Beekman street,) opened November 18, 1761, with the tragedy of the Fair Penitent, box 8s. pit 5s. gallery 3s. The next night, "the Provoked Husband," Douglass' company.

"*The Trinity Church farm.*" Two lots *thereon*, fronting the upper part of Broadway, near the almshouse, to be sold under its lease of eleven years to come; having thereon two tenements, and in the rear fronting on Murray street, one other house, by John Dowers.

Fort George. Died *in Fort George*, Alice Colden, lady of the lieutenant-governor.

Harpsicords and Spinnets imported and for sale, by Thomas Harrison, organist of Trinity church.

A variety of *paper hangings*, imported from London, and for sale by J. Desbrosses. [These were used for window curtains, very little or none for walls.]

Elizabeth Pitt, *mantua maker* from London, works in the newest fashion; and Elizabeth Colvell, *milliner*, has just received a fresh supply of goods from London, and also an assistant young woman from London.

"As the streets are to be *lighted hereafter*, conformable to law,

we may expect much improvement in our police safety," &c. [This meant probably, *some* streets.]

John Higgins, and John Anderson, were executed "*at Fresh water*," for passing counterfeit money. The same *Fresh water* is named in the act of December, 1761, for prevention of fires, saying, "no pitch, tar, or shingles, shall be put in any place to the southward of *Fresh water*, [meaning, I presume the Kolch.]

Severe cold weather. March 18th, "such a long continuance of severe cold *at this season*, has not been witnessed for many years."

The copper mines at Second river, in New Jersey, sustained a great loss by the conflagration of the fire engine house and the works belonging thereto, and about two thousand cords of wood. "The loss to Mr. Schuyler must be ten thousand pounds!" It was afterwards burnt a second time, at great loss.

April 26. His excellency, Sir Jeffery Amherst, upon the anniversary of St. George, gave a ball to the ladies and gentlemen of this city, at Crawley's new assembly rooms. The company consisted of ninety-six ladies, and as many gentlemen, all very richly dressed; and it is said the entertainment was the most elegant ever seen in America.

Money Diggers. In May, 1762, Nicholas Bayard, offers a reward of £5, to be informed who it is that comes by night to *his farm*, near the city, and digs great holes in his land, to the damage of his people and cattle. If they be money diggers, he says, he will allow them the indulgence of a search, if they will come to him personally, and dig by daylight, and *fill up again.* He will also give them two spades and one pick-axe, left behind in their supposed fright.

The memoirs of Major Robert Rogers, a partisan officer of celebrity in the Indian wars near Canada, since 1755, in three volumes, 8vo., for twenty shillings. It might be a curious history. His name often appears in enterprising scouts. Where is the book now to be found? [I believe he became a tory.]

May, 1762. An act is passed for raising £3000, to repair the city hall.

Lawrence Kilbrun, continues portrait painting, in Crown street.

Thomas Jackson, teaches Latin and Greek, at the head of New street, opposite the Presbyterian church.

Wm. Clajon is teacher of French, in Beaver street.

A public and weekly concert of music is held by Leonard and Dieuval, music masters.

Marriages. April 26. On Tuesday night last, Mr. Nicholas Bayard, Jr., of this city, merchant, was married to Miss Livingston, daughter of Mr. Peter Van Brough Livingston, of this place, merchant; a very agreeable young lady, endowed with all the good qualities necessary for rendering the connubial state perfectly agreeable. [This was then the *mode.*]

Rogers & Humphreys open the *White Hall Coffee-house*, commodiously situate *at* White Hall, where all the foreign and home gazettes, will be kept on file.

[*Philadelphia July* 1. Abraham Taylor, Esq., alderman and deputy collector, and holding various offices among us for thirty years, on the occasion of his going to reside in England, was entertained by an hundred of the principal gentlemen of the city, at the State House. John Taylor, Esq., Middleown, N. J., is named, 1750, to sell laws of New Jersey.]

Six privateers, brigs and schooners, are fitted out at New York, against the Spaniards, *in a short time.*

French and Latin taught to young persons of both sexes, and boarded also, by the Rev. Frederick Rothenbuhler, minister of the Reformed *Switzer* church, in New York.

Original manner of taking up lands in New York, by patent, viz: "Whereas his majesty, king James II., by his letters patent under the great seal of the province of New York, bearing date, the 17th October, 1685, did grant and confirm unto Francis Rumbout, Jacobus Kip, and Stevanus Van Cortlandt, all that tract or parcel of land, situate on the east side of Hudson river, and on the north side of the Highlands, beginning from the south side of the Fish Kill, and from thence northward along said Hudson river five hundred rods beyond the Great Wappenger's Kill, being the northerly bounds, and from thence into the woods, *four hours going*, or sixteen English miles, &c., [running afterwards four hours going in another direction.] There are as many as half a dozen such large tracts, equally early granted to other companies of men, at other places, and which came to be advertised in 1762, on a call *for a division* of the tracts, by heirs, claiming under an act just passed by the council, for such purpose. [It would seem as if many persons, associated in families of ten or twelve names, for very small gifts, to take up unsettled back lands, along the North river, as big as twenty miles square, and so in after years, made their descendants rich gentry. Their names are often published.]

Morrison, peruke maker from London, dresses ladies and gentlemen's hair in the politest taste; he has a choice parcel of human, *horse*, and *goat* hairs to dispose of.

Gen. Monckton, who last year was made *governor of New York*, went off immediately afterwards with the fleet and army, to the West Indies, where he conquered Martinico and the Leeward Islands, and subsequently the Havannah, and then returns back to New York within a single year, and repossesses his government! Such governors, and the troops and vessels of war, usually at and near New York, must have had a powerful effect in making the top-society there of a military cast. It is published in the Gazette, the amount of "the *first* division of the prize money," resulting from the Havannah enterprise alone, producing

£317,000, of which the navy and army took equal divisions, and one cannot but wonder to see how quickly a commander-in-chief is excessively enriched; the fact, may tend to explain why we so often hear of immensely overgrown fortunes in Great Britain, with a general mass of population so very poor! In this case, Gen. Monckton's personal share amounts to £86,000, nearly 400,000 dollars, while the actual helot, the poor private, receives but fifty-seven shillings, or twelve dollars! Many of our own citizens, both in Philadelphia and New York, enlisted for and went out in this expedition. It is probable that Gen. Monckton eventually realized a million of dollars, as his share in all the service of *the year*, and with such a fund he was able to make some dashing display in the little city of New York. While on this subject, we will add, what is known but to few, some further brief notice of the scale of prize money awarded in the aforementioned division, showing throughout, the scheme of greatly enriching *one man*, at the expense of many; for even generals, if subordinate, suddenly fall to much inferior sums, thus: the lieutenant-general gets £17,000, a major-general £4,900, any field officer £380, captains £130, sergeants £6, corporals £4, and privates 57s. 6d. There were fourteen men of war taken at the Havannah. [In the war of the revolution, a Col. *Monckton* fell at the battle of Monmouth, of whom the song said,—"Monckton's laurels fell that day, to grace the brow of gallant Wayne!"] Gov. Monckton resigned, and went home in June, 1763.

Rivington & Brown, advertise among other articles, finest tooth powder, neatest tooth-pick cases, but *no* tooth *brushes or picks* are mentioned.

Michael De Bruls, forms and offers for sale, when wholly engraved, two water views, and two land views of the city of New York, with references in English and Dutch, to be twenty-one by twelve inches, and to be accompanied by pamphlets of explanation. If any copies exist now, they would be curious.

The race courses are often noticed as at Harlaem, and sometimes *round* "the Beaver pond," at Jamacia, L. I.

1763. James De Lancey, advertises land in the Bowery, and at Corlear's Hook, for gardeners, &c., for terms of twenty-one, forty-two, or sixty-three years, several acre lots. Some of their low prices then would be strange *now*, by comparison.

Two hundred lots of ground joining the Stoccadoes, west of Broadway, and along the North river, are advertised to be let for twenty-one, forty-two, or sixty-three years, by the church wardens of Trinity church. It might be interesting now to know by what means and bequests they became owners.

James Gilliland, earthen, delf, and glass warehouse, in Wall street, has the following named articles, viz: enamelled and *cabbage* tea-pots, cut and ground decanters, tumblers, punch glasses, and wine glasses.

The noted inn and tavern in the Bowery lane, near the windmill, at the sign of the Bull's head, (where the slaughter house is now kept,) lately kept by Caleb Hyatt, is now occupied by Thomas Bayeux, who is well provided with all conveniencies for travellers.

Mr. Steel has removed *the King's Arms tavern*, from opposite the Exchange, to the Broadway, at the lower end, opposite the fort. I have preserved some good facts, as at this tavern.

Spring Garden, near the college, now kept by John Elkin; breakfasting from seven to nine. *Tea* in the afternoon, from three to six. The best of green tea, and hot French rolls. Pies and tarts will be drawn from seven to nine. Mead and cakes. Gentlemen and ladies may depend on good attendance.

The common council, by order of 15th August, 1763, declare that whereas, several persons, who lately purchased at public vendue for a term of years, several lots *leased out in the common lands of this city*, have since signified, that their purchase is found to be too high, to permit them to make any proper improvements, without a positive loss, therefore it is ordered that instead of paying double rent after the expiration of the first term of twenty-one years, the said lots shall be leased for the term of forty-two years, at the same price as they engaged the first term of twenty-one years. The same lots, if *now* offered for sale, what advance would they not bring?

In August, 1763, the common council determines the prices of market sales. We are surprised, that they could thus impose limited prices upon countrymen, to wit: for pork 4½*d.*, for pigs 5*d.*, for veal 5*d.*, mutton 3½*d.*, for a goose 1*s.* 6*d.*, for turkey 4*s.*, duck 9*d.*, oysters 2*s.* per bushel, opened oysters 3*s.* *per gallon*, clams 9*d.* per hundred, bass 2*d.*, &c. In a few months after, they rescinded part of the above, so far as to leave the prices of domestic and wild fowl undetermined.

To be sold, fourteen years lease of a house and large lot of ground, pleasantly situated *in the fields, or Vineyard No.* 4; a very convenient place for any sort of public business, enquire of Neal Shaw, *rope maker*, next door to the premises.

The Bake house, at the corner of John street and Broadway, is advertised for sale, and has a *bolting house* and new *cistern* annexed, for sale by G. Van Bomel.

The act to regulate the markets, speaks of *them* thus: At the market house at the slip, called Coenties dock, [this is sometimes spelled Coenjes and Coenjies,] at the mansion house, at the old slip, commonly called Burger's path, at the mansion house at or near Countess' key, commonly called Countess' slip, and at the mansion house in the Broadway, commonly called Broadway market.

Dr. Clossy's anatomical lectures, begin on Friday evening, November 25th, 1763.

Died, at Jamaica, Long Island, (called also Nassau Island,)

John Crockeser, an extremely aged person. He had been a soldier in the fort at New York, in Governor Leister's time, (the civil war) and while a young man, he had often shot squirrels, quails, &c., on or near Pot Baker's hill, in this city, which was then a wilderness. He had lived so long, that it had outrun his computation. [Think of a man alive in 1763, of course seen by persons still alive, and he had seen New York city in its infancy, and now it is so mighty!]

Gold and silver lace *buttons*, and gold and silver garters, for sale by E. Graham, tailor.

The farm or plantation, in the Bowery lane, of twenty acres of rich land, the estate of Robert Benson, deceased, is for sale.

We are informed that Dr. George Muirson has established two hospitals for *inoculation of the small-pox;* on Shelter *island*, near the east end of Long Island. [This shows the terror at that day of the small-pox, and here the diseased were intended to be *isolated* from all possibility of infecting others.]

Wanted immediately, a well behaved, ingenious lad, of fourteen or fifteen years of age, of respectable parents, *who can write a good hand*, and understands *arithmetic*, to be *an apprentice* in this city, *to a Doctor's business.* Does not this mean, in his drug shop, as physicians once kept each their own drugs and shop. James Murray was at same time, "druggist and wholesale apothecary, from London."

It strikes me as a fact of some interest, and as a curiosity in itself, that in my reading through various years of old newspapers, that it should never have occurred to any one mind or writer, even incidentally, to speak of their then sense of the actual changes passing upon society and the country, compared with their primitive days, as either remembered by the most aged, or as handed down by tradition. No passing events seem ever to have elicited such thoughts; not even the publication of the deaths of their peculiarly aged; whom, as in the case of Smith's *negro Harry*, or of *John Crockeser*, who had seen New York when it was only a newly started village. Surprise is expressed, and surprise only; it draws out no remembered tales or traditions. I presume, that the cause then, was like the cause now among the thousands; they thought only of their present sense of *an established and settled country and manners*, and thought, if they thought at all on the subject, time past, is buried in oblivion, and is too remote to be worth the research. In families, and in domestic circles, the younger branches could be amused for a time, with the tales of the grand-daddy's and mammy's of their day, and while they thought to retain them in the memory, they lost them all, for want of some written record.

[The file of Gazettes for the years 1764–5, were missing!]

The papers are daily charged with measures and proceedings of men in the colonies concerning the Stamp act. They are generally

called "Sons of Liberty." Every number of the Gazette is headed with this sentence as its motto. "The united voice of all his majesty's free and loyal subjects in America.—Liberty and Property, and no Stamps."

Jan. 13, 1768, immediately after Capt. Haviland arrived, a company of armed men went on board at night near Cruger's dock, and after obliging the men to give up the keys, they seized ten boxes of the Stamp papers, which they conveyed in a boat to the ship-yard, where they made a bonfire of them, together with some tar barrels.

Mr. Van Schaick of Albany having applied to be a Stamp master, he was waited upon by the people there to require his renunciation, and they not receiving satisfactory assurances, they assembled soon after in force and seized his person, putting a halter round his neck and dragging him through the town, until he adroitly slipped the noose and made his escape into the fort, whereupon the people being much incensed, went back to his house and demolished his furniture, equal to four or five hundred pounds! [This story was soon after corrected, saying that only the furniture was destroyed, but no violence done to his person.]

The Sons of Liberty met every Tuesday evening at the house of Mr. Howard, (headed by Sears and M'Dougall, both sea-captains,) and had their regular correspondence with the Sons of Liberty in the neighbouring colonies.

The *first* Resolve—of the six, which formed their compact, reads—"Resolved, that we will go to the last extremity, and venture our lives and fortunes, effectually to prevent the Stamp act from ever taking place in this city and province."

The plan of bringing *live fish* to the New York market originated with a society of gentlemen who clubbed to fit the smack Amherst for that purpose; her example induced many individuals to do the same, so that in this year, the supply, *for the first time*, was plentiful enough to induce the company to break up and sell their vessel.

Windsor chairs, made and sold by Wm. Gautier, to wit:—high back'd, low back'd and sackback'd chairs and settees, also dining and low chairs. [These were *probably* the first of their kind.]

A house on Long Island at Jamaica, of large dimensions, is advertised for sale, *the whole having sash windows*, and newly wholly repaired. [Sash windows were a new affair then. Leaden frames were used before.]

Carriages. Elkanah and Wm. Deane, from Dublin, profess to open as a new affair the construction of all manner of carriages at five per cent. below importation prices, and have *brought out* their workmen at great expense. Profess to make coaches, chariots, landaus, phaetons, post-chaises, *curricles*, chairs, sedans, and sleighs, also to gild and japan, and carve and paint, &c.

Hats. Nesbitt Deane, from Dublin, makes finest beaver hats,

for clergymen and other gentlemen, black, white and *green* hats, riding hats, and flat crowned ditto, ruffled and plain for ladies and children. Beaverets and castor hats. He turns and dresses old hats. [Only think of turned hats !]

"The Fresh Water"—for sale, the house where Thos. Gallaudet now lives in, at Fresh Water, on the left hand side of the main street or road leading *into the Bowery*, on the rising of *the hill*, directly opposite the Jews' burying ground.

The news of the Stamp act repealed on 3d March 1766, give great joy every where. Of these, many public demonstrations are given. The joy in England was equally great.

Theatre. On the 5th May, it was advertised, that at the theatre in *Chapel street*,* would be performed the comedy of the "Twin Rivals, and the King and the Miller of Mansfield." N. B. As the packet has arrived and brought good news respecting the repeal, it is hoped the public has no objection to the performance, which is given by permission of his excellency the Governor. [It appears however that some of the people were offended, for the next paper contains the fact, that they actually demolished the house !] It is related "that many of the inhabitants, who deemed it highly improper that such entertainments should be exhibited in a time of such public distress, when so many poor could scarcely find means of subsistence, talked so freely of their intended opposition to the play, that many were prevented from going." After the play began, the multitude burst open the doors and entered with tumult. The audience escaped as they could, and many lost their hats, a boy had is scull fractured and was trepann'd. The crowd quickly pulled down the house, and carried the pieces to the commons, and consumed them in a bonfire." [I take the above as told in the Gazette, to be a version, nearer to the truth, of the same fact told by me in my Historic Tales of New York, p. 176.]

On the occasion of the final repeal of the Stamp act, *by its supplement*, it was celebrated in New York with great demonstrations of joy. The Sons of Liberty met at their usual rendezvous, Howard's in *the Park* as I believe] where they invited all the citizens to unite with them, "*in consequence* of which a great number assembled *in the fields*, where a royal salute was fired and at every loyal toast at Howard's seven cannons were fired; at night there was a general illumination.

The king's birthday on the 4th June, which so soon followed, was seized upon as a suitable occasion to prove at once their loyalty and gratitude for the recent repeal. All the city authorities waited upon the governor to drink the king's health. The battery and men-of-war guns were fired. Two large oxen were

* Now Beekmans street, then called Chapel street because of St. George's chapel there.

roasted on the commons [the Park] before numerous spectators, a large stage was erected having the roasting ox at each end, on which was placed twenty-five barrels of strong beer, three hogsheads of rum, sugar and water to make punch, bread, &c.; at one end of the common was a pile of twenty cords of wood with a tall mast in the middle, to the head of which was hoisted twelve tar and pitch barrels, and placed on a round top. At the other end of the common were fixed twenty-five pieces of cannon and a lofty flag-staff and colours. [The moderns have never since witnessed such a bonfire !] There was a general illumination at night. The governor and all the officers of state and military dined together and drank toasts, which are published,—loyal but free. The dinner was given by the principal inhabitants. [It was done I think at Howard's, at the commons.] Pitt, the Earl of Chatham, is always extolled.

> "To you, blest Patriots, we our cause submit,—
> Illustrious *Camden*, Britain's guardian *Pitt*."

At Woodbridge N. J. they roasted an ox near the great "Liberty Oak," which was handsomely decorated, and many colours were displayed in different parts of the square. The ladies genteelly dressed, also graced the entertainments of the day, dined principally upon plum puddings in honour to the queen, and afterwards regaled themselves with plum cakes, tea, &c. In the evening the town was illuminated and a large bonfire made near to the Liberty Oak.—"As near as the safety of that ancient tree would admit of."

Attorneys and Scriveners. Charles Morse, attorney at law, at *Pot-baker's Hill*, also, John Coghill Knapps, from London, at his office *Rotten Row.* The *places*, may now sound strangely among the New York profession. The last was of Inner Temple, and educated at Oxford.

Statue of Pitt. At a meeting of citizens at the Coffee-house, the 23d June '66, it was resolved to request their representatives in the General Assembly to provide a statue of *Brass* to the memory of the Right Hon. Wm. Pitt, the great friend of American freedom, especially shown upon the occasion of the Stamp act repealed. [So they granted £7000 to procure a statue of Pitt from London. It was set up in Sept. 1770, of *marble*, in Wall street.]

Renelagh Gardens. By John Jones, are laid out at great expense, for breakfasting and evening entertainments for ladies and gentlemen, judged to be far the most rural and pleasing retreat *near the city.* A complete band of music is engaged to perform every Monday and Thursday evening during the summer. A commodious hall is in the garden for dancing, with drawing rooms neatly fitted up, good pasturage at same place.

Dancing is taught by John Trotter in Chapel street, next door to the play house, [meaning where *it was*, or else it had been

rebuilt,] and also at Mrs. Demot's on *Flatten-Barrick hill*, [then the alley descending from Broadway opposite to Exchange street.]

Concerts of Music, are given by Edward Bardin, innkeeper at the King's Arms *garden* in the Broadway [near the fort,] three times a week in the evening, in a neat and commodious room in the garden; tickets 1*s*. This place was much visited by the military.

James Daniel, wig-maker and hair-dresser, also operates *on the teeth*, a business so absolutely *necessary in this city*. [This seems like the first appearance of a *a dentist!*

A whale forty-nine feet in length, was killed by two persons fishing, who saw it swimming about near Coney Island. They killed it with an old sword. Mr. Coffer at the ferry at Brooklyn bought it for thirty pounds, and brought it up to his ferry.

A lobster weighing eighteen pounds was sold for 2*s*. 6*d*.

What is now called the Park, used to be called the Fields, for instance, "at Howard's noted tavern in the Fields"—on Broadway.

John De la Somet, died at Fauquier in Virginia, in Oct. 1766, aged one hundred and thirty years; he had been banished from France for his religion, in 1684, and was soon after brought out with many other Frenchmen to Virginia, to settle the Brentin lands. He was hearty to the last, and was the *first* of his numerous progeny of his name, that had died in Virginia!

St. Paul's church was opened in Nov. 1766, its first sermon by Dr. Auchmuty.

A linen manufactory was set up near the Fresh Water, many women were employed spinning by hand. Its productions were carried weekly to the market. It was deemed patriotic to encourage it. [It began three years before.]

Robert Woffendale, *Surgeon Dentist*, lately arrived from London, performs all operations upon the teeth, gums, sockets and palate; also fixes *artificial* teeth so as to escape discernment.

1767. A lottery is granted by the colony of New Jersey to raise five hundred pounds to defray the expenses of running a straight road through the province between New York and Philadelphia.

Cheap land, 10,000 acres at 2*s*. 6*d*. per acre clear of quit rent, situate on the branch of the river Delaware, about fifty miles to the northward of upper Minisink. It is good land, has much low land along the two rivers, Delaware and Popaghton, has been patented sixty years, and now for sale by James Parker, New York. We cannot but wonder, what *that* tract might bring to his heirs, if it had been retained in the family to this day! American officers received grants of five thousand acres. How certain to enrich their families! [There was a *Receiver General* for quit rents]

A stated meeting of the Hand in Hand *Fire Company*. The

clerk will notify the place of meeting and inspect the buckets, bags, belts, hand-barrows, baskets, &c.

The Liberty Pole, on the city parade, called "the Common," was found cut down in March 1766, and produces an angry paragraph, saying it is suspected to have been done by some soldiers to offend the Sons of Liberty, and they are therefore forewarned, that as it was instantly set up again with a *covering of iron* near the base to prevent a similiar insult, nothing but bloody work can be expected from a repetition! It was cut down, while the friends of Liberty were commemorating the repeal of the Stamp act. The act was believed to have been done by the British soldiery. Many efforts *they* made to destroy it secretly, and the people were equally vigilant to prevent it.

It was in this strife that the people seized upon *Cunningham* the Provost, then a sergeant, and *whipped* him, and thus caused his vengeful spirit afterwards to us.

Stage Wagons to Philadelphia. Persons may now go from New York to Philadelphia and back again *in five days*, and remain in Philadelphia two nights and one day to do their business in, fare 20*s.* through ; there will be two wagons, and two drivers, and four sets of horses. John Mercereau, proprietor at Blazing Star. The company to go over to Paulus Hook ferry the evening before, and to start thence the next morning early.

The wood-cut of the wagon, is a really Jersey wagon form.

1767. The anniversary of the king's birth-day (June), was celebrated beyond all former pomp, the fire-works were magnificent, there was a general illumination, and particularly at the Fort George and at Gen. Gage's dwelling, (of the Royal Arms.) Elegant entertainments were given at Fort George and head quarters by Sir Henry Moore, governor, and Gen. Gage, at which were all the officers of the army and navy, the civil officers of the city, and the principal gentlemen. A salute of twenty-one guns was given from *the Liberty Pole*, and from the fort and armed vessels.

Several articles occur in the Gazette of a wish and a design to have a national paper currency for the provinces, to be furnished by England, as something needed in America for the stability of trade.

The theatre *in St. John's street* opened the 7th Dec. '67, with the comedy of the Stratagem. Hallam and Douglass' Co.—Boxes 8*s.* pit 5*s.* gallery 3*s.* The plays do not appear to excite any *printed* animadversions. They are called the American company.

1768. The journeymen tailors, "about twenty of them" struck for wages, and advertised themselves as opening a "house of call," where they would receive orders, to send men to work in private families at 3*s.* 6*d.* a day and their diet to be found them.

When the Presbyterians opened their "new brick church" on

the 1st Jan. it was called "their new church *on the Green*," in allusion to its being then open *to the common*, now called the Park. ["Cowfoot hill at the upper end of Queen street" is named.]

Numerous articles appear for and against the theatre, while the American company is playing.

Mr. J. Kidd, is named as one of the inhabitants of Philadelphia, a merchant.

A Snow, from London to Wayland, with *convicts*, fell short of provisions and had to eat their shoes and leather breeches, several died. There were upwards of one hundred prisoners on board. She got drove off the coast and actually arrived at Antigua.

The cold at *New Orleans* the beginning of Jan. exceeded any ever before remembered.

John Baker, Surgeon Dentist, announces his arrival at New York, May 1768, via Boston from Europe; he fills up teeth with *lead* or *gold;* makes artificial teeth and fixes them with gold, &c.

There is much public discussion upon the right or utility of introducing *Bishops* into this country. The disputants are angry. The whigs resist their order, *here.*

Medical lectures, held at King's College Nov. '68, to wit:—The Theory of Medicine, by Dr. Middleton. Anatomy, by Dr. Clossy. Theory and practice of Surgery, by Dr. Jones, and Practice of Physic, by Dr. Bard.

Christopher Steter advertises that he had belonged to a benefit club kept at David Grim's house in Chapel street, and as a member, had paid fees; first a tax on matrimony of 5*s.* to the box, 4*s.* fee when a son was born, and 2*s.* when a daughter was born. He complains that the monies collected were misapplied in feasts &c., among the officers!

Irish potatoes, dry and good, are advertised as arrived and for sale. A very frequent fact is, the sailing of vessels to Ireland, to Dublin, Newry, Londonderry and Cork; two or three are sometimes up for each of these places at a time.

The auctioneers were several—say, Nich. W. Stuyvesant & Co., M'Davitt, Moore & Lynsen, Abeel & Neils, A. & J. Bleekers.

Domestic manufactures of wool and flax, are encouraged by the society for American productions. They award premiuns. Families are named which have produced seven hundred yards of domestic fabrics.

Wm. Livingston, Esq., attorney at law (afterwards governor of New Jersey) in his proper name, publishes his demurs to the admission of Bishops, in his "answers to the Bishop of Llandaff's sermon."*

* We may see by Gov. Livingston's life, since published, that feelings of *distrust* then mutually felt by churchmen and dissenters in the colonies, were then agitating the same elements, which began the revolution. "Close examina-

January 1769. Michl. Poree, Surgeon Dentist, advertises, to fit natural and artificial teeth, from a single one to a whole set, likewise cleanses teeth, and draws stumps. [First practice there.]

The theatre in *John street*, will be opened by the American Co., by permission of the governor, on Monday the 9th Jan'y.

Married, Capt. Saml. Partridge, to Miss Elizabeth Hubbert,—"a lady of great merit, with every accomplishment to render the marriage state happy." [The mode in that day of advertising.]

Mrs. Fisher, *advertises* her services as midwife, near Whitehall.

Public Vendue, is advertised, to sell goods *on the bridge* near the Coffee House.

Stays. Richard Norris, from London, makes all kinds of *stays and stumps*, turned and plain, with French and Mechlenburg waistcoats, laced overcoats, German jackets and flips.—Ladies uneasy in their shape, he fits without any incumbrance; growing Misses inclined to coats and risings in their hips and shoulders, he likewise prevents, by means approved by the society of stay-makers in London.

The New York Chamber of Commerce was instituted May 1768, "and hear all proposals for the better regulating, encouraging and extending trade and commerce." A. Van Dam, Secretary.

Non-importation agreements are made and signed by the merchants.

A house and lot to sell on "*Cowfoot Hill.*" So queer a name! also "Pot-baker's hill!"

An act is passed to prevent the destruction of deer by blood-hounds or beagles, in the counties of Albany, Ulster and Orange.

Mary Morcomb, mantua maker from London, at Isaac Garniers opposite to *Battoc street*, in the Broadway, makes all sorts of negligees, Brunswick dresses, gowns, and other apparel of ladies, also covers *Umbrellas* in the neatest manner.

Oysters. To prevent the destruction of oysters in South bay, by the unlimited number of vessels employed in the same, it is ordered that but ten vessels shall be allowed, and that each half-barrel tub shall be paid for at 2*d.* according to the town act of Brook Haven.

The death of the Gov. *Sir Henry Moore*, who died at Fort George, is thus celebrated. The paper is marked with mourning *borders.* He was interred in the chancel of Trinity church: the corpse was preceded by the 16th Regt.; his Majesty's council

tion (says the life) shows us that these two factions contained the germ of the whig and tory parties of the revolution." "There were exceptions on both sides, but a great majority of the DeLancey's faction (churchmen's side) *remained* in New York *after* 1776 under the British protection. O. DeLancey was made a Br. General in their ranks." James DeLancey was head of the Episcopalians in New York. Their leading interest in the *College* was much resisted by the Presbyterians. The former wanted an Episcopal governor and Bishop from England. Trinity church got amply favoured.

supported the pall. Gen. Gage and Lord Drummond followed among the mourning relatives, and in the suite were the physicians, the judges and civil officers of the city, members of Assembly, the field officers, captains of ships of war, the general staff, the gentlemen of the Law, Faculty of the College, and the principal inhabitants of the city. The train of artillery brought up the rear. Minute guns were fired during the procession. Twenty boys of the Charity school bore lighted flambeaux, and the church was illuminated. This funeral was *in the evening*, in English style.

Mrs. Lydia Robinson, of seventy years of age, who followed the practice of midwifery for thirty-five years at New London and its vicinity, in the delivery of twelve hundred children, never lost one woman in her practice! What doctors could excel this!

Jeremiah Rensselaer, Esqr., "*the Lord of the Manor* of Rensselaerwyck, died lately at Albany, much lamented."

Wm. Prince, on Long Island, advertises a great collection of fruit trees.

1770. The "No. 45." This was of great signification in its time, and might now be wholly unintelligible, but for the following illustration, to wit. A true female friend to American liberty lately (in Feb. '70) presented Capt. M'Dougal's mariners with a fine saddle of venison, marked with the *important* ☞ No. 45 in allusion to the 45th *page* of the votes and proceedings of our House of Assembly, in which the paper that furnished *the occasion* for that gentleman's commitment is printed at length. The trial of Capt. McD., was deemed very interesting to the public. It was said of him at the time, that "this worthy gentleman will be justly *celebrated by posterity*, as *the first* who has suffered *actual imprisonment* for asserting the cause of American liberty. He was finally discharged *without* trial.

Anthy. Rutgers' place near the city is said to comprise six acres of upland and twelve acres of fresh meadows. The upland contains half in garden, and the other half in fruit trees. Advertised to sell or let, "lying in the meadows near Fresh Water," to be sold in lots.

In July, about half of the whole community of dealers and traders in New York, publicly recede from their non-importation agreement, and their names are given.

Lord Dunmore, afterwards so celebrated in Virginia, arrives in October, as Governor of New York, £2000 a year salary.

A fair is opened, for four days at New York, in November, according to an act of the legislature, for cattle, grain, provisions, and merchandize.

W. C. Hulet, teaches *dancing*, violin, flute, and small sword.

1771. The Vauxhall gardens comprise thirty-six lots on lease for sixty-one years to come, from Trinity church, is for sale, by its landlord, Saml. Francis. [This same man became, I believe, Gen.

Washington's steward at New York city, and afterwards, after the peace, opened the Indian Queen in Philadelphia.]

1772. Montanny's negro man, a drunkard, who had been sent to the Bridewell to receive *the usual punishment*, was found dead the same night! The punishment in such cases, was a plentiful dose of warm water (three quarts) and salt enough to operate as an emetic; with a portion of lamp oil, to operate as a purge!

Robert Horne, musical instrument maker from London, on Golden hill, near Burling's slip, makes and repairs musical instruments.

James Rivingston, bookseller and publisher, facing the Coffee-house *bridge.*

Governor Tryon, who succeeds Lord Dunmore, visits Philadelphia, in October; and a little before, the latter passed through Philadelphia on his way to Virginia and his government there.

The military force of the city, of the militia, consisted of seven independent companies, viz., the Grenadiers, two companies of the Governors' Guards, the Rangers, and the corps of Artillery. These together, sometimes made good display before the governor and the citizens.

[All the foregoing close with the year 1772, and their interest seems to diminish as we approach nearer and nearer to our own times. It is rather strange that in so many pages of many speculations and many minds combined, that there should be so little reference to a former age, of traditionary accounts and reminiscences; nothing for instance, in any form, about the former pirates, nothing of Blackbeard or Kidd; and nothing of all the ballads! They all seem to live in a state of sleepy and dreamy forgetfulness.]

"Rotten Row," before named often, as described to me as seen by Thos. Crowell, was a regular range of *good* houses fronting the river, having *an open* river bank in front, *without* any wharves or slips, and extending from the Old Slip, up to the Coffee-house. They ranged fronting of Hanover Square, and laid *eastward* of present Pearl street. It formed a great dock, or haven of four hundred feet width, in which were laid numerous Bermuda sloops, heads on shore, and several there were laid sides on shore, for purposes of caulking and pitching their bottoms. The present generation know nothing of these things! Mr. Crowell told me this in 1836 at eighty-four years of age, he could not explain why called *Rotten row.* But I much more incline to believe it was named after the *same* name, *then* in London. Mr. Crowell's father was a lieutenant in a war vessel *before* the revolution.

Printing concerns. We suppose that the first printing press set up in New York, was that begun in 1693 by Wm. Bradford, who went there from Philadelphia. It was his grandson Bradford, who became afterwards Attorney General of the United States.

We infer that Bradford was the earliest printer, because, the publication entitled "The conditions for new Planters in the territories of his Royal Highness, the Duke of York;" done upon a half sheet of cap paper, and bearing the date, 1665, was "printed at Cambridge, in Massachusetts."

Bradford began the *first* weekly paper at New York, on the 16th of October, 1725, and John Peter Zanger, who went to New York in 1726, and began his paper, the Weekly Journal, in 1733. Bradford was a loyalist, and took the side of power; but Zanger sided with the natives, and became most popular with the people, who in truth, started him purposely, that they might thus canvass the measures of the governor and council.* He was prosecuted by the crown officers for his attacks on them, and encountered a trial in 1735, in which he was acquitted, which made much stir at the time. Mr. A. Hamilton, the ablest lawyer of Philadelphia, went on as a volunteer to defend him, and the city council of New York, as a token of their gratification at his success, presented him the freedom of the city in a gold snuff-box with devices. It might be a pleasure now to see it.

The first book printed in New York, was a small thin folio of the laws of the colony, by Bradford. His newspaper of 1725, was also the *first* Gazette.

When we contemplate printing as it was, and press work now, *as it is*, in connection with the intended foreign sneer, of "who reads an American book," we cannot but feel emotions of wonder and self-gratulation. We have now only to look at such a printing establishment as *the Harpers'* in New York—self-made men, who now publish all kind of useful works, and have a capital employed therein, of one and a half millions of dollars. Such an office for book printing is well worth a visit as a curiosity to every literary man. They give employment to 1600 persons, 400 of whom are engaged in the machinery. They use an edifice equal to seven or eight large five story houses, and use up 70 reams of paper daily. The machinery and tools of the bindery are valued at $13,000; 50 barrels of flour and 40 barrels of glue are used up annually for paste; 60,000 pounds of type are found in the composing rooms.

Besides such an establishment, we may notice too, the printing house of Dickenson at Boston, and the "Methodist Book Concern" in New York, both of them great concerns, and only second to that of the Harpers. The Boston publishing office of Dickenson, covers an area of 14,000 square feet, and is lighted by 100 windows, having 10 power presses worked by steam, and 11 by hand. The Methodist concern runs 12 double cylinder presses. Can we now be asked, "who reads an American book?"

* The governor and council being offended at his strictures, they imprisoned Zanger, and ordered three of his papers to be burnt by the sheriff.

It was about the year 1818, that a part of the Daily press of our country began to reprint for corrupt minds, from the Bow-street intelligence of the London print. The example thus furnished, soon produced a morbid taste among ourselves, an appetite for this kind of gross fare. We soon became such apt scholars, that we have long since been able to furnish our own stock of police news, sufficiently loathsome and pernicious to minister to this branch of depraved taste. Alas, that it is so, and that it is so much countenanced. It is from such fountains of corruption, that so many foreign exhibitors of demoralizing spectacles, and lecturers on corrupting subjects, find their encouragement and support. The favourable reports of duels, presented in the hardihood of self-complacency by the parties themselves, is another of our growing evils produced by the action of the press, and by the too frequently tolerated action of the army and navy, leading by their influence to the imitation of our citizens. It was not always so—scarcely any duels occurred in our revolutionary war, and yet who has ever doubted of the equal courage and self-respect of the officers of that period.

The restrictions set upon our mechanics before the revolution are in general but very little known now to the mass of the people. The mother country purposed to engross the making and vending of almost all we used. Even our very *minds* were put under her dictation and teaching, and we were scarcely permitted to think, but in such kind of literature as she chose to command and bestow. In this way, we had our primers and testaments, and Dilworth's spelling-books and arithmetics. We made no *books* for ourselves; and since we have, in more modern times, essayed to form our *own* literature, we have seen it frequently abused by foreign reviewers, &c., as defective and imbecile. Some of our own people have so far subscribed to this selfish and perverted design, as to give little value to our home productions, until they had previously, by unbecoming subserviency, gained first the foreign passport of approbation!

LONGEVITY.

"The frosts of ninety years have passed
Upon these aged heads,
They seem a fine old relic cast,
From days that long have fled."

John S. Hutton, aged 109 years, and silversmith, of Philadelphia, as he related the particulars of his life to the late C. W. Peale, was born in *New York*, in 1684. He was originally bound apprentice to a sea captain, who put him to school to learn the art of navigation. At that time he became intimate with a boy who worked at the white-smith trade, with whom he amused himself in acquiring the use of the hammer, by which means he obtained a facility in working at plate-work in the silversmith's business. He followed the seafaring life for thirty years, and then commenced the silversmith's trade. He was long esteemed in Philadelphia one of the best workmen at hollow work; and there are still pieces of his work in much esteem. He made a tumbler in silver when he was 94 years of age.

Through the course of a long and hazardous life in various climes, he was always plain and temperate in his eating and drinking, and particularly avoided spirituous liquors except in one instance, while he was serving as lieutenant of a privateer in

Queen Anne's war. That occasion gave him a lasting lesson of future restraint; for having made a descent on the Spanish main and pillaged a village, while they had all given themselves to mirth and revelry, they were intercepted in their return to their boats, and all killed save himself and one other, who were made prisoners and held in long confinement.

His first wife was Catharine Cheeseman, of *New York*, by whom he had eight children, 25 grandchildren, 23 great grandchildren, and great great grandchildren.

At the age of 51 he married his second wife in Philadelphia, Ann Vanlear, of 19 years of age, by whom he had 17 children, 41 grandchildren, and 15 great grandchildren—forming in all a grand total of 132 descendants, of whom 45 were then dead. Those who survived were generally dwelling in Philadelphia. His last wife died in 1788, at the age of 72. Mr. Hutton deemed himself in the prime of his life when 60 years of age. He never had a headache.

He was always fond of fishing and fowling, and till his 81st year used to carry a heavy English musket in his hunting excursions. He was ever a quiet, temperate, and hard-working man, and even in the year of his death, was quite cheerful and good humoured. He could then see, hear, and walk about—had a good appetite, and no complaints whatever, except from the mere debility of old age. When shall "we behold his like again!"

In his early life he was on two scouts against the Indians; he used to tell, that in one of these excursions they went out in the night, that they took a squaw prisoner, who led them to where the Indians lay, of whom they killed the most, before they could get to their arms. The circumstance induced the Indians to come in and make their peace.

He knew the noted pirate, Teach, called Blackbeard; he saw him at Barbadoes after he had come in under the Act of Oblivion to him and other pirates. This was a short time before that pirate made his last cruise and was killed in Carolina.

The father of Hutton was John Hutton, of Bermuda in Scotland, where many of the family reside. His grandfather by his mother's side, was Arthur Strangeways, who died at Boston, at the age of 101 years, while sitting in his chair.

J. S. Hutton died at Philadelphia, on the 20th of December, 1792, in the 109th year of his age. His long life and numerous children, made him a patriarch indeed! "In children's lives he feels his resurrection, and grows immortal in his children's children!" He was deemed so rare an instance of *lusty old age*, that Mr. C. W. Peale was induced to take his portrait as now seen in the Museum, as he appeared in the last year of his life, and from which the present portrait is taken. He was borne to his grave by his fellow craftsmen—all silversmiths.

Died at New York, September 1834, of cholera, a poor coloured

woman aged 109 years—she lived and died in Orange street. There was at the same time, a coloured man aged 104 years, living in Washington street.

In July 1835, Mr. Joseph R. Hughs, living at Otsego, aged 100 years, travelled from there to Boston, by the stages and steamboats, to be present at the celebration of Independence; he was born at Boston in 1735, and appeared in health and spirits.

In June 1838, died John Lusk, in Warren county, Tennessee, aged 104; he was born on Staten Island, November 5, 1734—had been a soldier in the French war, and was at the death of Wolfe, and in the American revolution—had never been sick—walked seven miles and back, when he was past 100 years.

In the 4th of July procession of 1838, at Newark, N. J., Thomas Belton, an old soldier of the revolution, was seen among the walkers, aged 104 years. At the same time he was made to visit Mrs. Gouge, from New York city, then aged 105 years, and much they talked cheerily together.

James B. Stafford, formerly a merchant of New York—once a midshipman in the Alliance frigate, died at Allentown, N. J. 19th of August 1838, aged 102 years.

Capt. Alexander Coffin, mayor of the city of Hudson, died 11th of January, 1839, aged 99 years, in his full faculties.

Asa Cole, an old soldier of the revolution, died at Livingston county, on 2nd of April, 1839, aged 100 years.

Henry LeForge, a native of New York state, died at Hamden, Conn., the 15th of August, 1839, aged 100 years.

An aged coloured woman, 113 years of age, was alive at Gravesend, L. I., in 1840, at the house of Mrs. Maria Stillwell—was in health—still milked cows, and was as well to do anything as when she was 100 years of age.

The Rev. Isaac Levis, D. D., a native of Long Island, died at Greenwich, Conn., 1840, in the 95th year of his age. He was converted at Yale College, under the preaching of Whitfield.

The Rev. Benjamin Harvey, near Utica, preaches every Sabbath, after he is upwards of 100 years of age, and in 1844, when he was 109 years of age, sends me a full letter, describing himself and the incidents of his long life.

The oldest among the old of New York, was Anthony Vanpelt, who died there in 1830, at the great age of 130 years.

CHANGES OF PRICES,

"For the money *cheap*—and quite a heap."

It is curious to observe the changes which have occurred in the course of years, both in the supply of common articles sold in the markets, and in some cases, the great augmentation of prices:—for instance, Mr. Brower, who has been quite a chronicle to me in many things, has told me such facts as the following, viz:—he remembered well when abundance of the largest "Blue Point" oysters could be bought, opened to your hand, for 2*s.* a hundred such as would now bring from three to four dollars. Best sea bass were but 2*d.* a lb., now at 8*d.* Sheep-head sold at 9*d.* to 1*s.* 3*d.* a-piece, and will now bring two dollars. Rock fish were plenty at 1*s.* a-piece for good ones. Shad were but 3*d.* a-piece. They did not then practice the planting of oysters. Lobsters then were not brought to the market.

Mr. Jacob Tabelee, who is as old as eighty-seven, and of course saw earlier times than the other, has told me sheep-head used to be sold at 6*d.*, and the best oysters at only 1*s.* a hundred; in fact they did not stop to count them, but gave them in that proportion and rate by the bushel. Rock fish were sold at 3*d.* a pound. Butter was at 8 to 9*d.* Beef by the quarter, in the winter, was at 3*d.* a pound, and by the piece at 4*d.* Fowls were about 9*d.* a-piece. Wild fowl were in great abundance. He has bought twenty pigeons in their season for 1*s.*; a goose was 2*s.* Oak wood was abundant at 2*s.* the load.

In 1763 the market price of provisions was established by *law*, and published in the gazette; wondrous cheap they were,—viz; a cock turkey, 4*s.*; a hen turkey 2*s.* 6*d.*; a duck 1*s.*; a quail 1½*d.*; a heath hen, 1*s.* 3*d.*; a teal, 6*d.*; a wild goose, 2*s.*; a brandt, 1*s.* 3*d.*; snipe, 1*d.*; butter, 9*d.*; sea bass, 2*d.*; oysters, 2*s.* per bushel; sheep-head and sea bass, three coppers per pound; lobsters, 6*d.* per pound; milk, per quart, four coppers; clams, 9*d.* per hundred; cheese, 4½*d.*

Those celebrated "Blue Points," were destroyed by an intended kindness. A law was passed to exempt them from *continual* use, and by not being continually fished up thus got imbedded in mud and wholly died out!

SUPERSTITIONS.

"Stories of spectres dire disturb'd the soul."

The aged men have told me that fortune-tellers and conjurors had a name and an occupation among the credulous; Mr. Brower said he remembered some himself. Blackbeard's and Kidd's money, as pirates, was a talk understood by all. He knew of much digging for it, with spells and incantations, at Corlear's Hook, leaving there several pits of up-turned ground. Dreams and impressions were fruitful causes of stimulating some to thus "try their fortune" or "their luck."

There was a strange story, the facts may yet be recollected by some, of "the haunted house," somewhere out of town; I have understood it was Delancey's.

But a better ascertained case is that of "the screeching woman;" she was a very tall figure of masculine dimensions, who used to appear in flowing mantle of pure white at midnight, and stroll down Maiden lane. She excited great consternation among many. A Mr. Kimball, an honest praying man, thought he had no occasion to fear, and as he had to pass that way home one night, he concluded he would go forward as fearless as he could; he saw nothing in his walk before him, but hearing steps fast approaching him behind, he felt the force of terror before he turned to look; but when he looked he saw what put all his resolutions to flight—a tremendous white spectre! It was too much; he ran or flew with all his might, till he reached his own house by Peck's slip and Pearl street, and then, not to lose time, he burst open his door and fell down for a time as dead. He however survived, and always deemed it something preternatural. The case stood thus:—When one Capt. Willet Taylor of the British navy coveted to make some trial of his courage in the matter, he also paced Maiden lane alone at midnight, wrapped like Hamlet in his "inky cloak," with oaken staff beneath. By and by he heard the sprite full-tilt behind him intending to pass him, but being prepared, he dealt out such a passing blow as made "the bones and nerves to feel," and thus exposed a *crafty man* bent on fun and mischief.

In 1680, there was a great stir about the great Comet star, which caused the commissioners at Albany to write to Gov. Brockholst, to appoint days of fasting, prayer and humiliation, that God might *withdraw* such a threatening judgment.

MISCELLANEOUS FACTS.

"All pay contribution to the store he gleans."

THE *Indians*, in the year 1746, came to the city of New York in a great body, say several hundreds, to hold a conference or treaty with the governor. Their appearance was very imposing; and being the last time they ever appeared there for such purposes, having afterwards usually met the governor at Albany, they made a very strong impression on the beholders. David Grim, then young, who saw them, has left some MS. memoranda respecting them, which I saw, to this effect:—They were Oneidas and Mohawks; they came from Albany, crowding the North river with their canoes; a great sight so near New York; bringing with them their squaws and pappooses (children); they encamped on the site now Hudson's Square, before St. John's church, then a low sand beach; from thence they marched in solemn train, single file, down Broadway to Fort George, then the residence of the British governor, George Clinton. As they marched, they displayed numerous scalps, lifted on Poles by way of flags or trophies, taken from their French and Indian enemies. What a spectacle in a *city!*

In return, the governor and officers of the colonial government, with many citizens, made out a long procession to the Indian camp, and presented them there the usual presents.

The Indians were remembered by Mr. Bogert's grandmother to be often encamped at "Cow-foot Hill," a continuation of Pearl street; there they made and sold baskets.

An Indian remains, such as his bones and some ornaments, were lately found in digging at the corner of Wall and Broad streets. Half-Indian Jack died at Hersimus, N. J., on the 2d February, 1831, at the extreme age of 102 years. In the revolutionary war he acted as a spy for the British.

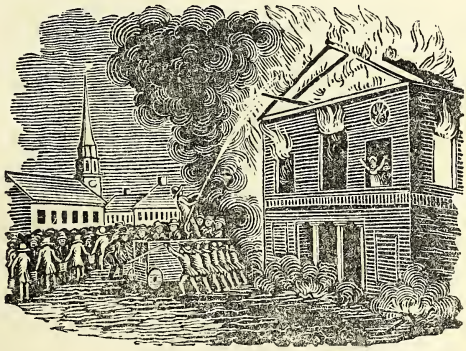
The palisades and block houses erected in 1745, were well remembered by Mr. David Grim. There was then much apprehension from the French and Indians; £8,000 was voted to defray the cost. Mr. Grim said the palisades began at the house now 57 Cherry street, then the last house out on the East river towards Kip's Bay; thence they extended direct to Windmill Hill, [that is, near the present Chatham theatre,] and thence in the rear of the poor house to Dominie's Hook at the North river.

The palisades were made of cedar logs, of fourteen feet long and ten inches in diameter: were placed in a trench three feet deep, with loop-holes all along for musketry; having also a breastwork of four feet high and four feet wide. There were also three

block houses of about thirty feet square and ten feet high; these had in each six port-holes for cannon; were constructed of logs of eighteen inches thick, and at equi-distances between the three gates of the city, they being placed on each road of the three entrances or outlets; one was in Pearl street, nearly in front of Banker street; the other in rear of the poor house; and the third lay between Church and Chapel streets.

This general description of the line of defence was confirmed to me by old Mr. Tabelee, aged eighty-seven. He described one gate as across Chatham street, close to Kate-Mutz's garden, on Windmill Hill. The block house on the North river, he supposed stood about the end of Reed street.

The great fires of '76 *and* '78, are still remembered with lively sensibility by the old inhabitants. They occurred while the British held possession of the city, and excited a fear at the time that the "American Rebels" had purposed to oust them, by their own sacrifices, like another Moscow. It is, however, believed to have occurred solely from accident. Mr. Brower thought he was well informed by a Mr. Robins, then on the spot, that it occurred from the shavings in a board-yard on Whitehall slip; but Mr. David Grim, in his MS. notes, with his daughter, is very minute to this effect, saying:—The fire began on the 21st of September, 1776, in a small wooden house on the wharf, near the Whitehall slip, then occupied by women of ill fame. It began late at night, and at a time when but few of the inhabitants were left in the city, by reason of the presence of the enemy. The raging element was terrific and sublime, it burned up Broadway on both sides until it was arrested on the eastern side by Mr. Harrison's brick house; but it continued to rage and destroy all along the western side to St. Paul's church; thence it inclined towards the North river, (the wind having changed to south-east) until it run out at the water edge a little beyond the Bear Market, say at the present Barclay street.



Trinity church, though standing alone, was fired by the flakes

of fire which fell on its steep roof, then so steep that none could stand upon it to put out the falling embers. But St. Paul's church, equally exposed, was saved, by allowing citizens to stand on its flatter roof and wet it as occasion required.

In this awful conflagration four hundred and ninety-three houses were consumed; generally in that day they were inferior houses to the present, and many of them were of wood.

Several of the inhabitants were restrained from going out to assist at night from a fear they might be arrested as suspicious persons. In fact, several decent citizens were sent to the Provost Guard for examination, and some had to stay there two or three days, until their loyalty could be made out. In one case, even a good loyalist and a decent man, sometimes too much inclined "to taste a drop too much," (a Mr. White) was by misapprehension of his character, and in the excitement of the moment, hung up on a sign post, at the corner of Cherry and Roosevelt streets. Mr. N. Stuyvesant told me he saw a man hanging on his own sign post, probably the same person before referred to by Mr. Grim.

Mr. Grim has given to the Historical Society a topographical map showing the whole line of conflagration.

The next fire, of August, 1778, occurred on Cruger's wharf, and burnt about fifty houses. On that occasion the military took the exclusive management, not suffering the citizen-firemen to control the manner of its extinguishment. It was afterwards ordered by the commander in chief that the military should *help*, but *not order*, at the suppression of fires.

The Slips, so called, were originally openings to the river, into which they drove their carts to take out cord wood from vessels. The cause of their several names has been preserved by Mr. D. Grim.

Whitehall slip, it has been said, took its name from Col. Moore's large white house, or hall; it adjoined the slip, and was called "Whitehall." But much more probably it was named after Whitehall, London.

Coenties slip, it has been said, took its name from the *combination* of *two* names—say of Coenract and Jane Ten Eycke—called familiarly Coen and Anties. This may have been the popular story, but *Countess* slip is more probable.

The Old slip was so called, because it was the first or oldest in the city.

Burling's slip was so called after a respectable family of that name, living once at the corner of Smith's Vly (now Pearl street) and Golden Hill.

Beekman's slip, after a family once living there.

There was only *one* slip on the North river side, which was at the foot of Oswego street, now called Liberty street.

Corlear's Hook, which means a point, was originally called Nechtant by the Indians, and was doubtless from its locality a

favourite spot with them. There Van Corlear, who was trumpeter at the fort under Van Twiller, had laid out his little farm, which he sold in 1752 to William Beekman, for £750.

The Negro Plot of 1741, was a circumstance of great terror and excitement in its day; aged persons have still very lively traditionary recollections of it. One old man showed me the corner house in Broad street, near the river then, where the chief plotters conspired. Old Mr. Tabelee says, new alarms were frequent after the above was subdued. For a long time in his youth citizens watched every night, and most people went abroad with lanterns.

Mr. David Grim, in his MS. notices, says, he retained a perfect idea of the thing as it was. He saw the negroes chained to a stake and burned to death. The place was in a valley, between Windmill Hill, (Chatham theatre,) and Pot-Baker's Hill, (now Augusta street, about its centre,) and in midway of Pearl and Barclay streets. At the same place they continued their executions for many years afterwards.

John Hustan, a white man, was one of the principals, and was hung in chains on a gibbet, at the south-east point of H. Rutger's farm on the East river, not ten yards from the present south-east corner of Cherry and Catharine streets. Since then the crowd of population there has far driven off his "affrighted ghost," if indeed it ever kept its vigils there.

Cæsar, a black man, a principal of the negroes, was also hung in chains on a gibbet, at the south-east corner of the old powder house in Magazine street. Many of those negroes were burnt and hung, and a great number of others were transported to other countries.

We must conceive, that on so dreadful a fear, as a general massacre, (for guns were fired, and "many run to and fro,") the whole scenes of arrest, trial, execution, and criminals long hung in chains, must have kept up a continual feverish excitement, disturbing even the very dreams when sleeping. Thank God, better times have succeeded, and better views to fellow men.

> "I would not have a *slave* to tremble when I wake,
> For all the price of sinews bought and sold!"

Roman Catholics, and the cry of "church and state in danger," was often witnessed on election and other occasions in New York; also, "*high* and *low* church" were resounded. "No Bishop" could be seen, in capitals, on fences, &c. A man did not dare to avow himself a Catholic, it was odious; a chapel then would have been pulled down. It used to be said, "John Leary goes once a year to Philadelphia to get absolution." How different now!

Hallam's company of players, the first on record, played at New York in 1754.

William Bradford, fifty years government printer at New York, died at the age of ninety-four, in the year 1752; he had been a printer a few years at Philadelphia in the time of the primitive settlement.

In 1765 two women, named Fuller and Knight, were placed one hour in the pillory for keeping bawdy-houses. If this were again enforced, would not much of the gaudy livery of some be set down?

A gazette of 1722 hints at the declining whalery along Long Island, saying, "There are but four whales killed on Long Island, and little oil is expected from thence."

But they have, soon after, a generous recompense; for in 1724 it is announced that at Point Judith, in a *pond* there, they took 700,000 bass, loading therewith fifty carts, 1000 horses, and sundry boats.

In the old Potters-field there was formerly a beautiful epitaph on a patriot stranger from England, a Mr. Taylor, who came to join our fortunes, to wit:—

Far from his kindred friends and native skies,
Here mouldering in the dust, poor Taylor lies;
Firm was his mind, and fraught with various lore,
And his warm heart was never cold before.
He lov'd his country, and that spot of earth
Which gave a Milton, Hampden, Bradshaw birth;
But when that country—dead to all but gain,
Bow'd her base neck and hugg'd the oppressor's chain,
Lothing the abject scene, he droop'd and sigh'd—
Cross'd the wild waves, and here untimely died.

Doctors' Riot.—About the year 1787, there was much excitement in the city of New York against the whole fraternity of doctors, called "the Doctors' Riot;" it was caused by the people's lively offence at some cases of bodies procured for dissection. The mob gathered to the cry of "down with the Doctors," and so pushed to the houses of some of the leading practitioners; their friends got before them, and precipitate retreat ensued. In the sequel the most obnoxious sought their refuge in the prison, where the police being quelled, there were some violent assaults. Their friends and the friends of the peace, ranged on the prison side, made some defence; Col. Hamilton stood forward as champion, and John Jay was considerably wounded in the head from a stone thrown from the mob; it laid him up some time.

A singular fact occurred a few years ago, on the occasion of the explosion of Mr. Sand's powder magazine at Brooklyn. An aged citizen, then at the Bull's Head Inn at the Bowery, wearing a broad brimmed hat, perceived something like gunpowder showering upon it; the experiment was made on what he gathered thereon, and it ignited! This is accounted for as coming from the explosion, because the wind set strong in that

direction, and it is ascertained by firing a fusee over snow, that if it be over-charged, the excess of grains will be found resting upon the snow.

Yellow Fever. This is to be regarded as first occurring with any notable malignity and fatality, in 1791. It had indeed occurred, once before, in about 40 years preceding—say in 1743.

In 1798, the Yellow Fever visited the city with peculiar severity, beginning near Coenties slip. At first its influence was regarded as the action of common cold: but in time, other views were entertained. About two thousand persons became its victims; and one third of the inhabitants fled from the city.

In 1803, was another recurrence of Yellow Fever, beginning at the Coffee-house slip, and quickly after in other parts of the city; causing in its progress through the season, the deaths of five hundred persons in the city. The alarm was great, and caused the removal of the mass of the inhabitants.

In 1805, it again appeared, on the eastern side of the city, principally below Burling's slip. The deaths in the city were about two hundred, showing it was not of such fearful character, as formerly.

In 1822, it appeared on the North river side, not however of extensive mortality. And being much restricted to a locality in and about Rector street; the inhabitants were generally contented to open offices and stores and do their business in Greenwich village.

The Cholera of 1832, caused the deaths of three thousand five hundred of the inhabitants, from July to October. A mortality of more fearful consequence, than even Yellow Fever.

Papacy. In the year 1700, the Assembly passed a law, *to hang every popish priest* who should come voluntarily into the province. The historian who related this fact fifty years afterwards, observed that the law *was then* in full force, and added, "*as it ever ought to be.*"

Dress of gentlemen. A witness describes what he saw in 1782. John Hancock wore a blue damask gown (in June), white satin embroidered vest, black satin small clothes, white silk stockings, and red morocco slippers—his head was surmounted with a red velvet cap—when at Philadelphia in congress, with John Adams, he wore a suit of scarlet. James Bowdoin, the governor of Massachusetts, in 1785, of a review day at Cambridge, wore a grey wig, cocked hat, *white* broad-cloth coat and vest, *red* small clothes, and *black* silk stockings. Thomas Jefferson wore the *white* coat and *red* breeches, also.

New York city is to be the city of 13,000 acres, this is just ascertained to be the whole measurement of the *Island.* Its former bounds as *an Island,* so at first named, is *now* all effaced by filling up. The Kolch and Lispenard's swamp, was *once* the Island bounds, and it is calculated that about 1000 acres more will be

redeemed from the water lots on the two rivers. It is calculated that this area of 14,000 acres, will give accommodation to one and a half million of inhabitants, and this population, great as it seems, it is expected by some now, may be attained in the period of a century. The area of even one thousand acres in a city plot, is of very vague conception in the mind; it is, however, the present area, in the triangle formed by running Canal street from river to river, and extending from it to the Battery point. What a city, even in idea only, must be a city fourteen times as large as that space! The present actual *bounds* of the city, comprise 4500 acres, equal to one third of the whole area; and the present population is 270,000, of whom 27,500 are *foreigners not naturalized.*

First voyage to China. "This voyage was effected in the year 1785, in an *Albany sloop*, commanded by Captain Dean," who is now alive (in 1836,) at West Chester, N. Y. The ship Empress, of China, Captain Green, went to China in 1784, and returned in 1785, [first voyage]. I have a plate of the China, brought by him—the last article of the whole set.

General Washington, in the first year of his Presidency under the new constitution, 1789, resided in the Franklin House, at the head of Cherry street. On new-year's day, 1790, he was waited upon by the principal gentlemen of the city. The day was uncommonly mild and pleasant. After being severally introduced and paying the usual compliments of the season, the citizens mutually interchanged their kind greetings and withdrew, highly gratified by the friendly notice of the President, to most of whom he was personally a stranger. In the evening Mrs. Washington held her *levee.* It was about full moon, and the air was so bland and serene, that the ladies attended in their light summer shades. Introduced by the aids and gentlemen in waiting, after being seated, tea, coffee, plain and plum-cake, were handed round. Familiar and friendly conversation ensued, and kind inquiries, on the part of Mrs. Washington, after the families of the exiles, with whom she had been acquainted during the revolutionary war. To a lady, standing at the side of the President, near to Mrs Washington, she remarked, "of all the incidents of the day none has so pleased the general," (by which title she always designated him,) "as the friendly greetings of the gentlemen who visited him at noon." To the inquiry of the President, whether it was casual or customary, he was answered that it was an annual custom, derived from our Dutch forefathers, which had always been commemorated. After a short pause, he observed—"The highly favoured situation of New York, will, in process of years, attract emigrants, who will gradually change its ancient customs and manners; but let whatever changes take place, never forget the cordial, cheerful observance of new-year's day."

About a year since a friend of ours visiting the metropolis,

Portrait President Washington, p. 300 and 334.

spent an hour with Mr. Custis at his residence, and heard from him a graphic and eloquent description of the final departure of Washington from New York. The scene has often been narrated, but it bears a peculiar interest, when coming from the lips of an eye witness. Our friend has kindly furnished us with a description taken at the time; and although probably deficient in the vivid eloquence of the narrator, it is still worthy of preservation. The account which Mr. Custis gives of the appearance and extent of New York at the time, is highly curious and interesting:

"We then staid at McCombs House near the Battery," said Mr. Custis, "which is now called Bunker's, and that was nearly the extent of the compact part of the city. St. Paul's church was quite out of town, and I used to play on a fine green common, where the Park theatre now stands. Instead of paved streets in that vicinity, there were fenced fields, in which I could sport as freely as if on my own estate. I could now point to the spot where Washington embarked, and bade his final adieu to his army and the citizens of New York, although I am sure it must be entirely changed in appearance during the time which has since then elapsed.—It was a point at Whitehall, just off the Battery, and instead of the wharf now bound with stately ships, the shore was then naked as the waves which murmured on its banks. I remember the morning as if yesterday; it was a clear, cool, bracing day in December, and as the General left the house, he took my hand, and I thought I never saw him look so sad. We arrived at the appointed place of departure—I see the spot plainly before me—the crowd was immense, the army being drawn up in lines which faced the General as he passed them; the eyes of the multitude were steadily bent upon him, but not a whisper among the whole was audible. When Washington arrived at the spot, he paused, and for a moment surveyed the scene. I saw his heart was too full for utterance, and his eyes seemed bursting with suppressed tears; still, he calmly looked on all around; but it could not long be thus. Nature was at length supreme—the General hastily approached one of the officers who was standing with several of the staff near him, and falling on his neck, gave way to his feelings in a flood of tears. He then embraced each of his officers separately; with an almost convulsive grasp, and as he thus bade his long loved and loving companions adieu, the tears seemed each moment to start afresh. Not a word was yet spoken, the sigh or sob alone broke the silence of the solemn scene. At length, when the last officer had been embraced, the General seemed for a moment to gain a self-possession, and with a firm step turned towards the boat in waiting; he stepped on board, and almost sunk upon the seat; it was but for an instant, for as the boat shoved off, he stood upright, and quickly raising his hat with that grace and dignity which seemed peculiarly to belong to him, he surveyed once more his officers, his army, and

his friends, and after pausing a moment, he murmured with an emphasis I can never forget, so full of mingled sorrow and affliction, so deep and earnest, so soul-felt in its accents, the single word 'FAREWELL!' and waving his hat, the fresh gushing tears prevented his further action or utterance. At that moment a shout, such as I have never heard before nor since—one simultaneous shout burst from the shore, and so loud, and deep, and full was it, that it drowned the echo of the heavy guns—the large 28 pounders, which at the same moment were fired from a short distance above; a dull heavy noise was all I could distinguish; and as the shout of the multitude was wafted over the parting waves, and the cannon's smoke rose upwards, the General once more waved his hand, and the boat shot rapidly from the shore. This was the last time he ever saw New York."

Having thus introduced the name of Washington, it occurs to us to give a few additional notices of that great man, extracted from our MS. pages of memoranda concerning him, because they have hitherto induced so little of the same kind of notice from others—to wit:

Sundry circumstances in the early life of Washington, while a *Colonel* in the western wilderness, have not been, as we think, sufficiently noticed as marking him, even from the beginning, as "the man of destiny"—as one *providentially preserved* for the subsequent salvation of his country. For instance, in the case of his exposure of person in the battle of Braddock's defeat. His letter to his mother of 18th July 1755, says, "the Virginia troops, to which I belonged, showed a great deal of bravery and were nearly all killed. I luckily escaped without a wound, though I had four bullets through my coat, and had two horses shot under me. The General's two aids being early wounded, I was the *only person* then left to distribute the General's orders." At the same time he requests to inform his brother John that "he has not been *killed*, as has been before *reported* in a circumstantial account." He adds—"by the all-powerful dispensations of Providence, I have been *protected* beyond all human probability or expectation, while death was levelling my companions on every side." Such remarkable perils, and such acknowledgments of a divine protection therein, are things which should be impressively considered, as we imagine.

Besides the foregoing, it came to pass, afterwards, that when Washington was out in Ohio, in 1770, to explore some wild lands near the Kenawha river, he then met an aged Indian chief, who told him that during the battle in Braddock's field, he had singled him out at several times, to bring him down with his rifle, and had ordered his young warriors to do the same; but none of the balls took effect. He was then convinced, he said, that the young hero was under some special guardianship of the Great Spirit, and he had therefore desisted from firing. He had now come a long

way to pay his personal homage to so peculiar a man, *as one saved by heaven.* Surely, if the "poor Indian" could thus discern the protection from above, much more readily should we, who profess to understand and appreciate the interference of a God, who "rules in the affairs of men."

In the year 1753, Major Washington, returning from his visit to Fort Le Bœuf, roughing it all the way like a perfect woodsman, urging his lonely way through the depths of the forests, in the depth of the stern winter, he fell into a fearful dilemma, which ordinarily would have cost the life of any other individual. He had left his horses and heavy baggage, and for the sake of greater dispatch, had undertaken *to foot* his way with his friend, Mr. Gist, for his companion. Washington was tied up in his watch coat, with his better clothes off, and his papers and provisions tied in a pack slung to his back, [think of *that once*, of the great General Washington, President of the United States, &c.] and thus they urged their lonely way through the waste of wilderness, each with gun in hand, and momentarily exposed to Indian surprise. That surprise came from a party of French Indians lying in wait. One of them fired upon them, not fifteen steps off, but missed, and then they seized him. [Mark it, that they were too humane to kill an enemy in possession!] At night they let him go—they in mean time, *walking all night*, as their best security for getting beyond the reach of the party, on the morrow. This *walking*, they continued all next day, (having no rest,) when they reached the river, two miles above Shannopins, which they had hoped to find *frozen*, from the keenness of the cold which they had thus braved. The ice there, however, was driving in vast quantities, and they had no way to pass it, but *on a raft*, which they, themselves, were obliged to construct, with only one poor hatchet. In such a necessary, and hurried work, they were diligently employed all day,—exposed to cold in their persons; and with continual apprehensions from the pursuing Indians, probably very near them. On such an occasion, we may well imagine, that a man so considerate as Washington, may have remembered the prayers, which he had been taught by a mother's piety and care, in his youth. Can we suppose that he did not ejaculate something from the heart, for Divine support and protection! *He was protected:* For soon after they had embarked on their frail log-float, "they got jammed up in the ice, and every minute were expecting their raft to sink, and themselves to perish!" Just at their extremity, when Washington was setting his pole to save his position, he was jerked out into ten feet water! They had no alternative, but to make their way to an island, leaving their raft to its fate. There, they had to pass the whole night, still without sleep, in mid-winter!—their clothes being soaked with iced water, and stiffly frozen; so frozen too, that his companion, Mr. Gist, had all his fingers, and some of

his toes frozen! Mark the providence! Washington, though equally or more exposed, was not frozen, and the very severity of the freezing, made them a formidable and safe bridge of ice, by which they safely passed over to the main land, on the next morning; and soon after reached the wigwam of Queen Allaquippa, where they were refreshed and comforted. Surely, as many of us as may regard Washington as bestowed upon us, for great national purposes, must herein see and confess that hand divine, which led his footsteps in his youth, and sustained and guided him in future years, through a long, and perilous, and eminent life. "What nation so blest, whose God is the Lord!" We know of nothing in the whole career of Washington, which has been to us so *touching*, as the contemplation of these earliest scenes in his life. Scenes however, which have been least noticed by others, possibly because he had not then attained to his merited distinction. We cannot think of his rugged and severe backwood struggles, his exertions for life and just honour, without thinking how little, even he, could then have foreseen of his country's Independence, and himself as the appointed leader.

We are very naturally led, from the contemplation of the premises, to consider that Washington, though not professedly a religious character, must have always been under the influence of religious principles. His appeals to Providence, in his letters to his mother, and his habitual and solemn attention to public worship, might sufficiently evince this; but as we possess sundry direct facts, of his habitual and special attentions to personal prayers to the Almighty, we shall perhaps perform a grateful service to many by here relating them, to wit:

Gen. Sullivan, in his late publication, states, that it was considered by all his military family, that he had a time every day set apart, for his retirement and devotion.

The Rev. Dr. Jones, of the Presbyterian church at Morristown, has declared that he administered the communion to Gen. Washington, *by his request*, at the public table, while he was there, in the command of the American army.

Jacob Ritter, of Bucks county, Pennsylvania, a public friend, told me that he had a neighbour, whose house Washington visited one day, while he was in command at Whitemarsh, and while at that house, the father and son, as they told Mr. Ritter, heard Gen. Washington in his chamber, at his prayers, praying extemporary, for himself, and the happiness and prosperity of the nation, &c.

The Wampole family, where Gen. Washington quartered, when with his command in Montgomery county, told me, that they knew of his habitual retirement to his chamber to pray, and that they sometimes overheard him so engaged.

The New York Mirror, of May 1834, gives an account of Washington being benighted and stopping at the house of a poor

man, near the Highlands, and that the family related that they heard him pray at length, for himself, and his country.

The late Isaac Potts, a well known public friend, at Valley Forge, when at one time in the woods near by, came across the horse of Washington tied to a sapling, and soon after discovered the general on his knees in audible prayer, "praying most fervently." Mr. Potts used to relate that it so deeply affected him, as never to be forgotten, and that he went home, telling his wife with many tears, and deep emotion, of the circumstance, saying too, at the time, "if there be any on earth to whom the Lord will listen, it is to George Washington:" adding as his belief, "our nation will yet have its independence;" for he doubted not that "God had so willed it."

The late Joseph Eastburn, who was a lay-minister in the Presbyterian church, in Philadelphia, related to his friend, Mr. Richard Loxley, that while he, Eastburn, was on camp duty near Princeton, he heard when entering a thicket, the audible utterance of some solemn voice, and seeking further for the cause, found Gen. Washington upon his knees in prayer. He retired hastily, fully satisfied in his own conviction, that he was a great man who feared God, and *trusted* in his worship. In after years, when Mr. Eastburn had become religious, and when Washington had become President of the United States, it became matter of concern to Mr. Eastburn, that the President should sanction the theatre by his presence. He supposed, it was a measure deemed inoffensive by churchmen; but venerating the man, and wishing only his best interests, he could not forbear to open his mind to the President by a letter, offering him therein, his reasons for asking him as a Christian man, to avoid the drama. Mr. Eastburn believed that it had the effect, to cause him to go no more; for he never after heard of its occurrence. The forbearance, if it was only such, was an amiable concession, at least, to the opinion and good will, of a well intentioned interference.

We know it to be a fact, that Gen. Washington, while President, was accustomed to ask a blessing before meat at his own table, doing it in a standing posture, and only departing from the service, when a clergyman might chance to be present, to whom to offer the duty.

The profile likeness which we give of Washington, in this work, is done from an original executed by Saml. Folwell, of Philadelphia, and has been noticed in the Gazette United States, as the best, as to spirit and truth of expression, ever taken. It was in truth an off hand happy hit, done by the artist, when unknown to "the beheld of all beholders." Done as he appeared before Congress at Philadelphia. Inasmuch as it is like no other man, so it is only like himself.

"Rotten Row" (in New York city), must have been named after that name of a place in London. The same too must have

been the cause of the name of "Whitehall" and its slip, &c. They affected London names, such as "the Mall," "the White Conduit house," "Greenwich," &c.

In the New York Gazette of 1763, there is an advertisement, notifying that Mrs. Steel has removed the King's Arms tavern, from opposite the Exchange to the Broadway, at the lower end opposite the fort.

Storm and Flood. In 1822 there was a great N. E. storm of wind and rain, which flooded numerous houses and stores along the river side. One as great or greater, again occurred on Saturday night and Monday morning, of the 15th and 17th December, 1833. "From Whitehall to Catharine street, the wharves were all overflowed, the adjacent cellars filled with water, and boats from the vessels in the harbour sailing over the wharves. A sail boat had passed up Maiden lane from South to Front street. Many vessels were injured, some sunk, and along the whole coast considerable losses of vessels occurred. It was like the great September gale of 1831.

In many places people crossed the streets in boats, and when the tide was at its highest, the following extraordinary announcement was placed on the bulletin of the Courier:

"Arrived this day at one o'clock, at the corner of Water street and Maiden lane, row-boat Ontario, Capt. French, in ballast; will receive passengers and freight for one hour, or as long as the tide will serve. BARKER FRENCH."

The cold at Albany, 1835—Sunday, January 4th, was "the coldest day known there for the last half century."

At the Mansion-house of Gen. Van Rensselaer, at 6 A. M. 32 degrees below zero.

At Gen. Van Rensselaer Jr., at 7½ A. M., 32 degrees below zero.

At Edward Brown's, in Steuben street, at 7 A. M. 31½ degrees below zero—at 8 A. M. at 30½ degrees. This thermometer was 4 degrees lower than the cold day of 1817.

The above were the lowest parts of the town.

At the Academy which was high ground, at 7 A. M. it was 23 degrees below zero; at 9 A. M. 20 degrees below zero; and at 10 A. M. 17 degrees below zero.

At sunrise, to wit:—at Boston, 15 degrees below zero; at Portsmouth, 20 degrees below zero; at New Haven, 23 degrees below zero; at Hartford, 25 degrees below zero; at Goshen, N. Y. 32 degrees below zero; at Newark, N. J., 7 degrees below zero; and at Philadelphia, 3 degrees below zero.

Holt's Hotel. What a mammoth, and what a change of character; dines 200 persons—250 is ordinary, 2500 daily at all its tables; has all its rooms filled, and 250 beds engaged at night; kills an ox every day; puts 700 pounds of meat at a time on its fire spit, which is itself turned by steam. It only seems strange,

that any people of usual domestic feelings and sympathies, should ever fall into such a scheme of living so much in crowd and bustle. This Holt was a rich butcher, worth 100,000 dollars, and in two years his house ruined him, and was sold out at 170,000 dollars loss.

Seals visited New York in spring, 1833, and went chiefly to Robins' (Seals) reef at low water—their former old haunt.

Three seals were seen in April 1833, at Chester, Pa., and one was taken.

The inn of "the King's Arms," was an old and noted tavern; it stood in Broadway between little Prince and Crown streets. This place before the revolution, was much visited by the officers quartered in Fort George, and by those who resided near the market-place. It was of antiquated form—had been erected as early and visited by Lord Cornbury in his time—He being a spendthrift who liked the voluptuous indulgences of a tavern. The front was of grey stone, narrow windows and arched, but those of the dining room were large and went down to the floor, and so serving to admit the guests from the piazza along the front, which looked out upon the North river, and affording a distant and fine river scenery. Before the house was a fine row of catalpas trees, now seldom seen at or near New York. The top was surmounted by a cupola, a table, and seats, and a good telescope for a good look out. The inn-keeper (it is said) was Snodgrass. Because of its fine view of river scenery, it was always held in high repute as a good look-out post; delighting the eye and enchanting the imagination. I have in my possession, a long and interesting legendary story about this house and its guests.

Statue of Pitt, Earl of Chatham. This finely executed statue, which was voted in the year 1766 by the assembly of New York, on an appropriation of £7000, to be done in *brass*, as a compliment to his character, and in memory of his exertions to effect the repeal of the odious stamp act, was set up in *marble*, in Wall street near the present Exchange, where it remained for several years. At length it got mutilated by losing its head—struck off by some night party in a freak of mischief, as it was said. It was removed after a while, as an unsightly object, and as an inconvenience in so narrow and so much used a street. What is curious, is, that such a costly sculpture, should by any means become a cast-away, and lay neglected as I have since seen it, unknown to the mass of the citizens, in the yard of the public arsenal. It is said since, that a tory party got up the vote for the statue, and that the Earl was not in fact, at any time, devoted to our exemption from parliamentary bondage. Granting all this, why should we war upon the arts; and why should not some gentlemen of liberal minds and right feelings, opposed to a war with the dead, unite to give the statue a new head, and place it in some conspicuous public place, for the single purpose of pre-

serving such an expensive token of a once pervading interest in the views and feelings of our forefathers? Our views are of course only *conservative.* Should not the Society of Artists take this matter into their consideration?

Colonial times and manners.—We ought, perhaps, to make the general remark concerning the present work, that we have *omitted* several matters and things, which might equally go to illustrate the manners and customs of New York society at and before the period of the revolution; not herein told or related, because they were already published in the Annals of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, which work is intended to be as much a matter of separate interest, as if the present work was not published. We have however herein borrowed from that work, some items concerning apparel, furniture and equipage; and concerning these, we have to remark, that there seems an *earlier* attention in New York to the adoption and use of what was foreign and modish. Induced no doubt, through the influence of the gaiety, fashion, and expensive habits of the foreign military and marine so constantly arriving or quartering among them; and leading to much society and intercourse with our ladies and their families. We thus notice there, earlier uses of carpets and papered walls, and of foreign milliners and dress-makers, Windsor chairs, glass utensils, jewelry, dentistry, use of watches, umbrellas, stage plays, balls, &c. Their earliest carriages were imported in 1766, from Dublin, with workmen to repair or make others, among which are named landaus, curricles, sedans, and even sleighs, "with gildings, carvings, and japan" to suit. All these were new things then, to suit best English society of modish habits and means; and not those Dutch inhabitants, who regarded none of those things. As riches came, luxuries and all their concomitants followed; so that even till now the New Yorkers have therein the ascendency and lead! Few regard cost now: there all modish things find countenance and place. All that which once marked simple republican habits and views, are no longer regarded as necessarily due from their avowed principles, nor practically needful from those who, however republican in bias or profession, have the means by acquired wealth, to adopt that which is courtly and refined, in monarchical Europe. The simple and frugal times of colonial days, are all, forever gone! "Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis."

When the British were in full power and glory in New York, before the Revolution, the ladies showed a great deal of respect to the trappings of the officers, so much so, that at balls and other gala occasions, it was common to call the gentlemen of the party, the *mohairs*, in allusion to their plainer dress.

Funerals. When Philip Livingston, Esq., (father of Gov. Wm. Livingston of N. J.,) merchant, died in 1749, his funeral regale and expenses, after the manner of the times, cost £500. On that occasion *two* ceremonies were performed, one at his manor

among his tenantry, and one in New York city. At each place a whole pipe of wine was *spiced* for the guests. The bearers at the several places were presented with mourning rings, *silk* scarfs and handkerchiefs. The eight bearers in New York had each the gift of *a monkey spoon*, (that is having a monkey carved on the handle,) and at the manor *all* the tenantry had a gift of a pair of black gloves and a handkerchief. In a later period, Gov. Wm. Livingston, wrote in the Independent Reflector of 1753, his objections to extravagance in funerals, and his wife, it was said, was the first who ventured as an example of economy, to substitute *linen* scarfs, for the former *silk* ones.

The Dutch Forefathers of New York. Mr. Sedgwick, in his life of Gov. Livingston, makes the judicious and true remark, that "it is somewhat surprising that we should not be *more proud* of our partial descent from a nation, at one time so conspicuous in European history. Thus, we are accustomed to speak of the unostentatious and commercial habits of the *Dutch settlers* of New York, in a tone which is rarely applied to the citizens of the mother country." The same author suggests "whether or no, opinions on this subject have not been influenced by Mr. Irving's mock history; and if so, it is the first time, that acknowledged fiction has been adopted as fact!" The last assigned cause, is too recent, to account *for the feeling*. It was better accounted for, "in the unostentatious habits" of the former people. They sought *no fame, and had none.* They were frugal, unpretending, domestic and happy. Such a race of "worthy burghers" were too tame *to be gloried in!* but all who came out under government patronage as British, came with *pomp and circumstance*, and trappings of official association. All they did showed out with style and eclat. They had all the tinsel of glory; and this readily caught the eye and captivated the imagination of the multitude. New York and Albany, as the perpetual head-quarters of the civil and military British rulers, readily *took the lead* with whoever wished to rank themselves as "best society," even in the colonial days. Whatever those two cities seemed to value most, came to be the leading rule of estimation in the opinion of the multitude everywhere.

"*The Province House,*" at the Battery, wherein dwelt Gov. Tryon, was consumed by fire at midnight, on the 17th December, 1773. The family escaped with difficulty. The Governor's daughter leaped from the second story window, and her maid Elizabeth Garrett, afraid to follow her, was burned to death! Greater mischief would have occurred, but for the snow on the adjacent buildings. £5000 was voted to the Governor in consideration of his loss, &c. He seems to have been popular among them *then.*

Cooper's Tale of the Water Witch, profiting, as I presume, by my facts concerning the ancient *Ferry House* at the head of

Broad street, thus graphically depicts the place and appurtenances, to wit: "A deep narrow creek penetrated the island, at this point, for the distance of a quarter of a mile. Each of its banks had a row of buildings, as the houses line a canal in the cities of Holland. As the natural course of the inlet was necessarily respected, the street had taken a curvature not unlike that of a new moon. The houses were ultra-Dutch, being low, angular, fastidiously neat, and all erected with their gables to the street. Each had its ugly and inconvenient entrance, termed a stoop, its vane or weathercock, its dormer-window, and its graduated battlement-walls. Near the apex of one of the latter, a little iron crane projected into the street. A small boat of the same metal, swung from its end, a sign that the building to which it appended was the *Ferry House.*"

"An inherent love of artificial and confined navigation had probably induced the burghers to select this spot, as the place whence so many craft departed from the town, since it is certain that the two rivers could have furnished divers points more favourable for such an object."

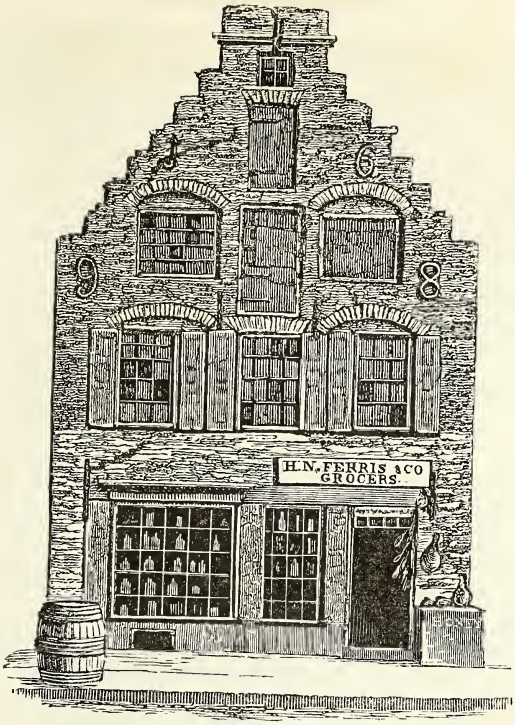
"At the time of the departure of the periagua, at sunrise, fifty blacks were seen in the street, dipping their brooms into the creek and flourishing water over the side-walks, and on the fronts of the low edifices. This light, but daily duty was relieved by clamorous collisions of wit, and by shouts of merriment, in which the whole street would join, as with one joyous and reckless movement of the spirit." "Here and there, a grave burgher, still in his night-cap, might be seen with a head thrust out of an upper window, listening to these light-hearted ebullitions of the noisy race, and taking note of all the merry jibes, that flew from mouth to mouth, with an indomitable gravity."

"The periagua, as the craft was called, partook of a European and an American character. It possessed the length, narrowness, and clean bow of the canoe, from which its name was derived, with the flat bottom and lee board of a boat constructed for the shallow waters of the low countries."

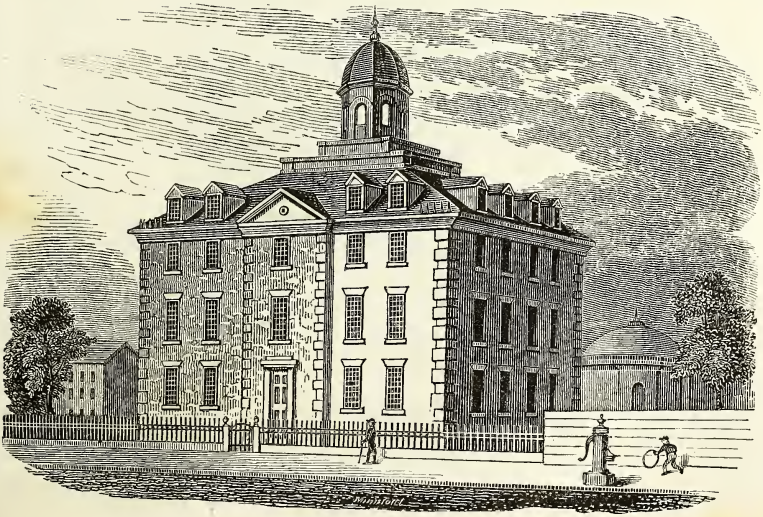
[At this place, on board such a passage boat, he describes the "Skimmer of the Seas," the commander of the buccaneering "*Water Witch,*" as taking his passage with others, going over to Staten Island. This in the time of Queen Anne, and with the privity of Lord Cornbury the ex-governor, still detained by his debts and obligations at New York.]

Rich men in New York. In the summer of 1841, died two conspicuous millionaires, made rich chiefly by the rise of their real estate in and near Wall street, viz: Henry Breevort with two millions, and Mr. Jerroleram with one million. These in early life were market gardeners.

John Jacob Astor, so very rich, is a German who began among us with a store of German toys, can now build a Hotel for half a



Last Dutch House in Broad Street, p. 196 and 350.



Provost, British Prison,—Park, p. 327 and 351.

million and give it to his son! The brother of J. J. Astor was a victualler, and is now very rich also. All the family are frugal. One of the Stuvyesants, now inheriting a part of the Stuvyesant marsh meadows, could sell it out for one million of dollars! Wm. Bayard's farm place, which could have been bought in 1800, for fifteen thousand dollars, was sold out in 1833 for sixty thousand dollars, to men who sold the same in lots for two hundred and sixty thousand dollars. These facts are maddening to some rapacious minds, wherefore sales of lots have been made on this island and over on Brooklyn, so far beyond population as would take a century to use! In Jan. 1835, the sales of lots, by Bleekers as auctioneers, amounted to upwards of five millions of dollars! *Reaction* may be feared, in some seven years hence, when the chief amount of purchase is to be paid. So different is paying from buying.

Rise of property! in Brooklyn. Its increase of value in lots and land! In 1834 the farm of Jacob Bergen at Red Hook, two miles from Brooklyn ferry, sold for five hundred thousand dollars; it consisted of one hundred acres of hilly and sandy soil; and the farm of John Skillman, at the Wallabout, consisting of sixty acres, and two miles from the same Brooklyn ferry, has been sold for fifteen hundred dollars per acre, say ninety thousand dollars. Mr. John Mason, President of the Commercial Bank, has fifty acres, now eight hundred lots, adjoining to the Bank and Chemical works, for which he gave seven thousand dollars forty years ago, and could now get for them half a million of dollars! It was a farm on which he lent his money on mortgage. Mr. Mason was originally a poor man and a tradesman of New Jersey.

The premises of Grant Thorburn [the old meeting-house of Friends] in Liberty street, which he bought in 1825 for twenty-six thousand dollars, without the money to pay for it too, sold in his hands in ten years, in 1835, for one hundred thousand dollars. The good man, who believes in Providence [as decretal] thinks it has to be so, and none is more worthy to enjoy it, with thankfulness.

Liverpool and Havre Packets. The man is still alive in full health, who commanded a schooner of one hundred and twenty tons, *the only vessel* in the trade between New York and Liverpool.

In 1819, the ship Stephania, of three hundred and fifty tons, was built for the Havre trade, deemed then to be over large, and now they are forming ships of seven hundred tons for the same service in 1834.

An ancient sword of the Knickerbockers, was lately found, and put in the Hartford Museum, impressed 1554 in gold, and having the words *in Dutch* "May God be with us." It was taken out of the bank of the Connecticut river in Windsor at eight feet

depth, and *may have been* so covered by the change of the river bed, as it lay nearly at the level of the river.

Robert Fulton. This great steam inventor is enrolled in the city directory of *Philadelphia* in the year 1785, thus: "Robert Fulton, miniature painter, corner of Second and Walnut streets."

The Growth of our Country. Within a few years (1833) an old gentleman has gone down to his grave, in New York,—Mr. John Munro, in the 98th year of his age. He was a descendant of the Hugonots, who fled to this country at the revocation of the edict of Nantz, in 1686. He was of the third generation from the original emigrants. His name was Maureau; but then emigrants, in many places, anglicized their names when it was convenient, not thinking that the time would come when they would be proud of having been descended from a French emigrant. The mention of this worthy old gentleman in this place was to call to our mind the growth of our country during the life of one individual. At his birth the thirteen colonies did not contain over a million of inhabitants; the city of New York about twelve thousand; the city of Boston about the same number; Philadelphia, although it had been settled but little more than half a century, had rapidly increased in population, and was quite as large as either of them. The whole commerce of the colonies was not then so much, in point of revenue, as has been taken *in two days*, from the commerce of New York, within these last ten years. From the custom-house returns from the 29th of September, 1749, to 29th of September, 1750, there were entered two hundred and thirty-three vessels, including coasters, and there were cleared out two hundred and eighty of the same description—probably more than two-thirds of these were coasters, running from this port to Charleston, (South Carolina,) or from this port to Boston. The commerce to England and Holland was chiefly confined to the exportation of furs, and to the importation of articles of domestic necessity. At that time the Park was quite out of town, and where Bond street now is, would have been considered a journey into the country. Albany was an old settlement, but just beyond it all was a howling wilderness. There was nothing but *a blazed way* at that time to Lake George, which in a few years afterwards became the seat of war.

At that period the revenue of the port of London was not so much as that of the port of New York at this day; and the island of Great Britain did not then equal this country in population now. At the period of the birth of the old gentleman we have mentioned, there was but one periodical journal printed in this city. *This was issued November*, 1733, and of course was then only in its second year. This newspaper was called the New York Weekly Journal, and was well conducted, it is said. It was well established, as one of the historians of that age informs

us, "by the citizens of New York, as a medium through which they might publish strictures on an arbitrary government." In 1735 there was an attempt to put down the freedom of the press. "The government of New York, now in the hands of Gov. Crosby, was arbitrarily administered. Free strictures being made on him and his council, in the Weekly Journal, the council ordered the three numbers of that gazette to be burnt by the sheriff. *John Peter Zanger, the printer*, was at length, imprisoned by a warrant from the governor and council; and after a severe imprisonment of thirty-five weeks, was tried for printing those offensive papers. Andrew Hamilton, an eminent lawyer of Philadelphia, though aged and infirm, learning the distresses of the prisoner and importance of the trial, came to New York to plead Zanger's cause, and made so able a plea that the jury brought in the prisoner not guilty. The common council of the city of New York, for this noble and successful service, presented Mr. Hamilton his freedom of the corporation in a gold box." Thus we see the struggles our predecessors had to pass through for the freedom of the press. Their conduct is worthy imitation. The subject might be extended to volumes.

Capt. Robert Kidd. I have since seen an old London edition account of this sea rover, from which I derive some additional facts, to wit: At the time of his engagement in the Adventure galley, he had the reputation of a man of courage and energy, having been commander of a privateer in the West Indies, in the beginning of King William's war; afterwards he became a smuggler, and traded among the pirates in a little rakish vessel that could run into all kinds of water. As he knew all the haunts and lurking places of the pirates, he was recommended by Lord Bellermont, then governor of Barbadoes, to be a fit man to put down piracy, on the principle of setting a rogue to catch a rogue. He got, however, no encouragement from King William, and therefore he went out upon private enterprise, though under a king's commission. Kidd died hard, for the rope with which he was first tied up broke, and he fell to the ground. He was tied up a second time more effectually. This gave rise to the popular story of Kidd's being *twice* hung. The same work spoke thus of the pirates and people at and about New York, in the year 1695, viz: "The easy access to the harbour, the number of hiding places about its waters, and the laxity of its newly organized government, made it a great rendezvous of pirates, where they might dispose of their booty and concert new depredations. There they sold their rich luxuries and spoils of the Spanish provinces at small prices, to the wary and thrifty traders of New York. To them at least they were *welcome visitors*, and for that reason crews of these desperadoes might be seen swaggering in open day about the streets, elbowing the quiet inhabitants, or squandering

their money in taverns, and exciting neighbourhoods with midnight brawls and revelry. In time it became matter of scandal and a public pest, and the government at home was urgently applied to, to suppress the evil in the colonies." [The foregoing extracts, are *confirmed* in the Pirate's Own Book, Boston edition, 1837.]

Capt. Kidd "was called *Robert*, and was executed as *Robert*." Tradition says that the Sachem's Head and the Thimble island were his rendezvous; one of these rocky islands on the Sound is called *Kidd's Island.* He deposited on Gardiner's Island, the same given up to Gov. Bellermont, and of which there is now a schedule in the hands of the Gardiner family at this day.* It is said that a pot of eighteen hundred dollars was ploughed up two years ago, in a corn-field at Martha's Vineyard, supposed to be Kidd's money. At Kidd's island is a cave, where it is said the pirates used to hide and sleep; inside is cut "R. K." supposed for Robert Kidd; a hole in the rocky floor chiselled out is called their punch bowl for carousal. Another little islet is called "Money island," and has been much dug for treasure. Gov. Fletcher has had the reputation of countenancing the pirates, and *Nichols*, one of his council, has been handed down, by tradition, *as their agent.* In 1844, they found, as is said, Kidd's vessel sunk in 1699 in the North river, near Caldwell's, and got up a gun, and expected to find also some treasure.

Capt. Kidd's Vessel. In the summer of 1844, they succeeded by use of divers and diving bells, &c., to discover up the North river, a little above Verplank's Point, at Caldwell's landing, the remains of Capt. Kidd's ship, it is said, which was blown up and sunk about the time of his arrest. This has been chiefly ascertained by the assiduity of A. G. Thompson of Wall street, a descendant of Gardiner, of Gardiner's Island, to whom Kidd entrusted a part of his money. They have succeeded to fish up a 24 pound carronade of old-fashioned construction, and are using diligence to unearth the vessel itself, and to find out her treasure if any there be. The vessel exceeds 150 feet in length, supposed to be equal to the class of frigates then. It would be a real curiosity to get now a sight of her construction! She now rests but a little distance from low water mark, off the mouth of the race. It is said that this ship, ascertaining while at Gardiner's Island, (their rendezvous,) that two ships were sent for her capture—she to escape them went up the North river, where they blew up this ship, and dispersed the men with what treasure they could bear off. This declaration does not fully accord with former facts related; but still, as it now comes up, that the aforesaid Mr. Thompson has been for several years, seeking after the hulk of such a vessel,

* That original paper calls him however, *William Kidd*, and so have some other accounts.

and has at length purchased the land where she rests, there may be reason for believing that the descendants of the Gardiner family have had their sufficient reasons for believing in something like the present version of the story. The other story was in the main, that Kidd surrendered himself voluntarily to Gov. Bellermont, with a hope that the treasure, which he designated as being in the care of Gardiner (worth about 200,000 dollars), might be a sufficient douceur to secure his acquittal with that officer, and so leave Kidd free, to join his wife and child, and to dwell in New York among the magnates and wealthy class, in guilty splendour. There is something truly interesting and exciting, in contemplating the possible recovery and exhibition *now* of such *a relic*, of a century and a half of concealment. We cannot but wish success to the full discovery. [In boring since, they think they have got into a cask of *silver*, and are therefore resolved to persevere by making a coffer dam, &c.]

Broadhead's Ancient Records, concerning New York. These voluminous MS. records in eighty volumes, are the results of Mr. Broadhead's researches in England, France and Holland, as an agent of the state of New York, sent out under an appropriation of twelve thousand dollars to procure whatever he could concerning the early colonial history of the province. In the pursuit of this object, he was occupied three years. The very catalogue of his several papers, copied and returned to our country, occupies three hundred and seventy-six pages octavo. Such subjects as chiefly arrested my attention therein, as being most within the compass of my views, I have hereinafter set down, and which while they may show somewhat of the general character, of the papers collected, may also serve as a reference, to such of our readers as may feel an interest to inspect them further for themselves. It might be remarked concerning such papers, that although sundry of them might seem of little value in themselves, yet as a connecting link to others, as a whole, they rise in value by their necessary aggregation. It is even something *satisfying*, to know how little *need* be known. The search appears to have been very thorough and successful; and only failed in one particular, in not getting any papers of the West India company prior to the year 1700, up to which time, all the previous papers, by an order of the year 1821, were sold at public auction *as useless lumber*, a sad oversight for New York interests!—

The following *comprise none from the Paris records in* 17 *vols.*, because I saw but little that seemed to induce my reference thereto. Unless to mention that in 1689, there are *several* papers stating schemes, then entertained by the French ministry, for conquering New York, therein showing how cordially they desired to make us an *anglo*-American, *Galo* nation. But the power that directs the whirlwind and the storm, overruled to another

course! Many of the other papers, relate to posts and Indians, and to border wars.

From Broadhead's Calendar of Documents which refers to the volumes and pages severally, we select thus, viz:

From the Holland papers, in sixteen volumes.

	Years.	Pages.
Report by Capt. Cornelius Hendrickson, of his discoveries in New Netherland,	1616	32
Letter of P. Shagen, stating the purchase of Manhattan Island, from the Indians,	1626	36
Memorial of the States General to King Charles I., stating title to New Netherlands, &c.,	1632	37
Privileges &c. to be granted to Dutchmen, settling in New Netherland,	1634	40
Memorials against directors Kieft and Stuyvesant,	1648	48
Remonstrance from Vanderdonck and others, giving an interesting historical account of New Netherland from its discovery till 1649,	1649	51
Memorials of S. Claeson, and C. Melyn, complaining of Stuyvesant,	1650	53
Compilation concerning New Netherland, showing first discoveries, &c.,	1655	66
Arrest of Sabastian de Raeff, &c., pirates in New Netherland,	1655	67
Letter of States General to West India Company, respecting the Swedes,	1656	68
Sales of Lands by Indians, on the Schuylkill,	1656	69
Memorial of inhabitants on Schuylkill to Director Stuyvesant,	1651	69
Declaration of Mattehoorn and other Indians, concerning lands on South River,	1657	69
Depositions concerning Swedes on South River,	1656	69
Capitulation and conditions of Fort Casimir, by Sven Schute, to Stuyvesant,		69
Account of the situation of New Netherland, who were first discoverers and settlers,		73
Letters from Magistrates of Gravesende, Hiemstede, Long Island,	1653	74
Letter of the States General, to the villages in New Netherland,	1664	75
Van Gogh's memorial to the King of England, concerning English aggressions in New Netherland,	1664	77
Remonstrance of inhabitants of New Netherland to the Governor General against resisting the English,		81
Resolution that a preacher and 300 colonists be sent to New Netherland,		93
Resolution to give 200 guilders each, to 25 families of Menonists going to New Netherland,		94
The Exchange Bank to pay 50,000 guilders to the Waldenses,	1656	95

From the London papers, in forty-seven volumes.

	Years.	Pages.
An act of the States General, permitting all oppressed christian people to erect a colony in America, under Stuyvesant,	1661	106
Letter of Mr. Maverick to Col. Nicholls, concerning New York —of whales *in the harbour*—of Nutt Island and its trees,	1668	113
Robert Hodge's account of the taking of New York by the Dutch,	1673	114
W. Hayes' affidavit concerning the taking of New York by the Dutch	1673	115
Observations of W. Greenhalgh, in a journey to the Indians,	1677	117

	Years.	Pages.
Governor Andros' account of the general concerns of New York,	1677	117
Relation of G. Van Sweeringen, of the seating of Delaware bay and river, by the Dutch and Swedes, - - -	1684	121
Letter of the Council to Gov. Dongan, in favour of French protestants, - - - - - - - -	1687	124
Letter of the King to Gov. Dongan, directing him to prosecute pirates, - - - - - - - -	1687	125
Letter from the Council of New York, stating the overthrow of the government—Capt. Leisler, - - - -		129
Letter of Capt. Leisler to the King and Queen, his proceedings, &c. - - - - - - - -	1689	130
Letter of P. Reveredge, concerning French families in New York, - - - - - - - -	1689	131
Extravagant and arbitrary proceedings of Jacob Leysler, &c. -	1690	131
Relation of occurrences to Major Schuyler and christian Indians,	1691	135
Letter from Wm. Penn, to Gov. Fletcher, - - -	1692	138
Major D. Wessel's journal of his mission to the Five Nations, -	1693	139
Letter of Gov. Fletcher—conduct of Pennsylvania—people of New York go there, - - - - - -	1693	144
List of reputed Papists in the city of New York, - -	1696	144
Letter of Lord Bellermont to the Admiralty, about pirates, -	1698	149
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It must strike the reader, as it did ourself, that such state documents, once preserved with such great concealment and secrecy, should come out at last, by lapse of time, to be no longer matter of scruple to be thus made known. Showing thus,

that the present generation, can feel themselves virtually exempt from credit or blame for any given actions of their forefathers.

E. B. O'Callaghan's History of New Netherland. We use the occasion to say a few words from E. B. O'Callaghan's recent work, the "History of New Netherland," wherein he has very successfully brought out a large fund of historical facts, concerning New York, while under the Dutch government. He shows from his abundant materials, what *we had before alleged*, that there was much to be gathered from our own MS. records at Albany. These he has used with much industry and research; and thereby, *for the first time*, fills up that blank, which former historians, such as Smith and others, from their ignorance of the Dutch language, had neglected to explore, and which, at the same time, they took the liberty to say, was not sufficiently available or useful, to be elaborated into profitable history. Like Chalmers, all contented themselves, with barely alluding to the history prior to 1664, as *being a thing unknown;* and that as to the English subsequent government, "they had prudently copied what had been already established by the Dutch;" but what was the character of the things copied and not changed, or what the people who had been transferred, they found it convenient to say just nothing! All this hiatus has been now supplied by the commendable labours of Mr. O'Callaghan.

For the benefit of such readers as may feel curious to know *how far* he may have brought out such facts, as we have been sedulous to gather in our present Annals, we here make a running record of such items, as most won *our* attention and regard. They are indeed extremely brief, so much so, that a very few pages, if copied, would comprise the whole, to wit: First appearance and description of the country, its trees, fruits, plants, wild animals, birds, fish, reptiles; the natives, their habits, customs, mode of living, &c.; names of first forts and settlements erected; arrival and settlement of the Walloons; early English settlers; some intercourse with the Puritans; jealousy between English and Dutch settlers; some notice of the patroons; first clergyman and schoolmaster; two or three English vessels try to force a trade up the North river, and quarrels ensue; a new fort, church, and some houses erected, and sundry improvements; some early notices of Long Island; and English settlements at Oyster bay, opposed; Indians sometimes jealous and hostile; for that cause, days of fasting and prayer are appointed; boats going up North river are attacked; Mrs. Moody is attacked and Mrs. Hutchinson killed; expeditions to Staten Island and Greenwich, and Schout's bay occur; their success, and severity on the captives; five hundred Indians are slaughtered; taxes for expenses are imposed and resisted by some; first settlers at Rensselaerwyck and Beverswyck are named; a small church, and minister there; explorations for minerals; a quarrel occurs between the Rev. Mr.

Bogardus and director Kieft; some Dutchmen receive grants of land on the Delaware, and the Schuylkill is purchased of the Indians; notice of slaves, as they were; finally comes a brief notice of the state of morals, religion, and education. The foregoing, are topics, it is to be remarked, which are generally told only incidentally, and mostly with no enlargement, possibly, as no more may have appeared of record, a circumstance which hardly affords an occasion to make any suitable extracts, For instance, "the state of morals and religion," as above stated, appear briefly in these words, to wit: "Religion and education felt the baneful effects of these evil influences, (the bickerings between the dictatorial and imperious Kieft, and the republican habits of the Dutch.) So that the church which had been commenced in 1642, remained unfinished a long while, as if the country were indeed without timber or sawmill. In the mean time, the director uses the moneys which had been appropriated therefor, (in fines, &c.,) for his own urgent calls. In the same way, the fund for a public school, had also been misapplied." The foregoing precedes, and comes down to the time of the government of Gen. Stuyvesant, and ends the volume; to which another volume by way of conclusion, is intended to be brought out hereafter.

It is to be inferred, that as Mr. O'Callaghan could only derive his facts from formal state papers, found in the archives of office at Albany, they were not of a nature to present curious or amusing incidents of early society, in manners, habits, dress, and social relations, such as would furnish picturesque and graphic delineations of things as they were once there. It will therefore behoove those who know the facts in the case, to consider whether more can be done or not. We cannot however, but be obliged to Mr. O'Callaghan, for what he has elicited, since he gives the course and leading points of general history, such as were before hidden from our view and contemplation.

It is surely to be regretted, that so large a work should afford so little of what should be deemed the domestic everyday history of the community and their doings. The completest things in this way, are to be found in the appendix when furnishing copies of original papers preserved in the Van Rensselaer family. Such as is found in the agent Van Curler's letters to the patroon, wherein he writes thus, to wit: He therein calls the settlers on his lands, "the boors," and the patroon, "his honour," "noble patroon," "my Lord," and "Lord patroon," always in a very deferential and reverent manner; has something, but briefly, to say of raising horses and cows as breeders, of building houses "for the boors," with reed and thatched roofs, of planting and raising tobacco, of building a small church, thinks he has found a diamond! finds that the vines planted, have failed and perished by the frost, talks of sending wheat for sale to Virginia, says the

price of seawant increases in value, and the article is much needed; says the sheep die off surprisingly, and that the wolves destroy them also; that the swine range in the woods, that excellent turkeys are brought in by the Indians; he admires the beauty of the country lying along the Mohawk river; speaks of *stone* arriving, and thinks they may find means to procure them in the country at less expense. The tiles sent out, he describes as crumbling away; gives forms of his leases of lands, and the stock which the boors must raise and keep, they to pay in timber, furs, and grain. [The Van Rensselaer family have now *a gold snuff box*, presented to their ancestor by Charles II., a rare family relic certainly.]

Colonial Paper Money. When this was in use, it became quite a business with some to make and pass counterfeit money. It was actually manufactured in Dublin, and sent out to agents to dispose of. It so happened, particularly in Jersey. Gov. Franklin, the last of the king's governors, was most successful in ferreting them out of their dens and concealments. One Ford, about the year 1763, (the time of the appointment of Gov. Franklin,) associated with one King, had their home in an obscure swamp, from which they used to come occasionally to Amboy, Elizabethtown, &c., appearing as plain farmers, and disposing of their money. This they did to several creditable people, and people of property, at low prices, as *seduced* accomplices! In time, they were much superseded by a gang of confederated counterfeiters and coiners from New England, who operated about Woodbridge, Middletown, Amboy, &c. In time, the increase of business in this way, led to increased vigilance among the people and magistrates, and Ford, King & Co., were apprehended in 1774, tried, and broke jail and got off, but several of the good yeomanry, participators, were exposed, tried and pardoned; say six respectable heads of families! *It made a time of general and deep excitement.* One of the decent culprits was a magistrate, another was a serious deacon, and in such good standing, that none would credit his malconduct until he voluntarily *confessed it*, and that not until after his minister had publicly prayed for his deliverance from "malicious scandal," and had actually given public thanks for his deliverance, upon a false report of "his release!" In the year 1768, when the counterfeiting business was in a measure superseded by the new comers from New England, Ford, King, and Cooper, robbed the state treasury at Amboy of £6000. The perpetrators were unknown until 1774, when Cooper, then under sentence of death for counterfeiting, declared the facts in the case.

Continental Money. It may interest many to see a brief notice of the history and progress of our continental money,—because so few of the present generation, have ever been rightly informed respecting its operations and details. It is in itself some

thing, properly appertaining to an illustration of our chapter of "the War of Independence," and as such we here give it, to wit:

In June, 1775, was made the first emission of 2,000,000 of dollars. Before the close of that year, 3,000,000 more were issued. In May, 1776, 5,000,000 more were issued, in the autumn of that year 5,000,000 more, and in December, 5,000,000 more. Such frequent and large emissions began to reduce their value in the confidence of the people. In the mean time, the power of taxing was virtually denied to the Confederation. They could only *recommend* the measure to the States.

The whole amount issued during the war was 400,000,000 dollars! but the collections made by the continental government in various ways, cancelled from time to time about one half of it, so that the maximum of valuation at no time exceeded $200,000,000; nor did it reach that sum, until its depreciation had compelled Congress to take it in, and pay it out at 40 dollars for one of specie.

It kept nearly at par for the first year; as it was then but about equal to the amount of specie held in all the colonies. But the quick succession of increase tended to depreciate it, till it reached 500 for 1, and finally 1000 for 1,—when it ceased to circulate for any value at all.

Congress, after a time, exchanged forty for one, by giving the holders loan-office certificates *at par*, and had offered to redeem the whole in the same way at 1000 for 1, when it was down at that price! but as those loan-office certificates had themselves gone down to 2*s.* 6*d.* on the pound, or eight dollars for one, very few were found to avail themselves of the offer. That was their misfortune, to have been so distrustful, or so needy!

Public securities of similar character, bearing various names, such as loan-office certificates, depreciation certificates, final settlements, &c., were also given to the public creditors, for services, supplies, &c., and thus constituted *the public debt* at the end of the war. All these were worth but eight for one, until the adoption of the present constitution in 1789, when they were funded and rose to par, and *thus made fortunes for many!*

The whole revolutionary debt, as estimated on the journal of Congress, the 29th April, 1783, *not including* the paper money, stood thus, viz:

Foreign debt to France and Holland, at 4 per cent.,	$7,885,085
Domestic debt, in various certificates, as above,	34,115,290
At four and six per cent. interest,	$42,000,375

Making an interest of $2,415,953 per annum.

To the foregoing the Secretary of the Treasury afterwards added, for claims held by several of the States $21,500,000

and then *funded* the whole, putting a part on interest at six per cent., postponing another part without interest for ten years, and the remainder bearing an immediate interest at three per cent.

The foregoing, with arrears of six years interest being added, and with some other unsettled claims, made the whole debt amount to ninety-four millions, which soon went up to par!

The statesmen of the Revolution were well disposed to pay their paper obligations, and alleged, that they also had the ability to do so: but against these, stood the inability of the people to pursue the profitable employments of peaceful times, and therefore their inability to pay taxes, even if the Congress had had the power to impose them. They could only *recommend* the measure to the States. They had all agreed at one time to exact an impost of 5 per cent., on all imported goods, but Rhode Island resisted the measure to the last, and without *unanimity* it could not be adopted!

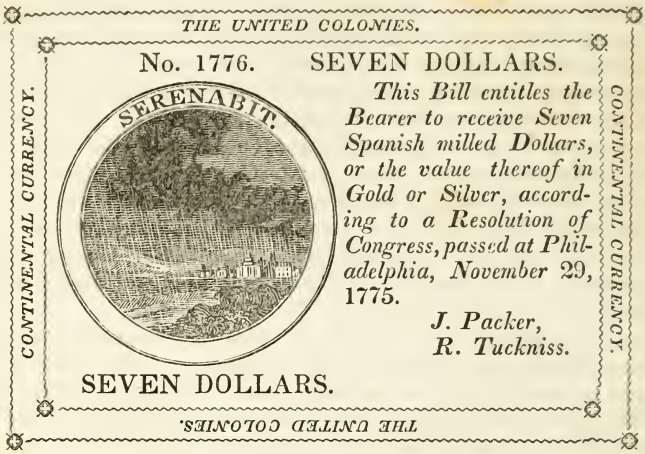
The campaign of 1778 and '79, with an army of thirty to forty thousand men, was sustained by emissions of paper money to the amount of 135,000,000 of dollars. Thus "making it by wagon loads!" In the same time, the amount of specie received into the public treasury was but 151,666 dollars, a weight but about a ton of coal if all put into a cart for its carriage!

It has been said that so great a sinking of paper money, was not so injuriously felt among the people as might be imagined;—and it has been reasoned thus, viz.: The largest sum by which they could have been affected, might be estimated at 300,000,000 at 20 for one, which is only half of the rate fixed by Congress. This would give 15,000,000 of sound money; and this, having been a currency for six years, gives an annual average of 2,500,000; which, to a population of 3,000,000, would make, in point of fact, a poll tax of but about one dollar to each; or if they be estimated by families of six persons each, would be an annual loss, to such severally, of but five dollars each! So easy is it by figures to diminish losses, which *we* of the present generation have never felt! Yet it was a painful and onerous loss to our forefathers, now all gone beyond its influence!

Those who are minutely curious on this matter may consult, with profit, a late paper in the proceedings of the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, by Samuel Breck, Esq.

In the course of the use and depreciation of such money, it became in time a matter of fun with many to show their levity of spirit, at their loss thereby, by pasting it up, as ornaments in their workshops, and sometimes, by pasting much of it together to form head caps and vestments of it, for street display, &c. Yet poor as it was in the end, it was for its time, *the sign* of that money, wherewith they worked out their independence. Abundant as it once was, few of the bills are now to be found; and

therefore, to make the present exhibition of a bill of the first emission, becomes in itself a curiosity, and as such is here given to the inspection of the reader.


THE UNITED COLONIES.

No. 1776. SEVEN DOLLARS.

SERENABIT.

This Bill entitles the Bearer to receive Seven Spanish milled Dollars, or the value thereof in Gold or Silver, according to a Resolution of Congress, passed at Philadelphia, November 29, 1775.

J. Packer,
R. Tuckniss.

SEVEN DOLLARS.

CONTINENTAL CURRENCY.

CONTINENTAL CURRENCY.

THE UNITED COLONIES.

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR AT NEW YORK.

——————"this to show
Mankind, the wild deformity of war!"

New York city having been held during the term of the revolution as a conquered place, and also as the chief military post of British rule, it becomes matter of interest and curiosity to the present generation to revive and contemplate the pictorial images of those scenes and facts which our fathers witnessed in those days of peril and deep emotion. I give such as I could glean.

The spirit of opposition in us began before the revolution actually opened.

The first theatre in Beekman street, (now where stands the house No. 26,) was pulled down in 1766, on a night of entertainment there, by the citizens, generally called "Liberty Boys." The cause arose out of some offence in the play, which was cheered by the British officers present, and hissed and condemned by the mass of the people. About the same time the people seized upon a press barge, and drew it through the streets to the Park commons, where they burnt it.

After the war had commenced and New York was expected to be captured, almost all the Whig families, who could sustain

the expense, left their houses and homes to seek precarious refuge where they could in the country. On the other hand, after the city was possessed by the British, all the tory families who felt unsafe in the country made their escape into New York for British protection. Painfully, family relations were broken; families as well as the rulers took different sides, and "Greek met Greek" in fierce encounter.

Mr. Brower, who saw the British force land in Kipp's bay as he stood on the Long Island heights, says it was the most imposing sight his eyes ever beheld. The army crossed the East river, in open flat boats, filled with soldiers standing erect; their arms all glittering in the sunbeams. They approached the British fleet in Kipp's bay, in the form of a crescent, caused by the force of the tide breaking the intended line of boat after boat. They all closed up in the rear of the fleet, when all the vessels opened a heavy cannonade.

The British troops, under Sir Wm. Howe, landed, on Sunday the 15th Sept., 1776, at the point of rocks a few hundred yards from the ancient Kipp house, they being protected in their landing, by the cannon of the ships of war. They then had a skirmish with the Americans in the rear of that house.

The old Kipp house, being one of respectable grandeur in that time, and the family absent as whigs, was taken for the use of British officers of distinction. Therein have dined and banqueted, Sir Wm. Howe, Sir H. Clinton, Lord Percy, Genl. Knyphausen, Major Andre, &c. In 1780 the same house was occupied as the quarters of Col. Williams of the 60th Royal *Americans*—a regiment which had been raised as early as 1755 for the old French war. It is remembered, that at that house, Maj. Andre once gave for his song at the dinner repast—

> "Why, soldiers, why,
> Should we be melancholy boys,
> *Whose business 'tis to die,*" &c.

That was his *last dinner* at New York, and in ten short days thereafter, he was himself a prisoner, and devoted for destruction *as a spy!*

The old Kipp house, constructed of Holland brick, was erected in 1641, and is still standing as a remarkable relic of the past, and as having been owned by the same respectable family to the present day! Soon it must go, with all the rest, to follow the rage of innovation and change! Americans, as yet, can't consent to the perpetuity of old things! Formerly devoted to the *necessary* change of every thing around us, as a new country requiring improvement, we have gone into the extreme of making all things *new*, even after *the time* for making them is fully past!

I shall herein endeavour to mark the localities of position occupied by the British, especially of residences of distinguished

officers, and also of those suffering prison-houses and hospitals where our poor countrymen sighed over their own and their country's wo.

All the Presbyterian churches in New York were used for military purposes in some form or other. I suspect they were deemed more whiggish in general than some of the other churches. The clergymen of that order were in general throughout the war, said to be zealous to promote the cause of the revolution. The Methodists, on the contrary, then few in number, were deemed loyalists, chiefly from the known loyalism of their founder, Mr. Wesley. Perhaps to this cause it was that the society in John street enjoyed so much indulgence as to occupy their church for Sunday night service, while the Hessians had it in the morning service for their own chaplains and people.

The British troops were quartered in any empty houses of the Whigs which might be found. Wherever men were billeted, they marked it.

The middle Dutch church in Nassau street, was used to imprison 3000 Americans. The pews were all gutted out and used as fuel. Afterwards they used it for the British cavalry, wherein they exercised their men, as a riding school; making them leap over raised windlasses. At the same place they often picketed their men, as a punishment, making them bear their weight on their toe on a sharp goad. At the same place, while the prisoners remained there, Mr. Andrew Mercein told me he used to see the "Dead Cart" come every morning, to bear off six or eight of the dead.

The old sugar-house, which also adjoined to this church, was filled with the prisoners taken at Long Island; there they suffered much, they being kept in an almost starved condition.

This starving proceeded from different motives; they wished to break the spirit of the prisoners, and to cause their desertion, or to make the war unwelcome to their friends at home. On some occasions, as I shall herein show, the British themselves were pinched for supplies; and on other occasions the commissaries had their own gain to answer, by withholding what they could from the prisoners. I could not find, on inquiry, that Americans in New York were allowed to help their countrymen unless by stealth. I was told by eye witnesses of cases, where the wounded came crawling to the openings in the wall, and begging only for one cup of water, and could not be indulged, the sentinels saying, "we are sorry too, but our orders have been, 'suffer no communication in the absence of your officer.'"

The north Dutch church in William street was entirely gutted of its pews, and made to hold two thousand prisoners.

The Quaker meeting in Pearl street was converted into an hospital.

The old French church was used as a prison.

Mr. Thomas Swords, told me they used to bury the prisoners on the mount, then on the corner of Grace and Lumber streets. It was an old redoubt.

Cunningham was infamous for his cruelty to the prisoners, even depriving them of life, it is said, for the sake of cheating his king and country by continuing for a time to draw their nominal rations! The prisoners at the Provost, (the present debtors' prison in the Park,) were chiefly under his severity, (my father among the number for a time.) It was said he was only restrained from putting them to death, five or six of them of a night, (back of the prison-yard, where were also their graves,) by the distress of certain women in the neighbourhood, who, pained by the cries for mercy which they heard, went to the commander-in-chief, and made the case known, with entreaties to spare their lives in future. This unfeeling wretch, it is said, came afterwards to an ignominious end, being executed in England, as was published in Hall and Sellers' paper in Philadelphia. It was there said, that it came out on the trial that he boasted of having killed more of the king's enemies by the use of his *own* means than had been effected by the king's arms!—he having, as it was there stated, used a preparation of arsenic in their flour.

Loring, another commissary of prisoners, was quite another man, and had a pretty good name. Mr. Lennox, the other, being now a resident of New York, I forbear any remarks.

There was much robbing in the city by the soldiery at times. In this, Lord Rawdon's corps and the king's guards, were said to have been pre-eminent.

The British cast up a line of entrenchments quite across from Corlear's Hook to Bunker's Hill, on the Bowery road, and placed gates across the road there. The Hessians, under Knyphausen, were encamped on a mount not far from Corlear's Hook.

Mr. Andrew Mercein, who was present in New York when most of the above mentioned things occurred, has told me several facts. He was an apprentice with a baker who made bread for the army, and states, that there was a time when provisions, even to their own soldiery, were very limited. For instance, on the occasion of the Cork provision fleet overstaying their time, he has dealt out sixpenny loaves, as fast as he could hand them, for "a hard half dollar a-piece!" The baker then gave $20 a cwt. for his flour. They had to make oat meal bread for the navy. Often he has seen 7*s.* a pound given for butter, when before the war it was but 2*s.*

When Cornwallis was in difficulties at Yorktown, and it became necessary to send him out all possible help, they took the citizens by constraint and enrolled them as a militia. In this service Mr. Mercein was also compelled, and had to take his turns at the fort. There they mounted guard, &c. in military attire, just lent to them for the time, and required to be returned. The

non-commissioned officers were generally chosen as tories, but often without that condition. Mr. Mercein's serjeant was whiggish enough to have surrendered if he had had the proper chance. There were some independent companies of Tories there.

It was really an affecting sight to see the operations of the final departure of all the king's embarkation; the royal band beat a farewell march. Then to see so many of our countrymen, with their women and children, leaving the land of their fathers because they took the king's side, going thence to the bleak and barren soil of Nova Scotia, was at least affecting to them. Their hearts said, "My country, with all thy faults I love thee still."

In contrast to this, there followed the entry of our cheered and weather-beaten troops, followed by all the citizens in regular platoons.

> "Oh! one day of such a welcome sight,
> Were worth a whole eternity of lesser years."

Then crowded *home* to their own city, all those who had been abroad, reluctant exiles from British rule; now fondly cherishing in their hearts, "this is *my own*, my native land."

The Hessian troops were peculiarly desirous to desert so as to remain in our country, and hid themselves in every family where they could possibly secure a friend to help their escape. 'Twas a lucky hit for those who succeeded, for they generally got ahead as tradesmen and farmers, and became rich. The loss to England in the "wear and tear" of those Hessians formed a heavy item. It is on record that the Landgrave of Hesse was paid for 15,700 men lost, at £30 a head, £471,000 (being more than two millions of dollars); paid to his agent, Mr. Van Otten, at the Bank of England, in 1786.

It is estimated that 11,000 of our Americans from the British prisons, were interred at the Wallabout, the place of the present Navy Yard. In cutting down the hill for the Navy Yard, they took up as many as thirteen large boxes of human bones; which, being borne on trucks under mourning palls, were carried in procession to Jackson street on Brooklyn height, and interred in a charnel-house constructed for the occasion, beneath three great drooping willows. There rest the bones of my grandfather, borne from the Strombollo's hospital ship three days after his arrival.

> "Those prison ships where pain and penance dwell,
> Where death in tenfold vengeance holds his reign,
> And injur'd ghosts there unaveng'd complain."

Two of the burnt hulks of those ships still remain sunken near the Navy Yard; one in the dock, and one, the Good Hope, near Pinder's Island—all "rotten and old, e'er filled with sighs and groans."

Our ideas of prisons and prisoners, having ourselves been never

confined, are too vague and undefined in reading of any given mass of suffering men. To enter into conception and sympathy with the subject, we must individualize our ideas by singling out a single captive; hear *him* talk of his former friends and happy home; see him pennyless, naked, friendless, in pain and sickness, hopeless, sighing for home, yet wishing to end his griefs by one last deep sigh. With Sterne's pathos, see him notch his weary days and nights; see the iron enter his soul; see him dead; then whelmed in pits, neglected and forgotten. Such was the tale, if individually told, of 11,000 of our suffering countrymen at New York.

In February 1781, David Sprout, commissary of naval prisoners, puts forth a letter to Abraham Skinner, the American commissary of prisoners, wherein he endeavours to palliate and exculpate the British from alleged severity and cruelty to prisoners at New York; he says he put up bills in the ships to tell each man his allowance "of good, sound, wholesome provisions," and begged their own officers to see them attended to. The sick and dying on board the Jersey, proceeded, he says, from their own dirt, nastiness, and want of clothing—says that in the Good Hope, a bulk head by his orders was made, so as to berth the officers abaft and the men before it, and two large stoves were furnished—that to the hospital ship, the same equipment was made, and every sick or wounded person furnished with a candle and bedding, and surgeons were appointed to take care of them; after which, "the prisoners maliciously and wickedly burnt this best prison ship in the world." He adds that he has offered to exchange prisoners man for man, but the Congress, he says, requires first the return to America of such prisoners as had been taken on the coast, and sent to England. One is glad to see even such a show of humanity as the letter *plausibly enough* set forth; nevertheless the men suffered, died, and were whelmed in pits to the number of 11,000! This speaks loudest and bitterest.

Our officers had far better fare; they had money or credit; could look about and provide for themselves: could contrive to make themselves half gay and sportive occasionally. Capt. Graydon of Philadelphia, who has left us amusing and instructive memoirs of sixty years of his observing life, having been among the officers and men (2,000) captured at Fort Washington near New York, and held prisoners, has left us many instructive pages concerning the incidents at New York while held by the British, which ought to be read by all those who can feel any interest in such domestic history as I have herein endeavoured to preserve.

Having thus introduced Capt. Graydon to the reader, I shall conclude this article with sundry observations and remarks derived from him, to wit:—

After our capture (says he,) we were committed, men and officers, to the custody of young and insolent officers; we were

again and again taunted as "cursed rebels," and that we should all be hanged. Repeatedly we were paraded, and every now and then one and another of us was challenged among our *officers* as *deserters;* affecting thereby to consider their common men as good enough for our ordinary subaltern officers. Unfortunately for our pride and self-importance, among those so challenged was here and there a subject fitted to their jibes and jeers. A little squat militia officer, from York county, with dingy clothes the worse for wear, was questioned with "What, sir, is your rank?" when he answered in a chuff and firm tone, "a *keppun sir;*" an answer producing an immoderate laugh among "the haughty Britons." There was also an unlucky militia trooper of the same school, with whom the officers were equally merry, obliging him to amble about for their entertainment on his old jade, with his odd garb and accoutrements. On being asked what were his duties, he simply answered, "it was to flank a little and bear tidings." It must be admitted, however, that there were, at the same time, several gentlemen of the army into whose hands he afterwards fell, or with whom he had intercourse, who were altogether gentlemanly in their deportment and feelings.

At this beginning period of the war, most things on the American side were coarse and rough. Maryland and Philadelphia county put forward young gentlemen as officers of gallant bearing and demeanor; but New England, and this, then seat of war, was very deficient in such material. In many cases subaltern officers at least could scarcely be distinguished from their men other than by their cockades. It was not uncommon for colonels to make drummers and fifers of their sons. Among such the eye looked around in vain for the leading gentry of the country. Gen. Putnam could be seen riding about in his shirt sleeves, with his hanger over his open vest: and Col. Putnam, his nephew, did not disdain to carry his own piece of meat, saying, as his excuse, "it will show our officers a good lesson of humility." On the whole Capt. Graydon says, "I have in vain endeavoured to account for the very few gentlemen, and men of the world, that *at this time* appeared in arms *from this country*, which might be considered as the cradle of the revolution. There was here and there a young man of decent breeding in the capacity of an aide-de-camp or brigade major; but any thing above the condition of a clown in the regiments we came in contact with, was truly a rarity." Perhaps the reason was, that when the people had the choice of their officers, they chose only their equals or comrades. A letter of Gen. Washington to Gen. Lee, makes himself merry with such mean officers; and Gen. Schuyler, who was of manly and lofty port, was actually rejected for that reason by the New England troops as their commander. [Vide Marshall's Washington.] Even the Declaration of Independence,

when read about this time at the head of the armies, did not receive the most hearty acclamations, though ostensibly cheered for the sake of a favourable report to the world. Some under voices were heard to mutter, "now we have done for ourselves." It was a fact, too, that at this crisis whiggism declined among the higher classes, and their place was seemingly filled up by numbers of inferior people, who were sufficiently glad to show uniforms and epaulettes as gentlemen who had never been so regarded before.

As the prisoners were marched into the city, they disparagingly contrasted with their British guard. Our men had begun to be ragged, or were in thread-bare flimsy garments; whereas every thing on the British soldier was whole and complete. On the road they were met by soldiers, trulls, and others, come out from the city to see "the great surrender of the rebel army." Every eye and every person was busy in seeking out "Mr. Washington." There *he* is, cried half a dozen voices at once. Others assailed them with sneers. When near the city, the officers were separated from the men, and conducted into a church, into which crowded a number of city spectators. There the officers signed paroles, and were permitted afterwards to take their lodgings in the city. The men were confined in churches and sugar-houses, where they suffered much.

The number of American officers who were thus brought into New York was considerable, and many of them boarded together at Mrs. Carroll's, in Queen street, a winning cheerful lady, who had enough of influence and acquaintance with Col. Robertson, the commandant of the city, to get hold of a good deal of news calculated to interest and serve her lodgers. In the city at this time were such American officers as *Colonels* Magaw, Miles, Atlee, Allen, Rawlins, &c.; *Majors* West, Williams, Burd, DeCourcey, &c., and *Captains* Wilson, Tudor, Davenport, Forrest, Edwards, Lennox, Herbert, &c.

Such officers took full latitude of their parole, in traversing the streets in all directions with a good deal of purposed assurance. One of them, on one occasion, wearing his best uniform, to the great gaze and wonderment of many, actually ventured disdainfully to pass the Coffee House, then the general resort of the British officers. At other times, when the Kolch water was frozen over, and was covered with British officers, who thought themselves proficients in skating, it was the malicious pleasure of some of our officers to appear and eclipse them all. The officers occasionally met with cordial civilities and genteel entertainment from British officers with whom they came in contact; for, in truth, the latter valued their personal gentility too much to seem to be in any degree deficient in politeness and courtesy when they met with those whom they thought sufficiently polished to appre-

ciate their demeanor. Yet it was obviously the system of the British army to treat them as persons with whom to maintain an intercourse would, on their part, be both criminal and degrading.

Our officers, it seems, but rarely visited their countrymen-prisoners, saying, as their reason, "to what purpose repeat our visits to these abodes of misery and despair, when they had neither relief to administer nor comfort to bestow. They rather chose to turn the eye from a scene they could not ameliorate." It was not without remark, too, that there was an impediment to their release by exchange maintained by the American rulers themselves, who were either unable or unwilling to sustain a direct exchange, because they foresaw that the British soldiers, when released, would immediately form new combatants against them; whereas our own men, especially of the militia, were liable to fall back into non-combatants, and perhaps, withal, dispirit the chance of new levies. Perhaps the stoical virtues of the rigorous times made apathy in such a cause the less exceptionable. On the other hand, the British wished the prisoners to apostatize; and nothing was so likely to influence defection as the wish to escape from sickness and starvation.

Dr. Dwight has told us of his observations on the incidents of the war, as he had witnessed them near the lines, in the year 1777. The lines of the British were at King's bridge, and those of the Americans at Byram's river. The inhabitants were exposed to depredations from both sides, and were often plundered, and always liable to exactions. They in fact feared all whom they saw, and loved nobody.

It was a curious fact to a philosopher, and a melancholy one to a moralist, to hear their conversation. To every question, they gave such an answer, as would please the inquirer; or if they despaired of pleasing, such an one as would not provoke him. Fear being apparently the moving passion in all they did or said.

They were not civil but obsequious; not obliging but subservient. They yielded with a kind of apathy, and very quietly gave what you asked. If you treated them kindly, they received it coldly; not as kindness, but as a compensation for injuries done them by others.

Their houses, in the mean time, bore the marks of injury and neglect. Their furniture was extensively plundered, or broken in pieces. The walls, floors, and windows were out of order, both by violence and neglect; and they were not repaired because they had not the means to pay, and besides, they knew not how soon they might be again injured. Their cattle were gone. Their enclosures were burnt, or if not of materials for fuel, they were thrown down. Their fields were covered with a rank growth of weeds and wild grass. The great road leading from New York to Boston, which had once been all life and bustle, with horses

and carriages thereon, was become all solitary, unless occasionally animated with the presence of a scouting party, or when some few of a family might be seen moving stealthily to visit some suffering neighbour or relative.

Such a picture of the miseries and desolations of war, though but rarely told, is but a common picture of facts in similar cases, in the progress of the revolutionary war. There was indeed less of such evils around Philadelphia, but in the southern states, the actual evils were greater; and in Virginia along the seaboard, and up James and York rivers, the whole country was lastingly injured by the stealing and enticement away of their negro population. The fields lay uncultivated, houses decayed, and where the plantations were once fruitful and the inhabitants prosperous, the whole land mourned, and became comparatively waste. At the same time a very obvious change for the worse, came over the manners and morals of the people.

In New York, in Oct., 1776, was seen such a fleet of armed and transport Britons, as was never seen together in that port, or in any part of America! The ships were stationed up the East river as far as Turtle bay; and near the town, the multitude of masts carried the appearance of a wood. Some were also moored up the North river, others in the bay, between Red and Yellow Hook; some again were off Staten Island, and several off Powles Hook, towards the kills. The men of war were moored chiefly up New York sound, and made with the other ships, a most imposing and magnificent impression of power and naval glory. We have but little or just sense of the stout hearts of the revolution, who could venture then to resist so overwhelming an exhibition of power ready to subdue us!

The British, when speaking of the conflagration of the city, imputed it to the Americans themselves, calling it "the savage burning of the city by the New England incendiaries;" and saying, "they had long *threatened* the performance of this villanous deed." The Philadelphians had an idea, those that remained, that their city was also to be burned on the approach of the British there, and to quiet their apprehensions, Gen. Putnam had to put forth a declaration, that no such purpose was intended *by him.*

Gen. Washington, it has been said, was himself, favourable to the burning of New York city, as a useful means of annoying the enemy.

In June, 1776, a conspiracy was said to have been detected in New York, conducted by tories, to murder all the staff officers, including Gen. Washington, and to blow up the magazines, &c. The mayor of the city was said to be concerned, and confined, also Gilbert Forbes, a gunsmith, &c. It was said that Gov. Tryon, then on board the fleet, was the prompter and paymaster. A soldier of Washington's guard was executed in the fields near the

Bowery lane, for his participation in this matter, and the published account of this affair in Town's Philadelphia Evening Post, added, that "more are expected to be executed!"

Whilst the General held command in that city, he held his head quarters at or near Richmond Hill.

The large hotel at the corner of Broad and Pearl streets, was the place in which Gen. Washington first dined on entering New York, at the termination of the war. It was then kept by Saml. Fraunces, a dark coloured Frenchman, who had before kept Vauxhall Garden, and who, after the peace, kept the Indian Queen hotel in Philadelphia.

We give in this work, a peculiarly striking likeness of Gen. Washington, such as he appeared when president. It was taken at Philadelphia, by S. Folwell, a miniature painter there, who had done it for his own satisfaction and preservation. It was to me quite a discovery to have lately got the original from which the profile here given has been accurately copied. Competent judges have deemed it the most spirited and true to the life, of anything ever attempted. It is the man as he was!

What makes it the more remarkable is, that it was done from observation, at a time, when the president himself was not aware of it. It was a happy hit, and therefore a suitable *curiosity* for this work.

Bunker Hill, at New York, has been described in a London magazine of 1781, saying it was so called by the Americans; it being, in the revolution, three quarters of a mile out of town; a hill with a fort upon it. The Americans then "had a line of *redoubts* a little out of New York, extending across the island, from the East to the North river," but they were not used by the British. "The British had their defences on the island, thus: coming from Kingsbridge on the heights which overhung it, stood *Charles redoubt*, but their chief defence began on the brow of Laurel hill, on which were batteries over batteries, close by the narrow path, the only pass too, so that their cannon could destroy everything approaching from the main land. Next comes Fort Washington, called Knyphausen afterwards by the British, next is McGowan's pass, where a few troops could stop an army. The fort at the point was then a square with four bastions, and *within it* was the governor's house. Below the walls, on the water's edge, was a line of fortifications, the batteries made of stone, and the merlons of cedar joists, filled with earth. They mounted ninety-two cannon. In the year 1776, when the Phœnix and Rose frigates pushed up the North river, the Americans made a tremendous fire from this battery, and the others along the North river, from as many as two hundred cannons."

Sir Henry Clinton, while at New York, "had no less than four houses; he being quite a monopolizer. At times, when visible,

he is seen riding full tilt to and from his different seats. In this, he was the ape of royalty."

The same magazine says, "now when almost every disaster has occurred to us, we may probably have Sir Henry Clinton at home. He allows Washington to environ him with his inferior force! As Howe lost us Burgoyne, he has lost us Lord Cornwallis!"

"On Sept. 15, 1776, the British army embarked at Newton creek, (Long Island,) and landed at Kipp's bay. Then the Americans evacuated New York. As Gen. Vaughan was ascending the heights of Inclenberg, he was wounded in the thigh. At that time, Gen. Howe encamped with his right at Horen's Hook, and his left at Bloomingdale. The Americans then posted themselves at Fort Washington and Kingsbridge."

"Admiral Graves, who ought to have been ready to go out to meet De Grasse, had his vessel to *prepare.*" "Sir H. Clinton has always been too indecisive and unsettled, although he had 12,000 regulars and 6000 *able militia.* But Washington and Rochambeau knew his character well when they crossed the Croton and North rivers, and did their business effectually by showing themselves one morning near Kingsbridge, and sending the *French baker boys* round to the mouth of the Raritan to pretend there to raise *a bakery* for the French army! This was enough to cause him to send off to Cornwallis at York, to demand *his* aid!"

Facts of Prison Ships, Brooklyn. We are indebted to some notitia, made by J. Johnson, Esq., of Brooklyn, for sundry facts concerning Brooklyn and the prison ships, viz. "From printed journals, published at New York at the close of the war, it appeared that 11,500 American prisoners had died aboard the prison ships. Although this number is very great, still, if the number who perished had been less, the commissary of naval prisoners, David Sprout, Esq., and his deputy, had it in their power, by an official return, to give the true number taken, exchanged, escaped, or dead. Such a return has never appeared in the United States.

"David Sprout returned to America after the war, and resided in Philadelphia, where he died. The commissary could not have been ignorant of the statement published here, on this interesting subject. We may, therefore, infer that about that number—11,500, perished in the prison ships.

"A large transport, named the Whitby, was the *first* prison ship anchored in the Wallabout. She was moored near "Remsen's mill," about the 20th October, 1776; and was then crowded with prisoners. Many landsmen were prisoners on board this vessel; she was said to be the most sickly of all the prison ships. Bad provisions, bad water, and scanty rations, were dealt to the prisoners. No medical men attended the sick. Diseases reigned unrelieved, and hundreds died from pestilence, or were starved,

on board this floating prison. I saw the sand beach, between a ravine in the hill and Mr. Remsen's dock, become filled with graves in the course of two months; and before the first of May, 1777, the ravine, alluded to, was itself occupied in the same way.

"In the month of May, 1777, two large ships were anchored in the Wallabout, when the prisoners were transferred from the Whitby to them; these vessels were also very sickly, from the causes before stated. Although many prisoners were sent on board of them, and none exchanged, *death* made room for all.

"On a Sunday afternoon, about the middle of October, 1777, one of the prison ships was burnt: the prisoners, except a few, who it was said, were burnt in the vessel, were removed to the remaining ship. It was reported, at the time, that the prisoners had fired their prison—which, if true, proves that they preferred death, even by fire, to the lingering sufferings of pestilence and starvation.

"In the month of February, 1778, the remaining prison ship was burnt at night; when the prisoners were removed from her to the ships, then wintering in the Wallabout.

"In the month of April, 1778, the old Jersey was moored in the Wallabout, and all the prisoners (except the sick) were transferred to her.—The sick were carried to two hospital ships, named the Hope and Falmouth, anchored near each other, about 200 yards east from the Jersey. These ships remained in the Wallabout until New York was evacuated by the British. The Jersey was the receiving ship—the others truly the ships of Death!

"It has been generally thought that all the prisoners died on board the Jersey. This is not true: many may have died on board of her, who were not reported as sick; but all the men who were placed on the sick list were removed to the hospital ships, from which they were usually taken sewed up in a blanket, to their *long home.*

"After the hospital ships were brought into the Wallabout it was reported that the sick were attended by physicians; few, very few, however, recovered. It was no uncommon thing to see five or six dead bodies brought on shore in a single morning; when a small excavation would be dug at the foot of the hill, the bodies cast in, and a man with a shovel would cover them, by shovelling sand down the hill upon them. Many were buried in a ravine of the hill; some on the farm. The whole shore, from Rennies Point to Mr. Remsen's door-yard was a place of graves; as were also the slope of the hill, near the house; the shore, from Mr. Remsen's barn along the mill pond to Rappleye's farm; and the sandy island, between the flood-gates and the mill dam: while a few were buried on the shore on the east side of the Wallabout. Thus did *Death* reign *here*, from 1776, until the peace. The whole Wallabout was a sickly place during the war. The atmosphere seemed to be charged with foul air from the

prison ships, and with the effluvia of the dead bodies, washed out of their graves by the tides.

"We believe that more than half of the dead buried on the outer side of the mill pond were washed out by the waves at high tide, during north-easterly winds. The bones of the dead lay exposed along the beach drying and bleaching in the sun, and whitening the shore; till reached by the power of a succeeding storm, as the agitated waters receded, the bones receded with them into the deep—where they remain, unseen by man, awaiting the resurrection *morn!* when again joined to the spirits to which they belong, they will meet their persecuting murderers at the bar of the Supreme Judge of 'the quick and the dead.'

"We have ourselves examined many of the *skulls* lying on the shore. From the teeth they appeared to have been the remains of men in the prime of life.

"The prisoners confined in the Jersey, had secretly obtained a crow-bar, which was kept concealed in the berth of some confidential officer, among the prisoners. The bar was used to break off the port gratings. This was done, in windy nights, when good swimmers were ready to leave the ship for the land: in this way a number escaped.

"Capt. Doughty, a friend of the writer, had charge of the bar when he was a prisoner on board of the Jersey, and effected his escape by its means. When he left the ship he gave the bar to a confidant to be used for the relief of others. Very few who left the ship were retaken: they knew where to find friends to conceal them, and to help them beyond pursuit.

"A singularly daring and successful escape was effected from the Jersey, about four o'clock one afternoon, in the beginning of December, 1780. The best boat of the ship had returned from New York, between three and four o'clock, and was left fastened at the gangway, with her oars on board. The afternoon was stormy; the wind blew from the north-east, and the tide ran flood. A watch word was given, and a number of prisoners placed themselves, carelessly, between the ship's waist and the sentinel: at this juncture four eastern captains got on board the boat, which was cast off by their friends. The boat passed close under the bows of the ship, and was a considerable distance from her before the sentinel on the forecastle gave the alarm, and fired at her. The second boat was manned for a chase: she pursued in vain; one man from her bow fired several shots at the boat, and a few guns were fired at her from the Bushwick shore; but all to no effect—the boat passed Hell-gate in the evening, and arrived safe in Connecticut next morning.

"A spring of the writer was a favourite watering place for the British shipping. The water boat of the Jersey watered from the spring daily, when it could be done." *Our* prisoners were usually brought on shore to fill the casks, attended by a guard.

The prisoners were frequently permitted to come to the house to get milk and food; and often brought letters privately from the ship. By these the sufferings on board were revealed.

"Supplies of vegetables were frequently collected by Mr. Remsen, (the benevolent owner of the mill,) for the prisoners; and small sums of money were sent on board by the writer's father to his friends, by means of these watering parties."

New York Prisons and Prison Ships. The numerous prisoners taken at Long Island and at Fort Washington, brought a great and sudden accession of American sufferers to the city. These filled the common prison, the hospital, the college, the churches, and sugar-houses. The Pennsylvanians who were then captured, thought they were sacrificed too readily to the jealousy of the eastern men! The Quaker meeting-house in Pearl street, was used as an hospital. "In the gloomy, terrific abode, (the Provost prison,) says Mr. Pintard, were confined many American officers and citizens of distinction, as well as common men, waiting with sickening hope and tantalizing expectation, the protracted period of their exchange or liberation." It was the practice of Captain Cunningham, (the Irish bully,) to give them the worst of provisions, in lieu of good ones, and to put the difference of value in his own pocket!—making himself rich on the woes of others.

The sufferers in the prison ships fared still worse; they were chiefly under the charge of Loring, a refugee from Boston, and one David Sprout, a Scotchman, and a couple of assistants. The severities they meted out to the poor prisoners, is *feelingly told* in a scarce publication, by the Rev. Thos. Andros, who when a youth, was in a privateersman out of New London. He had been in the old Jersey with 1200 prisoners at a time, and he supposes that 11,000 must have perished from her hulk, of dysentery, small-pox, and yellow fever. Near her were two hospital ships, so crowded that they could receive no more, and therefore the sick and the healthy had to remain together. From such a place, there was no hope of escape with life, but by *money;* those who could find means to *bribe* the under officers in charge, could readily find men as treacherous to their trusts, as inhuman to the sufferers. Another published account of their sufferings, appeared in the Connecticut Journal of 30th January, 1777, written by a sufferer, who saw and felt by his own experience all those evils, so touchingly depicted of the Black Hole of Calcutta.

American Prisoners in New York. In the month of December, 1777, the various receptacles of prisoners in New York, disgorged their wretched contents. A large portion of those released were sent into the adjacent country to seek relief where they could find it. A number of them were so debilitated by famine and disease, that they fell down and died in the streets of New York, before they could reach the vessels at the water side, in which they were to have been passed over to Jersey. When they were

landed, a considerable part of them were sent forward in wagons, as being unable to travel on foot. Those who were able to walk, followed the wagons; and such another company of miserable human beings, pallid, emaciated, begrimed with dirt and smoke, and in every way squalid in the extreme, the eye of man has seldom beheld. Such was the description which I had from a clergyman of Paterson, N. J., who saw them when a boy, and who saw a dozen of the poor sufferers laid down at his father's door, to engage his humanity in their keeping. In such a caravan of sufferers, *my own father*, came home from the New York Provost, but carrying health and determined spirit.*

It has always been to me a strange and unexplained thing, why *the American* families, in New York, did not do more than they did for the prisoners, while the British merchants in London subscribed twenty thousand dollars for the American prisoners in England. We hear nothing of similar doings by New Yorkers at home! They could not have been all tories, and all hard-hearted, and yet somehow they were sadly neglected.

The British Fleet in the North river at New York, were driven off in great haste by a sub-marine explosion, produced under the Asia man of war, by the skill and enterprise of two clever Connecticut men.

Mr. Bushnell of Saybrook invented it, and Captain Ezra Lee, of Lyme, (where he died in 1840,) was the intrepid navigator. He was gone all night out under the bottoms of the several ships, trying to affix his vertical screw to their *copper* bottoms. Early in the morning, however, despairing of success, he fired off near to the Asia. It was seen by Gen. Washington and his suite from the top of his residence, in New York, and soon after Capt. Lee returned in safety. The British were driven down to the Hook, from sheer fear of such invisible and mysterious assailants, and thus we got rid of the unwelcome visitors for a time.

West Point and British doings about it, in the time of the Revolution. Col. W. L. Stone, has written a good article, called the "language of flowers," wherein he tells the tale of the beautiful and accomplished, and finally abandoned daughter of Major Moncrieffe, of the British engineers, having managed to get herself surprised and captured, so as to be placed in the family of Gen. Putnam, then commander of West Point. While there, she used to amuse the general with her drawings and groupings of flowers, which were so chosen and disposed as to picture to her father's experienced eye the plans and state of the Fort, &c. Col. Burr, however, who was his aid, and her admirer, thought he discerned the stratagem, and affecting to admire it,

* To be in a common prison *then*, was a too common incident. Thus Judge Stockton, LL. D., a member of Congress, was taken and so imprisoned. Judge Fell, of Bergen county, and Col. Ethan Allen were also there.

seized upon it, demanded of her to name her price for it, to which she answered "her safe return to New York," which was granted.

This same young lady had some other remarkable incidents in her life. She was married against her will *for money* to an Irish officer of the name of Coghlan. [The last act in office, of the Rev. Dr. Auchmuty of Trinity Church.] They lived unhappily and separated, and she became successively the mistress of several noblemen, and of the late Duke of York. Her father Major Moncrieffe, settled in New York after the peace, and died there in 1791, from the bursting of a blood-vessel of *the heart;* and what is remarkable is, that this daughter then living in London, dreamed at the same time (10th Dec.) that she saw the funeral procession of her father, and that a bleeding heart was placed upon the coffin. So strong was this vision impressed upon her mind as a reality, of his death, that she actually went into deep mourning immediately. She lived long, and died neglected and poor—poor thing! "The way of the transgressor *is hard!*"

Sir Henry Clinton and his *cortege* of aids and favourites, made a daily gallop up Broadway to the fields, and then back again.

There might be seen the Hessian, with his towering brass fronted cap, mustachios coloured with the same *blacking* which coloured his shoes, his hair plastered with tallow and flour, and reaching in whip form to his waist. His uniform, blue coat and yellow vest and breeches, and black gaiters. The Highlander, with his low checked-bonnet, his tartan or plaid, short red coat, his kilt above his knees, and they exposed, his hose short and party coloured. There were also the grenadiers of Anspach, with towering black caps; the gaudy *Waldeckers*, with their cocked hats edged with yellow scallops. The German *Yagers*, and the various corps of English, in glittering and gallant pomp. Such were they seen day by day, where now fashion and business daily take their promenades.

The British officers performed at the John-street theatre; it opened in Jan., 1777, and continued several years. Dr. Beaumont, surgeon-general, was both manager and principal low comedian. Col. French played Scrub. Women's characters were performed by the youngest officers. Lieut. Pennefeather was *Estifania.* Major Williams of the artillery, was the hero of tragedy, the Richard and Macbeth; and his mistress performed Lady Macbeth, and was also used in comedy. Captains Delancey, Seix, Loftus, Bradden, *Andre*, Stanley, &c., performed.

New York City. It was the policy of Gov. Tryon, and other official persons, to speak of New York as a loyal or tory town, and the force and time which they were enabled to preserve there, gave the British peculiar chances of preserving a favourable bias at that place. The tories and refugees, were most

numerous on the seaboard side of the Jerseys. Dr. Franklin's son, *the governor of New Jersey*, was an active man in promoting tory and refugee enterprises against us.

Richmond Hill, now called Richmond Hill Theatre-Inn. This was originally built for Abraham Mortier, a wealthy gentleman, paymaster-general to the British colonial forces. It was on an eminence, surrounded by a park or *woods*, and was so occupied by Gen. Washington as his head-quarters in the revolution, and at other times by one of the British generals commanding in New York. It was *then* far out of town, and all around was rural; now it is all *city*, and built upon. The house itself, *let down* from its eminence, stands at the corner of Varick and Charlton streets, and is used as a tap-room or tavern to the theatre close by it. It was by going through the *thick woods* north of this house, that some of the American troops made their escape, under Col. Burr.

Kennedy House, No. 1 *Broadway*, was built before the revolution, for, and occupied by, Capt. Kennedy of the British navy. It was once the head quarters of Gen. Putnam, while he held a short command at New York, afterwards of the British commanding generals.

Defences back of Brooklyn. These consisted of lines and redoubts, constructed by Gen. Lee, and occupied by Gen. Putnam; we lost them, very much by a want of concert among our own officers.

Corlear's Hook was surrounded by batteries, used by the Americans.

Bayard's Mount, was a small cone-shaped mount, on which we erected a small fort, near the corner of Mott and Grand streets. It looked down upon the distant city, having the Kolch between.

The House and Garden of Nicholas Bayard, were on the north side of the Kolch, and not far from the aforesaid mount. To the west of these, were swamps and woods, and to the northeast, were orchards and woods. Now all these places are in the thickly settled city part of New York!

The Great Conflagration of New York in 1776. This was probably an affair of accident, one however recommended by our Gen. Greene, and *rejoiced* in by many patriots; and perhaps for that reason believed by the British to be an affair of design, to dislodge them from their comforts and influence. Gen. Howe, in writing to his government concerning it, says that matches and combustibles had been prepared with great art, and applied by incendiaries in several places. Many (he says) were *detected*, and some killed upon the spot by the soldiers.* At that time all

* Gen. Washington's letters to Congress, on the 2d and 8th of Sept., 1776, (since published,) show that he thought its burning rather advisable, to prevent the British from having such good quarters.

the houses from the present City hotel, up to St. Paul's, were of wood, and small. Many low people, used the remains of the houses to make temporary hovels, covered with canvass, and therefore nicknamed, Canvass-town.

Devotion to the Revolutionary struggle. When Gov. Trumbull of Conn., early in the war, made a call of patriotism upon the exempt from militia duty, to volunteer their services; the town of Waterbury made up a company of 24 aged men, whose united age amounted to 1000 years, and they were the first of their regiment who reached *New York*, in January, 1777. They were all married men with families, leaving behind them their wives with 149 children; one of them of the age of 58, had had 19 children and 12 grandchildren.

I knew a reverend gentleman and a scholar, in Morris county, N. J., who said that he and other boys at his school, were anxious to arrive at their eighteenth year, on purpose that they might be enrolled in the militia, and thus be obliged to go into service against the will of their parents. They looked to the coming of age, as to a day of freedom. He and others went and served their term, and rejoiced in all the exposures of action. It was *a common* feeling, and high spirits and buoyant hearts enjoyed the peril. They did not seek for commissions, but only desired to encounter and defeat or repel the enemy. I knew a young schoolmaster of Bucks county, who actually enlisted in Wayne's regiment, and was made a sergeant, from his pure love of country and his desire to help as he could, in a time of need. Many however, faltered and chilled as the war prolonged, and they were vexed with the conduct of sundry selfish men. Even the celebrated Col. Burr, at the age of sixteen, left his college and went as a volunteer in Arnold's *winter* expedition against Quebec. All those who went into the naval service, never stopped to make terms beforehand, for themselves or families in case of their being wounded or killed. It is really wonderful, *the spirit* which sustained and impelled the whigs then. All of Col. Smallwood's Maryland regiment, *dressed in hunting shirts*, were young farmers of good estates near Baltimore.

It is a fact deserving of peculiar recollection and interest, that in the revolutionary struggle, there was no man and no family which did not enter into its spirit and feeling with the deepest concern. This was peculiarly the case with all conditions of men, who were of fighting age, because none of such were exempted from the service of the war, either by being drafted (if not already volunteers), or by costs for substitutes. The very nature of the *militia service*, by which the war for seven years was sustained in all the states, and their short and frequent service therein, brought out *the whole population in the course of time*, so that *all*, eventually, had more or less of its peril and endurance. From this cause, every family in the Union was brought within its influ-

ence, and felt deeply its bereavements and vicissitudes. In this matter it was probably like no other known war for its universal hold on the people.

From such causes, it was a fact, for several years after the war had ended, that, travel where you would, by sea or by land, or wherever you stopped by the way at inns, &c. you constantly saw men saluting each other in the most cordial and affectionate terms, as "old soldiers," and falling into stirring recognitions and recitals of their perils together, in given *battles* and campaigns. Every body you met, wherever you journeyed, had something to say of their recollections and reminiscences of the past, and all such had always welcome audiences from all others present. It was then an ordinary affair in all of our cities and villages, to meet with men bearing bodily signs of being halt or maimed thereby. It was also very common to see several acting as beggars, claiming to have been old soldiers, and wearing some relic of military array, such as a cap and buck's tail, to arrest public sympathy and contribution.

It was so, that even that portion of the people who were exempt from military service, such as the aged, the women, and the tories, were all brought into full feeling with the arduous struggle, by their necessary sympathies with those who had to put forth their efforts, either for or against the final termination. Thus we learn from Dr. Rush's work on the mind, that there was an actual disease induced, known, and understood in several of the states, as the "Tory rot" and "the Protection fever," embracing within its range, "those *friends* of Great Britain, and those *timid* Americans, who took no public part in the war." Many of them died of it. *We must not forget these things.*

The Alliance frigate. As a well known matter belonging to the incidents of the war of the revolution, we here give some notice, with a picture, of the frigate Alliance, one of the most fortunate vessels of that period, and as the only one which escaped destruction or capture.

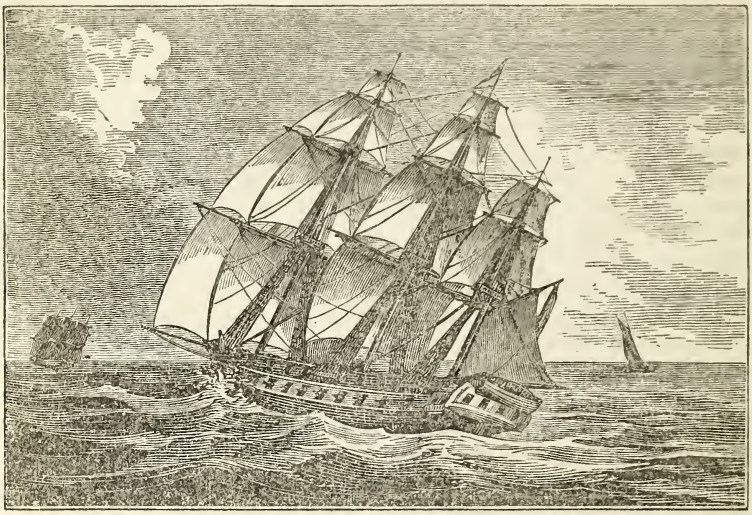
She was in many engagements, and always victorious. She was a remarkably fast sailer, could always choose her combat, and was equally good to fight or run away. Twice she bore the fortunes of La Fayette across the ocean. At one time she was commanded by Paul Jones, at which time, she bore the then national flag of the coiled up rattlesnake and thirteen stripes. At another time she was commanded by Capt. Barry.

After the war, she was used as a merchantman, and was the second vessel from Philadelphia to Canton—sailed June 1787, commanded by Capt. Reed, made her return to Philadelphia the 17th Sept. 1788.

She was built at Salisbury up the river Merrimack, was named in honour of our alliance with France in 1778, and then had as a

compliment to that nation, Capt. Landais, a Frenchman, for her commander.

Finally she was condemned and her hull laid ashore on Petty's Island at Philadelphia, where her keel and timbers still live a monument of the *connection* between the former and the present navy. From her remains, relics have been preserved, and we here add her portrait in memory of her services and history.



When we contemplate the actual state of our revolutionary navy, fighting as "rebels" with halters round their necks—in imagination, engaging in unequal conflicts with a powerful enemy so ascendent in force as to be able to destroy as fast as we could find means to create, we cannot but admire at the indomitable spirit, which could so unequally contend against such fearful odds. Nor is this all; for it is told, to their honour, that none who so engaged, had any provision by law, for themselves or families, in case of wounds, decayed health, or actual destruction. They asked no previous terms or conditions; but went to sea with willing hearts, inspired by patriotic impulse. Their actual story has never been told! Of all the three hundred and fifty souls blown up in the Randolph frigate in her encounter with the Yarmouth man of war, not more than one family ever received any thing from the public purse. They had no chroniclers to inscribe their venturous darings. We have only the memoirs of Capt. Nathaniel Fanning, an inhabitant of New York, to tell us of their daily perils and fearful conflicts on the mountain wave. Much we still need some chronicler to tell us of the actions of the *Refugee boats and par-*

ties, coasting along the sound, and about the inlets and coasts of Long Island and New Jersey: making predatory invasions upon the seaboard inhabitants, under circumstances of aggravated insult and injury; producing no essential benefit to the cause of the enemy, but causing distress and misery wherever they landed and pillaged and laid waste.

Aged people must still live in New York, who must remember the departure and return of numerous expeditions from that place for such purposes of devastation, because that city was their place of outfit and refuge. They consisted of brutalized and embittered *Americans*, who had abandoned former homes and connections, and were so chosen to act upon their former friends and neighbours, because they best understood how easiest to reach and injure them.

Our little navy was begun *first* by little Rhode Island, with only two schooners, in 1775. The same state was also *the first* to recommend to Congress the formation of a national naval force, which was first begun by a force of *thirteen* vessels in December 1775. Soon after, Massachusetts fitted out several armed vessels which bore for their flag, a *pine tree* on a white ground, with the motto, "We appeal to Heaven." The first naval battle took place about three weeks after the battle of Lexington, when *Capt. Wheaton* had the pre-eminence of being *the first* to cause the striking of the British flag. At this early period, Gen. Washington undertook to get up and send to sea an expedition of six vessels, and was obliged in his instructions to address them as a part of the army, detached for such a service!

At this commencing period of the revolution the national flag as borne from Philadelphia and Virginia, and perhaps from other states, consisted of thirteen stripes with a rattlesnake coiled and ready for attack, with the motto "Don't tread on me." A device much commended at the time in the London Morning Chronicle, of July 1776.

It is painful to consider how many *thousands* now individually "unknown to fame," became the victims of their early efforts for their country, and came too soon to mingle their bones among the dead prisoners of the Wallabout. Let us revere their remains. They contended and died for country and home, and we now enjoy in peace their sacrifices and efforts! Will any consider?

RESIDENCES OF BRITISH OFFICERS.

"In all the pomp and circumstance of war."

As it aids our conceptions of the past to be able to identify the localities where men conspicuous in our annals of the revolution dwelt, I set down the mansions which some of them then occupied.

Gen. Gage, before the revolution, dwelt in the large house, now Young's cabinet rooms, No. 69 Broad street. There Gage had that house splendidly illuminated in 1762, for the news of the Stamp Act repealed, probably as a measure to conciliate the people. In the same house once dwelt Gen. Alexander, afterwards our Lord Stirling.

Governor Tryon lived, after his residence in the fort was burnt, in the house now the Bank of New York, at the corner of Wall and William streets.

Gen. Robinson, commandant of the city, lived at one time in William street, near to John street. At another time he lived in Hanover Square, now the premises of Peter Remsen & Co. No. 109. He was an aged man, of seventy-five years of age.

Col. Birch, was also commandant of the city a long while, and lived in Verplank's house, the same site on which the present Bank of the United States, in Wall street, stands.

The residence of Admiral Digby, and indeed of all the naval officers of distinction arriving on the station, was Beekman's house on the north-west corner of Sloate lane and Hanover Square. There dwelt, under the guardianship of Admiral Digby, *Prince Wm. Henry.* The same since king of England. What associations of idea must be produced in the minds of those who can still remember when he walked the streets of New York in the common garb of a midshipman's "roundabout," or when they saw him a knocked-kneed lad, joining the boys on the Kolch pond. Could he again see New York, he would not know the rival London.

Gen. H. Clinton had his town residence at N. Prime's house, (first. built for Capt. Kennedy,) at No. 1 Broadway, on the Battery. His country house was then Doct. G. Beekman's, on the East river, near Bayard's place.

Sir Guy Carlton also occupied the house of N. Prime; and for his country residence, the house at Richmond hill, on Greenwich street, afterwards the residence of Col. A. Burr. Lord Dorchester also dwelt at the latter house. It has now been lowered twenty-two feet, to make it conform to the surrounding new streets and improvements.

Gen. Howe dwelt in N. Prime's house at the south end of Broadway next to the Battery.

Gen. Knyphausen, commander of the Hessians, dwelt in the large house, even now grand in exterior ornaments, &c., in Wall street, where is now the Insurance Co., next door eastward from the New York Bank.

Admiral Rodney, when in New York, occupied for his short stay the house of double front of Robert Bowne, No. 256 Pearl street.

Governor Geo. Clinton had his dwelling in the present "Redmon's Hotel," No. 178 Pearl street. It was splendid in its day, of Dutch construction; it had a front of five windows and six dormer windows; its gardens at first extended through to Water street, which was then into the river.

All along the front of Trinity church ground, called "the English church" formerly, was the place of the military parade, called by the British "the Mall." There the military band played, and on the opposite side assembled the spectators of both sexes.

I bestowed unusual pains to ascertain the residence and conduct of the traitor Gen. Arnold. I found such variety and opposition of opinion, as to incline me to believe there was some intentional obscurity in the residence, as a better security to his person against capture. The weight of evidence, however, decides me to believe he dwelt at two places in New York; and that his chief residence, as a separate establishment, was at the west side of Broadway, and at the third house from the river.

There Mr. Rammay said he dwelt, and had one sentinel at his door; whilst Sir. H. Clinton, at Prime's house at the corner, had two. John Pintard, Esq. told me of his being present at Hanover Square when his attention was called by whispers, "not loud but deep," of, "see the traitor general!" He saw it was Arnold, coming under some charge from Sir Henry Clinton at the Battery, to Gen. Robertson, then understood by Pintard to be the commandant of the city. It was said, that after the usual salutations with Robertson, he requested his aid Capt. Murray, a dapper little officer, to show Gen. Arnold the civilities and rarities of the place. The spirited captain strutted off alone, saying, "Sir, his Majesty never honoured me with his commission to become gentleman-usher to a traitor!"

There seems almost too much point in the story to be strictly true, but it was the popular tale of the day among the Whigs incog. Mr. L. C. Hamersly told me he saw Arnold at Verplank's house in Wall street, where is now the United States Bank; and then he thought Arnold lived there with Col. Birch. Robert Lennox, Esq. thought he lived with Admiral Digby.

Gen. Arnold was born in Norwich, Conn., in Jan. 1740, where he had been apprenticed to an apothecary. At one time he was in

business at New Haven, and the sign is still preserved, which he once there used as designating his pursuits. It read thus, viz :

B. ARNOLD, DRUGGIST,
BOOKSELLER, &c.,
FROM LONDON.
*Sibi totique.**

It was a singularity to have thus named himself as being *from London*, where he had indeed been. He was known at the commencement of the revolution, to have been mostly engaged in the trade of shipping horses and mules to the West Indies. His name, in German, expressed *a maintainer of honour!*

After his elevation to the general, he became vainglorious and prodigal of expense beyond his means, and when he married Miss Peggy Shippen, a distinguished belle of Philadelphia, a daughter of Judge Shippen, his habits of expensive living became extravagant. Many have thought, that the bias of herself and father to the British side, assisted to corrupt his integrity to the American cause. She had been the toast of the British officers, while their army occupied Philadelphia, and besides, had been the friend and correspondent of Major Andre. Arnold after his marriage, encouraged that correspondence, until at length, it was opened more directly between the two officers themselves, and finally, led to the treachery.

Gen. Arnold died in London, in 1801, unhonoured and unnoticed there; and afterwards his wife returned to the United States, *incognito*, and died at Uxbridge, Mass. at the age of eighty-three years, on the 14th Feb. 1836. Col. Burr has said, that her pride and ambition, perverted her husband's integrity of action and feeling.

Their only son and daughter (he being a British subaltern) went to reside in the East Indies many years ago. Another account in the London Spectator of 1838, says, that two sons are then in England, say James R. and Wm. F. aged fifty-seven and forty-four, and that each receive a pension of £81 a year. He had five children by his first wife. Two or three of his sons were schooled at the Academy at Philadelphia.

* For himself, for the whole, or for all—"*for himself*," was selfish indeed!

As it may interest some of our readers to know something of the personal appearance of officers about whom they have so often heard and read in our history, we here add some brief notices described by an accurate observer, to wit:—

Sir Wm. Howe was a fine figure, full six feet high, and admirably well proportioned. In person he a good deal resembled Washington, and might have been mistaken for him at a distance. His features, though good, were more pointed, and the expression of his countenance was less benignant. His manners were polished, graceful, and dignified.

Sir Henry Clinton was short and fat, with a full face, prominent nose, and an animated intelligent countenance. In his manners he was polite and courtly, but more formal and distant than Howe; and in his intercourse with his officers, was rather punctilious, and not inclined to intimacy.

Lord Cornwallis in person was short and thick set, but not so corpulent as Sir Henry. He had a handsome aquiline nose; and hair, when young, rather inclined to sandy; but at the time of his leaving here, it had become somewhat gray. His face was well formed and agreeable, and would have been altogether fine had he not blinked badly with his left eye. He was uncommonly easy and affable in his manners, and always accessible to the lowest of his soldiers, by whom he was greatly beloved. With his officers he used the utmost cordiality.

Gen. Knyphausen, who commanded the Germans, was a fine looking German, of about five feet eleven, straight and slender. His features were sharp, and his appearance martial.

Tarleton was below the middle size, stout, strong, heavily made, with large legs, but uncommonly active. His eye was small, black, and piercing; his face smooth, and his complexion dark; he was quite young, probably about twenty-five.

Col. Abercrombie, who afterwards gained so much eclat in Egypt, where he fell, was one of the finest built men in the army; straight and elegantly proportioned. His countenance was strong and manly, but his face was much pitted by the small-pox. When here he appeared to be about forty.

ANCIENT EDIFICES.

The venerable pile, by innovation razed.

The *Walton House*, No. 324 Pearl street, was deemed the nonpareil of the city in 1762, when seen by my mother, greatly illuminated in celebration of the Stamp Act repealed. It had been built in 1757, and was then intended to show the best style of *English* construction, and of course, as marking a set purpose of avoiding the former Dutch style. It has even now an air of ancient stately grandeur. It has five windows in front, constructed of yellow Holland brick; has a double pitched roof covered with tiles, and a double course of balustrades thereon. Formerly its garden extended down to the river. The family is probably descended of the Walton, who, a century ago, gave the name of "Walton's Ship Yard," at the same place. Wm. Walton, who was one of the council, and the first owner of the above house, made his wealth by some preferences in the trade among the Spaniards of South America and Cuba.

There are at present but four or five houses remaining of the ancient Dutch construction, having "pediment walls" surmounting the roof in front, and giving their gable ends to the street; a form once almost universal.

In 1827 they took down one of those houses in fine preservation and dignity of appearance, at the corner of Pearl street and Old slip, marked 1698. About the same time they also took down another on the north-east side of Coenties slip, marked 1701. The opposite corner had another, marked 1689.

In Broad street is one of those houses marked 1698, occupied by Ferris & Co., No. 41. Another, appearing equally as old, but of lower height, stands at the north-east corner of Broad and Beaver streets. These, with the one now standing, of three stories, No. 76 Pearl street, near Coenties slip, are, I think, the only ones now remaining in New York.—"The last" of the Knickerbockers.! The passion for modish change and novelty is levelling all the remains of antiquity.

The ancient "*Stadt Huys*," formed of stone, stood originally at the head of Coenties slip, facing on Pearl street towards the East river, is now occupied by the houses No. 71 and 73. It was built very early in the Dutch dynasty, 1642, and became so weakened and impaired in half a century afterwards, as to be recommended by the court sitting there, to be sold, and another to be constructed. The minutes of common council, which I have seen in Gen. Morton's office, are to this effect;—In 1696 it is

ordered that inquiries be made how the "City Hall," and the land under the trees by Mr. Burgher's path, would sell. In 1698 they agree to build the "new City Hall" by the head of Broad street, for £3,000; the same afterwards the Congress Hall, on corner of Wall street.

In 1699 they sell the old City Hall to John Rodman, for £920, reserving only "the bell, the king's arms, and iron works, (fetters, &c.) belonging to the prison," and granting leave also to allow the cage, pillory, and stocks *before the same*, to be removed within one year; and the prisoners in said jail within the said City Hall, to remain one month. In front of all these on the river side, was placed the Rondeal or Half Moon fort, where it probably assisted the party sheltered in the City Hall, while the civil war prevailed.

All these citations sufficiently show that here was really a City Hall as a court of justice, with the prison combined. All the tradition of the old men has been, that "*there* was once the old jail." We know from Dutch records that there was an earlier prison than this once within the fort, say in 1640. We know also, that this Stadt Huys was originally constructed by orders of Gov. Keift, for a *Stadt Herberg* or City Tavern. Soon after, it was made to serve both for the company's tavern and City Hall, at the same time. Here the partizans in the civil war held their fortress, and at them balls were fired from the fort; one of which, driving into a neighbouring wall, I have lately seen. In time, the numerous persons crowding the courts held in it, weakened the building, and made it needful to take it down in 1700. It would seem, that as "it was old and run to decay," a second building had supplied its place in 1701, as that was the mark which that house, taken down on the spot in 1827, then bore.

The *City Hall*, at the head of Broad street fronting on Wall street, stood out beyond the pavement in that street, and must have been finished in 1700. Its lower story formed an open arcade over the foot pavement. It was also the proper prison of the city, and having before it, on Broad street, a whipping post, pillory, &c. There, was also held the sessions of the Provincial Assembly, the Supreme Court, and the Mayor and Admiralty courts; it was also the place of election. It was finally altered to suit the Congress, and such as it then was has been preserved in an engraving done by Tiebout in 1789; the jail prisoners were at that time moved to the then "new jail in the Park." But the Congress removing to Philadelphia, through the influence of Robert Morris, as the New Yorkers set forth in a caricature, it was again altered to receive the courts and the State Assembly. Finally, all was removed to the present superb City Hall of "everlasting marble." It is curious respecting the City Hall, that it was originally constructed on the site and out of the materials of a stone bastion, in the line of the wall of defence along Wall

street; and after it was built, it is on record that it was ordered that it be embellished with the arms of the King, and the Earl of Bellermont, which, when done, the corporation ordered that the latter should be taken down and broken. What could that indignity mean, especially so near the time of his death, which occurred in 1701. The British while in New York, used the City Hall as the place of the main guard; at the same time they much plundered and broke up the only public library, then contained in one of its chambers. Its best style of appearance was on the occasion of being fitted up for the first Congress, under the Constitution, directed by the engineer, Major L'Enfant. It was in its gallery on Wall street, in April 1789, that Gen. Washington was inaugurated *the first President* of the United States. This important public ceremony, the oath of office, was done in the *open gallery* in front of the Senate chamber, in the view of an immense concourse of citizens collected in Broad street. The doors, windows, and roofs, of every house at the same time were thronged with charmed and exulting spectators. There this nobleman of nature, in his noble height and port—"the beheld of all beholders,"—in a suit of brown cloth of American manufacture, steel hilted small sword by his side, hair in bag and full powdered, in white silk hose and shoes with silver buckles, made his sworn pledge as President to Chancellor Livingston on a superb quarto Bible still preserved by St. John's Lodge, No. 1. How uprightly, intelligently and disinterestedly he executed his task and redeemed that pledge as the *Pater Patriæ* of his country, history will never cease to tell—to his fame and glory.

General Washington's first public dinner at New York. Judge Wingate, who was one of the guests, when Gen. Washington gave his first dinner after his inauguration as President, thus describes it *in his letter.* The guests consisted of the Vice President, the foreign ministers, the heads of departments, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and the Senators from New Hampshire and Georgia, the then two most northern and southern states. It was the least showy dinner that I ever saw at the President's table, and the company was not large. The President made his whole dinner on a boiled leg of mutton. *It was his usual practice to eat of but one dish.* As there was no chaplain present, *the President himself said a very short grace as he was sitting down.* After the dinner and dessert were finished, *one glass* of wine was passed round the table, *and no toast.* The President arose, and all the company, of course, and retired to the drawing-room, from which the guests departed as every one chose without ceremony." Days of simplicity!

The *first theatre* being destroyed in Beekman street, a second theatre was established in John street, between Nassau street and Broadway. There British officers performed sometimes for their amusement. Buonaparte's activity and vigour of mind would

have found them more characteristic and busy employ. It was well for us that the army had such material.

There were two ancient *Custom Houses*, one stood at the head of Mill street, a confined little place; a more respectable one, is the same now a grocery store on the north-west corner of Moore and Front streets. Mr. Ebbets, aged 76, remembered it used as such. At the same time the basin was open all along Moore street. The present N. W. Stuyvesant told me this was the same building once the "Stuyvesant Huys" of his celebrated ancestor. In front of the building was a public crane.

The *Exchange* stood near there, on arches, across the foot of Broad street, in a line with Water street; it was taken down after the revolution. Under its arches some itinerant preachers used occasionally to preach.

The *first Presbyterian Church*, built on the site of the present one in Wall street near Broadway, was built in 1719; and it is on record in Connecticut, that churches there took up collections to aid the primitive building.

To reflect on the changes working in New York, one is to consider that formerly, *Wall* and *Pine* streets, from Broadway to Pearl street, domiciliated exclusively the elite and fashionable of the city. Now there is not a solitary house occupied as a residence left. Scarcely a house of former days, though once elegant, is now there. In Pine street from Water street to Broadway, every former house is demolished, and in Wall street every former residence is gone. There is only left in the rear of the former stylish house of Mr. Jauncey, *the stable*, the same building now used, with sundry modifications, as the hall of the board of brokers. It may be deemed modest in them who are usually deemed lords of Wall street, to be thus satisfied with the lowliness of a stable.

Pearl street was also once a location for the residence of many respectable names and families, such as Gov. Geo. Clinton, Gov. Broome, Richard Varrick, Robert Lennox, Andrew Ogden, J. J. Glover, Samuel Denton, and many others of their class and standing—now business houses supersede all.

There was formerly along the present Chambers street, *a row of log houses, of one story.* Think of the change there, since then, including such houses of stately grandeur, as Verplanck's, Winthrop's, Wilke's, Gen. Lamb's, Buchannan's, Leffingwell's, Keese's, and Jauncey's.

French Protestant Church, "Du St. Esprit."—This antique building, the *oldest* of the old churches now remaining in New York, was erected in 1704, by the Protestant Hugonots, escaped from France, and settled at Brooklyn, New Rochelle, &c. When we contemplate the sanguinary persecution from which thy fled, and the happy and prosperous refuge which they here found;—leaving numerous respectable and wealthy descendants among us,

to perpetuate their names, we feel more than common veneration for this venerable remains of the olden time.

To those who have minds fitted for contemplation and consideration, it presents a place to visit for the sake of the moral and historical associations connected with its primitive worshippers.

When New York city contained but a population of 6000 souls, these French Protestants formed a little community of their own, —there, in that church, by themselves, they assembled and listened to the word of God and his Gospel, in their own tongue, and "having none to make them afraid." In this same church, divine service in French is still performed—in Episcopal order, every Sabbath day, at its location, in the rear of Pine street, near Nassau street.

Too many of their descendants have deserted the house of their fathers, or doubtless, the congregation would be much greater than it is, and the church itself might have been enlarged, or even pulled down to build greater. Such as it now is, we here portray in its picture, given in this book.

The reader, to enter into the spirit of these remarks, should visit such a church, and there consider, with us, that within those same walls, once sat many, gravely attired French men and women, very different in aspect and general dress, from the present generation of fashionable folk occupying their seats, and inheriting their names and legacies.

It is a part of the history, properly belonging to this church and people, that the Hugonots settled in Rochelle, as farmers, &c., were accustomed to walk, in whole families, every Saturday afternoon, twenty miles, to have one sweet day of Sabbath rest, in this their consecrated temple of worship! Christian worship must have meant something substantial then, when so arduously followed, for the sake of its "recompense of reward." Let their descendants and others consider this, and profit by the moral which the example affords.

But few persons, however, seem to regard the proper claims of this church to their notice or attention. It is hardly known to many even in New York, itself. Its low, grave, and sombre form, and monastic-like heavy tower, is eclipsed by more aspiring edifices.

To reflective and thoughtful people, however, the very walls with their past associations, should always awaken an interesting and profitable homily,—in such a place one has only to sit and think, and then the mind will moralize its own sermon! The very subject has already made us, so far our own preacher. But when the sermons there are given weekly in French, where are all the young students of French, in New York, that they do not crowd the Old French Church,—and why do so few consider!

REFLECTIONS AND NOTICES.

"When I travelled I saw many things,
And learned more than I can express."—Eccl.

In my travels about New York, looking into every thing with "peering eyes," I saw things which might not arrest every one, and which I am therefore disposed to set down.

New York, as a whole, did not strike me as a deformity that it had several narrow and winding lanes. I might prefer, for convenience of living, straighter and wider streets, as their new built ones in every direction are; but as a visitor, it added to my gratification to wind through the unknown mazes of the place, and then suddenly to break upon some unexpected and superior street or buildings traversing in another direction. It gives entertainment to the imagination, to see thus the lively tokens of the primitive Dutch taste for such streets; and the narrow lanes aided the fancy to conceive how the social Knickerbockers loved the narrow lanes for their social conveniences, when, sitting in their stoops in evenings on either side the narrow pass, they enjoyed themselves in social Dutch, not unlike the "social vehicles" now used for travelling up and down Broadway, and ranging the passengers face to face.

I felt also pleased and gratified with the great variety of painted brick houses, done of necessity, because their bricks are inferior generally, but giving them occasion to please the eye with numerous fancies.

This is peculiarly the town of "merry church-going bells." Their numerous spires as ornaments, seem to demand the others, as apologies for such expensive steeples.

There is something in New York that is a perpetual ideal London to my mind, and therefore more a gratification to me to visit than to abide. The stir and bustle;—the perpetual emulation to excel in display;—the various contrivances, by signs and devices, to allure and catch the eye;—the imitations of London and foreign cities and foreigners, rather than our own proper republican manners and principles,—struck my attention every where. The very ambition to be the metropolitan city, like London, gave them cares which are not to be coveted. Why do we want our cities, and even our country, dense with foreign population? Is there no maximum point, beyond which our comforts and ease must proportionably diminish? I fear so.

New York is distinguished for its display in the way of signs; every device and expense is resorted to, to make them attractive,

crowding them upon every story, and even upon the tops and ends of some houses, above. One small house in Beekman street had twelve signs of lawyers; and at 155 Pearl street, the name of Tilldon and Roberts was painted on the stone steps of the door!

"The very stones prate of his whereabouts."

In truth it struck me as defeating their own purpose, for the glare of them was so uniform as to lose the power of discrimination. It is not unlike the perpetual din of their own carriage-wheels along Broadway, unnoticed by themselves, though astounding to others.

These signs, however, had some interest for me, and especially along Pearl street, where they were of tamer character than in Broadway, and were so much the easier read. There I read and considered the nomenclature of the town. I saw by them that strangers had got hold of the business and the wealth of the place. "The busy tribes" from New England supplied numerous names; and the names of the Knickerbockers were almost rarities in their own homes! Judicious persons told me they thought full one half of all the business done in New York was "by the pushing Yankees," (I mean it to their credit!)—one fourth more by foreigners of all kinds, and the remainder left a fourth for the Knickerbockers; some of them in business, but many of them reposing *otium cum dignitate*, on the surprisingly increased value of their real estates. The ancients who still linger about as lookers-on, must sigh and exclaim, "strangers feed our flocks, and aliens are our vine-dressers!"

Having so spoken of the active *Yankees*, so much settling in New York *city* and still more throughout the state, it causes us to remember, that there was an eye to such a settlement, as a favourite home, even as early as the days of the Pilgrim fathers, when they were brought out in the Mayflower, and landed at the Plymouth rock. The fact was, that those same fathers presented their memorial to the Prince of Orange and the New Netherland Company on the 12th February 1620, setting forth, that they had a company of four hundred families, in Holland and in England, who were then desirous of embarking with their English minister, then living at Leyden, and speaking the Dutch language, to settle in New Amsterdam, for the alleged purpose "of planting there the pure christian religion, and converting the savages of the country to the christian faith." The petition, though much considered, did not however, from some cause, then take; and those who thus then inclined for New York, made their settlement in New Hampshire, cultivating and there improving a New England state, from which their sons in subsequent years, have emigrated to carry out in New York, their forefathers' earliest inclinations and wishes. Blessings and happiness attend them. If

for such a home the fathers *prayed*, behold the prayer answered (though it tarried) in the actual residences of their sons!

Jones' buildings, or Arcade, in Wall street, is a curious contrivance for mere offices—a real London feature of the place, where ground is precious. I deem it strange, that in so rapidly an enlarging city I should see no houses "to let;"—all seen occupied.

The frequency of fires, and their alarms, is one evil of over large population. The cry occurred every day or night I dwelt in the city. An old man (Mr. Tabelee) who had been twenty-eight years a fireman, told me, they never had an alarm of fire in summer, in olden time.

New York has now become an extremely finely paved city. Formerly many of their foot-walks had only the same kind of round pebbles which fill the carriage way. This gave occasion to Dr. Franklin to play his humour, in saying, a New Yorker could be known by his gait, in shuffling over a Philadelphia fine pavement like a parrot upon a mahogony table! Now, their large flag-stones and wide foot pavements surpass even Philadelphia, for its ease of walking; and the unusual width of their flag-stone footways, across the pebbled streets at the corners, is very superior.

In visiting two of the Reformed Dutch churches, my mind ran out in various meditations and reflections. I thought of the ancients all gone down to the dust—of their zeal and devotion to the decrees of the Synod of Dort and of God—of their hope that their own language would never be superseded within those walls which they had reared! Now, as I looked around among the congregation for Knickerbocker visages and persons, I saw no caste of character to mark their peculiar race. You may discern a German in Pennsylvania, as of a coarser mould; but not so the Netherland progeny in New York. Yet such as I found them they were the only and last remains of the primitive settlers of New Amsterdam; it was only in such a collection of descendants that you could hope to find, if at all, the *sesquipedalia names* of their ancestors, such as these:—Mynheers Varrevanger, Vander Schuven, S'ouwert Olpheresse, Vande Spiegel, Van Bommel, Hardenbroeck and Ten Broeck, Boele Roelofsen, Van Ruyven, Ten Eyck, Verplanck Spiegelaer, Van Borssum, &c.: not to omit the least of all little names, "De." These were names of men of property, on the earliest list assessed, now extant.

It is interesting to witness occasionally, here and there the remains of the ancient town, as the houses in some instances of humble wooden fabric, continue as they were. Thus in so conspicuous and wealthy a place as Broadway and the Park,—"tall mansions to shame the humble shed,"—we see at the south-west corner of Warren and Broadway, a collection down each street, equal to four houses each way, of small two story frames. Down Broad street, a central place, are still many very mean looking

low frames. They doubtless retain their places, because of paying better rents for their value than could be derived from more sightly edifices.

The New York painters of fancy wood are certainly peculiar in their skill in tasteful decorations or accurate imitations. It is displayed in numerous fine imitations of oaken doors; sometimes in marble pillars and posterns; some fine imitations of the pudding-stone columns, which cost so much in the capitol of Washington; but finally, I think nothing can excel the excellency of the painting of the north Dutch church pulpit, where Dr. Brownlee is pastor. Every touch of it is true to the character of the bird-eye maple, and having the finest possible polish.

With more time I might possibly have found out some rarely aged persons of good experience in the past. I saw Sarah Paul, a coloured woman, at No. 23 Lombardy street, of the rare age of *one hundred and fifteen* years,* as it was estimated. Her memory was too unstable to rest any remarkable facts upon, although she was sufficiently talkative. Another relic of "Lang Syne," was found in the intelligent mind and active person of old William Ceely, then an inmate of the Almshouse at Bellevue, at the advanced age of *one hundred and eight.* Only a year before, he walked one hundred and fifty miles, to see relatives in Connecticut. How strange to see such persons so long escaped the "thousand ills that flesh is heir to!"

As I had looked in vain for any thing like primitive remains of "Oranje Boven" in the Dutch churches of New York, I would fain have followed Knickerbocker himself to their "last hold" at *Communipaw,*—a name itself sufficiently sounding and mysterious to invite a stranger to an inspection and exploration, to learn if he could, what it means and what it exhibits. Its allurement to me would have been to catch there a living picture of those characteristics appropriated to it by its comic historian, saying, "it is still one of the fastnesses whither the primitive manners of our Dutch forefathers have retreated, and still are cherished with devout affection." The pleasure of a visit to such a place I was not favoured to indulge; but if it answers the description, it is the spot which the sons of Oranje Boven should specially consecrate to Dutch memory, by holding *there* their occasional festivals in rude simplicity; reviving there the recollections of their ancestors by crowning their festive boards with the very diet in kind which they once prized, such as Suppawn and Malk, Hoof Kaas, Zult, Hokkies en Poetyes, Kool Slaa, Roltetje, Worst, Gofruyt, Pens, &c.

In that very place, to *this day*, there are individuals in families, who still adhere to the former practice of using their sugar at tea

* She died in February, 1829; and in 1830, there died in New York, Anthony Vanpelt, at the age of one hundred and thirty years.

and breakfast, separate from the beverage; they putting their spoons into the sugar bowl, and eating it in small tastes, from time to time from the spoon, laid by the side of their cup. The same people are remarkable for the abundance of good things given at any one of such repasts; but it is a rule, not to place more than one of the extras on the table at a time; and as each one of these is consumed, then comes the other, and then another, &c., to the finish.

"Communipaw," is to be understood, as a corruption of the *commune* of Mr. Pauw.

If one should attempt to compare the chief distinguishing characteristics of New York and Philadelphia, it might be expressed in brief thus:—The former is all impulse, the other steadiness—one lives while it can and is dashing, while the other is a grave economist who while it wastes nothing enjoys everything. One is the city of the heart, the other is of the head. We could spend a brief season with one in exhilaration and excitement, and a long life of happiness and peace with the other.

New York is now no longer restricted to its Broadway. It has now other streets of width and buildings of grandeur. Formerly we were always thinking of its absence, when in its other cramped and winding passages.

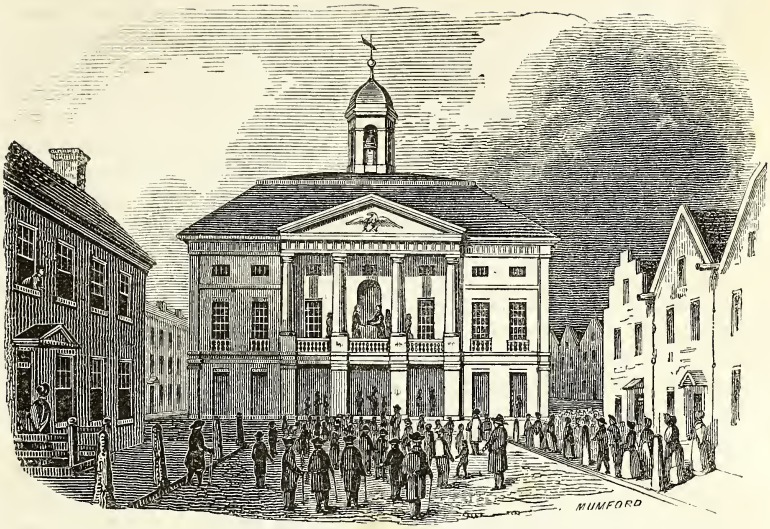
What a wonderful change of wealth and splendour, since it was once a city where legal money was "*seawant*, made of clam shells and periwinkles!" Now the city of *specie*, and now "the Great Emporium," of "the Empire State!"

Contemplating New York as she once was, and comparing her as she now appears, it is impossible to avoid the spontaneous emotions of surprise and wonder, to which we are stimulated at every change of place and point of observance. Looking back to the period of 1800, remembering things as they were, and seeing men and things as now, we cannot but notice their contrast of state and character. From a moderately sized city, she has become great, overrunning and effacing all former metes and bounds. Houses, such as once contented their former owners in size and finish, now all supplanted by large and magnificent mansions. Streets which were once narrow, crooked, and noiseless, are now straightened, widened, and surcharged with clattering vehicles. Public buildings which were formerly large and good enough, are now superseded by stately edifices. The quiet social habits of the former population, are overwhelmed by an excitable bustling race. Grandeur and magnificence are seen every where, crushing and overwhelming the vestiges of the past. With all these changes, comes the increase of troubles and perplexities in the city police and municipal government, superinduced by the onerous increase of irregular inhabitants. Merchants and business men hurry and drive faster, and are themselves driven far faster than their temperate and moderate forefathers. Everything

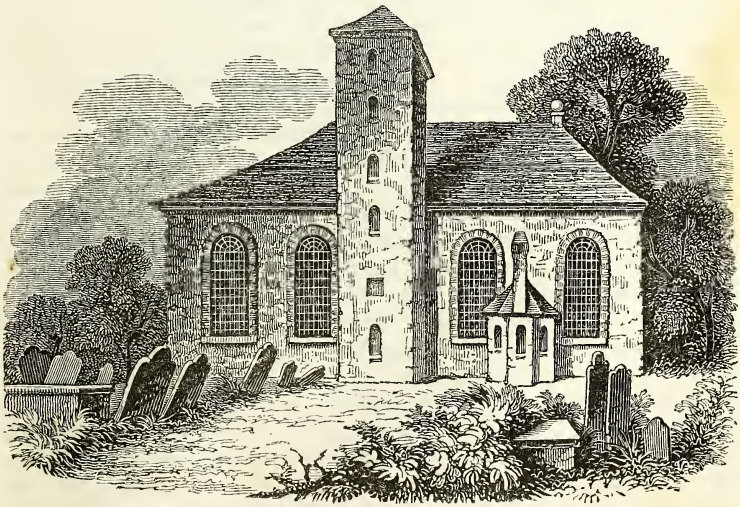
seems to partake of high steam pressure and power. Excitement and emotion seem stamped on many visages. Wall street seems an active hive of anxious operators. Refinement and splendour abound, while repose and comfort seem pressed aside. Too many are bent on sudden aggrandisement, and expose themselves to severe disquietudes and trials—trials in which they too often fail and quit the scene, to be filled by others, fully ambitious to take their place. Foreigners crowd in, and fill up all vacancies, bringing with them foreign habits, prepossessions, and morals. This so much so, as to give progressively, new features to society. Young men in the upper class, as they regard themselves, are more prodigal and profuse in their expenses and habits, and their corresponding young ladies are found their rivals in magnificence of dress and street display. How greatly have all articles of furniture and equipage altered—what numerous artificial wants are newly created—how many indulgences and refinements, which never entered the heads of their graver forefathers. We complain not of these things, while they will them so—we only express them as facts exciting observation. To a mind duly awakened to the subject, with an *information* commensurate with the change as it is, there must be noticed all the varying changes of the Kaleidoscope itself, and as such, we thus jot them down. Like Paul Pry we peer about and see, and "mean no offence" in their present grave mention.

Though but a looker-on in New York, like others of "no particular business;" I nevertheless felt myself occasionally charged with every body's concerns, and thought myself not unlike Knickerbocker himself—a mysterious gentleman, "very inquisitve, continually poking about town and prying into every thing;" seizing when he could, facts "trembling on the lips of narrative old age," just as they were "dropping piece-meal into the tomb." With the best intentions to be civil and unintrusive, a *quidnunc* must sometimestraverse gruff natures, who having no feelings in sympathy with the subjects of his inquiries, feel fretted by the kindest questions. They are indeed, not unfrequent occurrences; but when happening, are more likely to afford amusement to the patient inquirer, than to jade or vex him. I could readily supply a full chapter of anecdotes of such occasional adverse incidents, but one may here suffice.

Passing along a certain street, and seeing the house which had been once occupied as the primitive Methodist meeting-house then a small store, I concluded to step in and inquire whether any facts concerning its early days, had ever been spoken of in the presence of the present occupants. I had taken for granted that the inmates should be New Yorkers, but I was no sooner entered than I perceived it was used by a debonair foreigner, who with much vivacity and seeming politeness, was already on the *qui vive*, and earnestly approaching from a back apartment. It struck



Federal Hall, Wall Street, New York, and Washington's Installation, p. 351.



French Protestant Church, p. 34 and 153, 354.

me instantly as an affair *mal a propos* on both sides. For I could readily read in his countenance, that he expected in me a guest by whom to make his profit. It was not perhaps to the credit of the gentleman, that I should beforehand, conceive that he would revolt at any question about a "Methodist meeting-house," let me put it in what form of gentleness I would; but it was so. I had no sooner in set words of intended brevity, told the objects of my stepping in, than I perceived "the hectic of the moment" flush his cheeks, and I began to think that if I could only preserve my self-possession, I might see the veritable enactment of "Monsieur Tonson" himself. His first replication was, "Oh saire! what have I to do wid de Metodiste meeting?" Excuse me sir, I replied, *that* is what I cannot answer, because I came *to ask you* what you might have ever heard of this house.—"Why saire, what have *you* to do wid dis house?" Very much, said I, as a matter of curiosity; for here it was said was cradled a religious people, now the strongest in numerical force in the United States! "Ah saire, dat is noting to me .... I am no Metodiste!" Oh sir, said I, of that I am fully satisfied. "Then saire, wat do you want?" I told you that at first, sir, when I introduced myself and subject. "I have *no interest* in the subject," said he. So I perceive, said I; and I am only sorry I have engaged so much of your time to so little of mutual profit.

Perceiving him so tempest tost, on so small a subject, all "to waft a feather or to drown a fly!" I constrained him to hear me a little longer, while I should tell him a little of the primitive history of the house, under the plausible kindness of enabling him to give more direct answers to future inquirers, if ever again questioned concerning his very notable premises. His nervous impatience, in the mean time, was apparent enough, but he had to bear it, to please my humour; for it was impossible to quarrel with my gentleness and urbanity; and he, possibly, could not but be half afraid that his troubler "was lunatic and sore-vexed," as one too often affected from "the glimpses of the moon!" We parted with mutual bows and civilities; and both "preserved our honours."

Had I time and inclination for tales of other rebuffs, or for relations of the alarms I have sometimes generated, among possessors of dubious titles to given premises, they might equally amuse myself in their recital. Among such have been those, who as early as the war of the revolution, had become *quasi* owners by quietly stepping into the shoes of individuals gone abroad or killed in the war, and then by the aid of similar surnames at a distance, invented what titles they pleased. Others had procured what they held, by payments in legal tenders of worthless continental money, purchased for the purpose, at almost nothing. Such people would sometimes say, it must needs be a very idle and pernicious fancy, to be thus *peeking* into the concerns of other people;

and they could not forbear to express the wish, that people could learn "to mind their own business." To inquire too, into the precedent history of sundry families and their early associations, was to some a sore evil; and "the sense of which, to them was a most unmeaning enterprise"—none of the *Parvenues* like olden time researches. Others however, fallen into nobodies, showed an amusing vanity, in attaching themselves to some exalted trunk, from which they had dropt, by the misdoing of some parent scion of reckless caste, never to be ingrafted therein again. Such could be found to be most willing to use my services to exalt them, perchance, into some adventitious renown—such thought "the inquiries very commendable indeed."

The great fire of 1835, and the recent ambition for lofty buildings, have almost superseded the original character of Dutch houses. The former pediment walls and deeply pitched roofs, are now scarcely seen. Their entire difference from all other constructions in this western world, gave them a picturesque charm to the visitor. There is however, still some prevalence of another and later order of English architecture, which strikes one as more dignified and agreeable in its forms and proportions, than those tall, ambitious houses, carrying high heads upon small foundations. I mean those respectable looking double-front houses, of two storied elevation, formed of yellowish brick, and contrasted finely with brown stone entablatures, porticoes, &c. Such a one as is finely exemplified in Lorillard's house at Hudson's Square, and in another, the residence of John J. Astor.

But the great Mammoth Hotel of Mr. Astor's, is not to our taste. It has the sombre granite heavy walls, and little unadorned windows of a prison. It has not as much architectural taste of form and character, as the real Provost, near by, once of prison memory. There is in it a manifest stint of ornament, and it much needs lightness of carpenter work, or contrasted white marble, to relieve and adorn its heavy, gloomy mass of walls. It possesses no colonnades, like Lafayette Place, or airy ventilations to show off its inmates, or adequate means to let them look out upon the passing people. It has but one massy centre door; and when one sees the inmates going in, and that door closing upon them, one instinctively inclines to say, *farewell*, as though one should not expect to see their escape in case of an internal fire.

An aged gentleman tells me he remembers when the site of this granite hotel, was still a commons, or open field, on which the negroes from Virginia, inveigled thence by Lord Dunmore, in the revolution, were encamped. There they got the small-pox, died in great numbers, and were buried in the negro ground, in the rear of Chambers street.

The new University is an edifice far more to our taste. Philadelphians should feel themselves complimented by the general style of the whole square where it is situate: the University

itself being wholly of *white* marble, and the houses of the whole square being constructed after the manner of Philadelphia's best houses, of fine red brick, and all the window sills, and tops, and doorsteps, of fine *white* marble. The *coup d'œil*, gives a sudden impression of summer sunshine, and presents the idea of cheerful and cleanly residences. The contrast of this place with other squares of the city, is certainly very agreeable, even to those who, like ourself, have been sufficiently pleased with the frequent use of the grave and sober looking brown stone so often used in lieu of marble.

There is another thought suggested by the viewing of this University square, which is, that it might be a good measure in Philadelphia, to make a "New York Place," to be filled with houses after the New York manner, of brick and brown stone, with their iron palisade embellishments; and still another to be the "Boston Place," of sombre granite, &c.; so as to bring distant cities to our occasional contemplation.

It cannot but be subject of observation, that a city, once so wholly Dutch, should have so few remains of Orange Boven and and the Fader landt. The very streets, themselves, being generally of English appellation;—The Hœre graft and Nassau streets, being almost the sole names remembered of original name. Broadway, as a street was no doubt of English formation—it being in fact, at first, an extended *Parade*, once planted in the middle with trees by the British military, and called their Mall. It was too much out of town, and too highly elevated, on a ridge for Dutch predilections and business. They loved the low land; and above all, the Hœre graft, and its canal, since known as Broad street.

Those little demi-curved and triangular streets, so clustered and involved, at and about the region of Mill street, Beaver street, and Hanover Square, &c., so like the diagram of a fortification upon the map; around and through which, Dutch boys in tenbrœcks, and girls in linsey-woolsey, once hid and dodged, sported and played, shall now be forever gone, and their memory obliterated. Even now one desires to learn, if possible, what could have originally induced a block of buildings of wedge form in the very centre of the little triangular Hanover Square, so indispensable, to be demolished in after years, for the sake of convenience and room.

One cannot but think too, of the present wealth and grandeur of New York compared with its commencement, when it went on contentedly for many years, sufficiently satisfactory to many, with reed and straw roofs, wooden chimneys to many of the houses, and with oaken staves for roofs to its churches. When too, it paid its officers and ministers, and managed its commerce in peltry, tobacco, &c., with *seawant* shells, *tempora mutantur.*

In making these passing reflections and notices upon desultory subjects, we have been led to think a little upon ourself, and upon

the influences and causes, which have induced us to think and write upon these things.

I felt with Walter Scott, that I "dwelt with fondness on the rude figures of the olden time." I thought with Blackwood's Magazine, "that anecdotes of men and things, will have a charm, as long as man has curiosity."

I had been so led *by circumstances*, into the way of forming these Annals, that when I read Sewell's history of the Quakers, and noticed the reasons he assigned for that undertaking, I could not but feel that I could use some of his expressions—*as for myself*, in regard to the present work, to wit: "I was induced, (says he,) from the consideration, that the facts were so rare and wonderful *as not to be found in other histories:* and having made a beginning, I resolved to go on. I am not without thoughts that I was prepared to be instrumental for such a work; for several things I had noted down, years before I had thoughts to have composed such a history." Although, I have given many things, I have not given *all* which I had so written down. Add to this, that I have described several things well known to me, *which few besides myself possessed.* Many of them were noted down from the mouths of credible persons, which at the time, I did not suppose I should *ever publish.* Yet I took account of whatever seemed to me worthy to be left upon record. From such materials, I have *gleaned* what was most remarkable; and from this as a fund *I have endeavoured by variety of matter to quicken the appetite of the reader, and have, also, intermixed the serious parts sometimes, with the facetious.* Now, though my original collection was, as Ovid calls the chaos, "a rude undigested heap;" yet thence I have compiled the greatest part of my history." Such have been *his* operations, in his case; and such also have been mine! He also, like me, lived at a distance from the things he has recorded.

M. Michelet, in his book *the People*, has words in his Preface, which strongly express my *own* position. He says, "I have made this book *out of myself, out of my life, and out of my heart.* I have derived it *from observation, from my relations of friendship and from neighbourhood;* I have *picked it up* upon the roads. Chance loves to *favour* those who follow out *one continuous idea.* [So I often found it!] Above all, I have found it *in the recollections of my youth.* I had but *to interrogate my memory!*"

The Hon. Daniel Webster, who has done me the honour to commend my pursuits in these matters of the olden time, is herein brought to bear incidentally upon their character and worth, by what he has expressed in his late speech at the Plymouth celebration, saying, in his own pure and forcible English:—"It is wise thus to recur to the sentiments, and to the character of those from

whom we are descended. Men who are regardless of their ancestors, and of their posterity, are very apt to be regardless of themselves. The man who does not feel himself to be a link in the great chain to transmit life and being, intellectual and moral existence, from his ancestors to his posterity, does not justly appreciate the relations which belong to him. The contemplation of our ancestors and of our descendants ought ever to be within the grasp of our thoughts and affections. *The past* belongs to us by affectionate retrospect; while *the future* belongs to us, no less, by affectionate anticipation for those who are to come after us. And then only do we do ourselves justice, when we are ourselves true to the blood we inherit, and true to those to whom we have been the means of transmitting that blood."

"We demand (says a judicious writer,) entire *individuality*, as a first requisite in style, as in manners. The thoughts and feelings should be that of the writer himself alone." We willingly cite such authority to support and buttress ourself in the present work, for it must be obvious to many, that we *imitate* no one either in style or subject. For the former we have no apology, since it is only such as we have, that we *can* give; and as to the latter, it must be appreciated, by what it is worth to the reader. *The subject matter, is our forte.*

CONCLUSION.

In contemplating my work as now *finished*, I cannot but be sensible of the *peculiar* employment in which I have been engaged. I have been as one rescuing from the ebbing tide of time, the floating and perishing images of the past. They were to be seized now, or lost for ever. *Utilitarians* may little regard them; but the intellectual will respect them for their pictorial report to generations to come. I feel and know *my position.* It is like that felt and expressed by Col. Trumbull, when speaking of the images which he had preserved as a painter;—he saying, "I have executed a work—the result of a willing observance of things, for which no one lives *possessing the same materials;*—such as has *never been done before;*—and in which it is *not easy that I should find a rival.*"

It is indeed a wonder to myself, that I have so steadily felt the impulse to "note and observe;" and it may be equally surprising to some that it should have been so strongly felt, so diligently pursued by one, to "the place *not* native born," and himself at some distance from the places and facts described. He would have been glad to have been able to record his acknowledgments of assistance from New Yorkers themselves; but although some have been stimulated to aid by their written contributions, nothing has been done. The idle world of leisurely gentlemen, have been too busy, or too careless, to give time or attention to needful inquiries. The author, therefore, "stands *alone* in his glory."

Had he had more time to give to needful personal explorations, among the archives and official records, &c., he would have been glad to have set himself down to the general reading of the municipal and colonial *MSS.* Dutch and English records at New York and Albany,—to have there seen and extracted, as he could, any facts of *manners, men, and things* of the olden time, different from the present.—Such as could surprise, amuse, or benefit the present generation.

He would have liked to have investigated the records of the courts in the colonial times, for names of individuals, and facts of action, in Dutch and English proceedings. Such must be fruitful in the mention of their doings then. The presentments of grand juries, and the actions on their recommendations, must have incidentally explained a former state of things in society, morals, &c., with suggestions for improvements, changes, &c., and the required treatment to Indian neighbours about them.

Such aids I know how to appreciate, from the actual benefits derived from similar investigations, made successfully for the Annals of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, whereby I was enabled to unearth many of the hidden treasures of a buried age. The same I would fain have done for New York, had they been accessible to me.

With more of time, to have spent among the still living, of the ancients, I might have increased the store of their contributions, especially in such facts as these, to wit:—I might have enlarged the records of *notable* persons and *characters*, therein showing men and women *remarkable* for any thing,—whether as divines, physicians, militaires, poets, painters, inventors, mariners, artizans, eccentric individuals, aged persons, adroit or pernicious ones, rare criminals, benefactors, improvers, &c.; or among the females, women remarkable for beauty, wit, fortitude, misfortune, talents, dress, accomplishments, &c.

New York, during its long duress in the possession of the British army, must have been full of incident. Such as the conduct of the British officers and soldiery; notices of their deportment in families and in the social circle, among the inhabitants, or among themselves. We want something like a minute picture of things as they were. We want to know what alliances were formed, and who proved recreant to virtue and to duty, in either sex. We want to hear more of known facts to prisoners, notices of their arrivals, numbers, appearances, and disposals; notices of their sufferings, exposures, sayings, repinings, and deaths. Something of those, who were induced by hardships and hopes of relief to join the enemy, and to embody themselves by enlisting in Royal corps. Something, and even much, of those Americans who, from the first, heartily united to the Royal cause, constituted a a body of Marine Refugees, and who, in barges, pirated along our coasts, committing outrages upon the inhabitants. Who of these were most conspicuous for hardihood, barbarity and excess. How often did they depart and return, and what were the signs and accompaniments of their return. Something, too, of the departures and armaments of national vessels, or of arrivals of their prizes. Something more of the localities, and military displays, and exercises of distributed portions of the army in and about the city; also, notices of British proceedings in punishments to their soldiers, &c. Something of the American population of New York at that time, as observers and lookers on, whether as tories or silenced whigs. What is to be told of the society of British ladies, attached to officers; and what of our own belles, as regarded in their estimation. What of night restraints in going abroad, when meeting with sentinels, restricting street passengers from their common freedom. Something of officers and men visiting churches on the Sabbath, and of what kind of preaching and morals were their military chaplains. Something of American

persons visiting New York, stealthily, to see families, or to convey relief, if any, to prisoners.

All these and more, are suggestions arising from things as they were to an observing mind, and which might still be answered by those still alive, who might have been present as lookers on. If such should be stimulated to think and recollect upon what they had seen or heard, they might even yet become contributors to sundry of the public journals, for such parts as they could elucidate, so that in the end, facts from many hands, might produce an aggregate worthy of embodying as a whole, in some future Annals of New York. May not some who use fluent quills, stir up the garrulity of age, and report something in the premises?

Finally, as a general remark, it may be said to all and every one capable of adding to the store of traditionary lore, that they may find a guide whereby to enlarge their vision to the whole field of inquiry, by seeing the whole variety of *city objects*, as designated by the list of chapters found in the table of contents of the Annals of Philadelphia. Just so far as the latter differs in subjects from those of New York, it is imputable to the greater facilities for observation possessed by him for one city more than for the other.

"What I could, I've done,
Would it were worthier!"

APPENDIX.

The following notice of the great fire of 1835, being formed by an observer at the time without a design of publication, will come up with much newness and freshness to many, who have ceased to think of the subject. Although not sufficiently old in itself to belong to olden time, yet as it presents a notice of things not otherwise to be obtained, we here give it as something whose *record* should be laid up for remembrance.

THE GREAT CONFLAGRATION OF NEW YORK,

DECEMBER, 1835.

"A storm of fire, a surging sea of flame!"

The great conflagration of New York city, in December, 1835, —the greatest wonder and calamity, and befalling the greatest city, hitherto known to the Western world,—were subjects of sufficient excitement and interest, to induce a journey in mid-winter, purposely to visit the ruins, and to see the havoc and desolation which the devouring element had inflicted.

Such a scene of devastation can only be expected to occur once in a century, or but once in a life; and when the spectacle *once got up*, is showed off at such tremendous expense, and with such terrific display, it must surely be worth a journey of observation "to note and observe!" Such thoughts influenced my mind, and induced the visit to the scene of destruction, on Christmas day, the 25th of December, 1835, being eight days after the disaster had closed its career of ravage and dismay.

On my arrival in the city of New York, my first impulse was to inspect the awful ruins. In doing so, I was necessarily obliged to see, beforehand, the persons of numerous citizens at the wharves and along the streets. Their faces nor actions, indicated none of those excited feelings, which my own emotion might have suggested as very natural from the occasion. Indeed it was but too true, that the wonder of the occasion had much subsided; and this agreed with the fact before observed, in the intermediate

journey, that the mass of travelling passengers—equal to 150 persons, had already found out other topics of conversation and interest.

Soon, however, I entered upon the scene of ruin, and oh! what a scene—to comprise an area of 45 city acres, in absolute destruction. To see still the charred, the blazing and smouldering embers, to scent the tainted air, loaded with smoke from the still consuming parcels of cotton, coffee, tobacco, tea, cotton and woollen goods, still resting in cellars, covered with masses of bricks and broken granite. Of 528 buildings of the most costly fabric, of four and five stories height, which were consumed, only *one*, a conspicuous *Salamander*, was remaining;—Benson's fire-proof copper store, of four stories, upon No. 83 Water street. There it stood unscathed, an Oasis in the surrounding desert.

It was passing strange, to contemplate in one view, so great a mass of towering architecture as 528 houses of brick and granite, *all prostrated*, all gone down into their own tombs, in their several cellars; or in some cases tumbling into the narrow streets, and clogging up their passage. Here and there, were to be seen cragged and deformed fragments of standing walls, some of one story—some more slender and lofty, of two and three stories, acting as pointers and indices to the ruined area, and warning the inquisitive explorer like myself, to beware of coming within the verge of their expected fall. On some they had fallen and broken limbs, even while I was there. Amid these ruins, guided by the remains of the several former streets, were to be seen continuous lines of male and female passengers, come in holiday clothes from country villages, to behold the catastrophe. I speak of them generally *as strangers;* for in truth, as I afterwards ascertained, the proper inhabitants of New York, had already ceased to visit the place, as an affair of worn-out character superseded by something more recent, and of fresher news. Even as I overheard some gentlemen near the place, conversing and saying, that "usually their occasions of excitement lasted 24 hours; but here was *one* of 38 hours, and *now* no longer such." Truly, this destruction has fallen upon men of peculiar elasticity of spirit and enterprise. It is almost wholly upon the mercantile class, accustomed to risk and chance, and who are habituated to recover from mishaps and disasters. They were very generally *insured;* and so generally too, that the chief of their present concern, is the probability of the Insurance companies being unable to divide more than an average of fifty per cent. Yet losing as they must, there is no betrayal of heart-sorrow in the countenances of the street walkers, nor in the congregations of the churches. They still look wholly like their former-selves; yea more, they even give to other charities; for instance, at Dr. Brodhead's church where I was, they gathered in the annual collection for missionary purposes 320 dollars. It is probable that two thirds of all the

families in New York, might themselves become liberal contributors to the *sufferers.*

I visited the ruins both by day and by night, spending in such observations, from one to two hours at a time. It was sad to see the cartloads of goods, which could even at the end of a week or ten days after the fire, still be rescued from the heated cellars. Thus great piles of ready roasted coffee was brought out; piece after piece of calicoes and worsted, scorched and smoking, were drawn out of others; piles of prepared tobacco for chewing; numerous pigs of lead; masses of bar iron, and iron chains; cotton in bales burning in places and extinguished in others; labouring men, all dingy with the smut of the fire, working in many places to clear away the rubbish and to still preserve something from the flames.

The best and most extensive perspective view of the whole area, was to be seen from Coenties slip, looking thence across to the line of Wall street as a back ground. I was so impressed with the utility of preserving such a spectacle for people at a distance, and for posterity, that I immediately suggested to Col. Stone, the editor of the Commercial Advertiser, that a call should be made for some one or two lithographic views of the scene; and after I returned home, I directly prompted Mr. Breton to go on and endeavour to execute them. He agreed, but soon after declined, because of the proposed *diorama of the same* by Wright. Still however, *the print* is a desideratum.

The lurid glare of the night spectacle, seen as I saw it on the 28th of December, just before daylight, was awfully impressive. Fires of smaller dimensions could be seen every here and there, of goods still consuming, and affording enough of illumination amidst the general gloom, to show the explorer his path-way along the former streets. How different the quiet and desolate scene, from its recent busy mart of commerce. I met no individual, heard no voices, and had the whole silence and solitude to myself. I sat upon a heap of ruins near to a warming fire, and indulged in reveries and musings. I thought of *Tyre* of old, "whose merchants were *princes*, and whose mansions were *palaces.*" I thought of the quickening influences of commerce wherever they are *freely indulged* and not ignorantly *fettered.* I thought then of the unwise system which denied to *foreign* underwriters, (like the Phœnix Company of London,) the risk of *our* preservation, and *reserved to themselves* the sole privilege of *being responsible* for the calamities of their own people. The practical issue is, that the ruin of seventeen millions of property, is *a family concern of a whole city*, wherein *all* are mediately or immediately involved.

Although I had not seen the actual conflagration which began at Comstock and Andrews' store, on Merchant street, on the night of Wednesday, the 16th of December, and raged through all the

next day until Thursday evening, I could still imagine the terrific and appalling picture :—

> "Could see her flames from lofty mansions rise,
> And send their eddying columns to the skies;
> Where spreading fire makes night a brighter day,
> Nor skill nor courage can its fury stay—
> The richest merchandize of every name,
> The worth of millions, feed the flame,
> *And one vast ruin meets the aching eye.*"

In the time of the fire, when dismay and confusion were at their utmost height, great prices were offered and given for help in any needed form. Twenty dollars were given for a single cart load, and even one hundred dollars was asked and given. One merchant on South street, by the river side, who saw the high extortion on those who had not their own carmen at hand, offered and actually purchased a horse and cart for five hundred dollars, and thereby saved his own property of $80,000 by removal. My friends Clark and Smith, offered, *after the fire* had consumed their store, one hundred dollars to sundry bystanders, working men, to pull out their iron chest; it was soon done, and their books and even notes, were all saved, although so charred and injured, as to be necessary to transcribe the books.

It might surprise many to learn, that while I and others, travelled to the scene, from 100 miles, that there were numerous persons even in New York city, who never waked or heard of the fire. My own kinsman, Mr. B., up town, heard of some cry of fire about the time of his retiring to bed, but little regarded it; and he and his wife and two servants, actually slept out the whole night in Bleecker street, without knowing that there had been any fire, and that he had actually lost a large store worth $2500 a year rent.

Some others of my friends, near Houston street and Broadway, were at a wedding party, and although they heard of the fire at a distance at nine o'clock, not one of them left their entertainment till midnight; and then only one of them on his nearer approach homeward, saw or heard enough of the fire to influence him to go on to the place of desolation—there in his gala dress and dancing pumps, he had to set to work earnestly to pack up his store goods, near the Exchange, and send them to the Battery ground for safety—he eventually lost $2000. Three of the other guests went home to rest, and never heard of their losses until the next morning, when they found that their stores and all their contents were dissolved in fervent heat.

It is the strangest thing to contemplate, that nearly 600 houses of the loftiest and most expensive construction, should go down to absolute ruins in so short a space of time. One would think that *the bare walls* might be found standing; but it was not so. It is said that they build with insufficient width of wall for such large

superstructures of four and five stories; and above all, that the *cheaper* lime which they have preferred from Maine, Rhode Island, and Albany, &c., has been wholly unequal to that which Philadelphia county supplies to its architecture. The granite and marble pillars on which many of the fronts of the houses rested, were wholly unable to sustain the action of fire and water; and *fractured and rived* in such manner, as to be no support to the walls above them. The narrowness of the streets, and the undue elevation of the houses, (a sufficient warning to us,) prevented firemen from acting with effect. These circumstances, while they hindered men from aiding, greatly increased the action of the heat, so that such an intensity of fire, has never been surpassed. I saw china stores where the masses of broken china was vitrified in clusters, zinc and copper, from roofs, was found in the drenching form of gushing water, the masses of nails, screws, &c. in iron stores, were partially dissolved, and then cooled *in union.* I preserved some such fragments, and I also brought away a *whole* ewer, which had endured all the fire, at the china store of John Greenfield and sons, in Pearl street, close to where a china store was *blown up,* and caused the arrest of the fire at the head of Coenties slip, on Pearl street.

It was quite interesting to see numerous temporary signs, lettered on pieces of boards, and set upon poles stuck in the ruins, directing visiters *where to find* the former occupants of the places which they beheld. They were equal to several hundred names. One house which had actually *lost all,* and without insurance, *waggishly* put up their names with the words "the remains to be found at ——— &c."

The grandest and most imposing views of the great fire, were seen from Brooklyn, Weehawken, and Staten Island. There the whole city seemed in one awful sheet of flame, and the sky above was inflamed in reflected terror. The sea waters below, were all illuminated with fiery glare. On one occasion, turpentine which took fire on the wharf, ran down, all on fire into the water, and floated off, making a blazing sea of many hundreds of yards square. The shipping cut off from the wharves and made their escape in time, else their destruction would have been entire; for the very wharf logs, and wharf posts, along the river side of South street, 130 feet from the stores consumed, took fire and burned to destruction.

The illumination of this great fire was very far extended southward; even at the hills of Germantown, 100 miles off, and at sundry places equally distant in Jersey, the illumination of the atmosphere was witnessed and observed.

The number of fire-proof iron chests and safes, hanging to counting-house walls, or lying pell mell in the ruins, and bruised and broken into useless forms, were very striking evidences of their insufficiency to secure the possessors from loss of their papers.

It so happens that this dreadful loss has occurred exactly in that part of New York, of *primitive* location, which contained the most of the remaining evidence of the first construction of narrow and winding streets, such as the earliest Dutch burghers had located and enriched. Their last remains of houses had been but lately reconstructed in costly grandeur; when lo! in one fell night, by the hands of some incendiary, (if not by an explosion of a gas pipe,) the *whole area* of the primitive settlement of *the triangular and mazy city*, was prostrated in ruins.

Doubtless, this great evil will eventually turn to a lasting good —"from evil educing good." The new city to be erected upon the ancient Dutch plot, will be framed and formed upon wider and straighter streets, like all the rest of the city now is. Thus the reproach of the former model will be obliterated, and an entire city of graceful construction and beauty, will be erected; and all this for the consideration of leaving some of the present generation, *minus* in their expected fortunes; but all after generations, beneficiaries.

When the forefathers of the present race of inhabitants, were sufferers by the great conflagrations of 1776 and 1778, they felt as if ruin was perpetual; but behold how soon the evil was healed, and what was severely felt as a partial evil, become a universal good. The fire of September, 1776, which began on Whitehall slip, burned up all the houses on the western side of Broad street, and along Broadway down to the North river, to the number of 493 houses; and the next fire of August, 1778, which began upon Cruger's wharf, and consumed 50 more houses, devastated in the whole, all that part of *old* New York, not included in the present ruin. Thus in effect, *finally* extinguishing and obliterating, all the houses of the earliest settlers of New York; and forming an area in the whole, quite equal to *all* of the Dutch city of New York, which was originally comprised within the limits of Wall street, northward, and the Hudson and East rivers. Their loss then, though the houses were far inferior in value, was perhaps greater in amount of individual sufferings, than now. And yet, how soon did their sons pass by the loss, and greatly enrich their city and themselves.

Farewell now, a long farewell to the American city of the Dutch—farewell to "the Scout, Burgomasters, and Schepens," no longer there; farewell to your Rondeels and Stadt Huys; to your compact and mazy streets, no longer to be named in fame or song—farewell forever to your ancient, but now burnt out streets—Princess street, Duke street, Dock street, Mill street, and the great and little Queen streets, all—all irrevocably gone.

The former sufferers, unlike the present, had no reclamations from Fire Insurance Companies; but now, there are twenty-five Insurance Companies, with a capital of nine millions, and with an insurance *ad infinitum*. This last consideration of *boundless*

risk, has been their ruin, and must plead for a reform in future, else insurance is a broken reed—a rope of sand.

Some insurances were made out of New York; Tappan had $300,000 in London; the offices in Boston had $226,000 risk upon the destroyed property.

As many as three or four houses were blown up at essential points, to stop the progress of the flames. This measure was not resorted to sufficiently early, and when desired, could not be effected for want of powder. A vessel however lay in the stream loaded with the article, unknown to the citizens; finally Mr. Charles King volunteered to go over to the Navy Yard at Brooklyn, for a supply, and when he returned with sailors and marines, the blowing up went on fearfully and successfully. It quickly struck down the building, and left no flame, nor means of communication to other houses. They used two barrels of powder to a house.

Much fire was carried aloft through the air. It even communicated to roofs of houses at Brooklyn; and in one known instance, a letter and a note of hand, were transferred from a store on South street, to a house in Flatbush, five miles distant.

Notwithstanding all these losses, about which the pulpits were soon after engaged to make "their *improvements*," such as preaching from texts like these—"Is there evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it"—"And think ye these were sinners above all the rest upon whom the tower of Siloam fell." Yet at the same time, the gaiety and expenses of others, sons and daughters of pleasure, seemed unabated. Thus the gazettes of the day announced, that "the Bowery Theatre," on *Christmas night*, "had such great attractions, that nearly four hundred persons were unable to find admission;" "the Franklin Theatre was equally full and well conducted." "The lovers of sport are informed that the Long Island *dance*, which gained such unbounded applause on the evening of the 22nd of December, is now to be repeated in New York, on the evening of the 29th of December, at the Military Hall." At the same time, the dexterous thieves are entering several of the houses of the wealthy, by skeleton keys of great ingenuity, and bearing off their plate and jewels. The rich are really subjects of commiseration in New York. They have to live in such costly splendour, with such ineffective "helps;" and have such sad exposures to fire beyond other cities, that their state is *ill at rest* indeed. These merchants of New York live much like princes, and their dwellings are constructed and garnished like palaces. They essentially live up to the adage of "win gold and wear it." In proportion, however, as their honours have been displayed, they have, I imagine, diminished their essential comforts and fireside enjoyments.

It specially marks the peculiar destruction of the merchants' property, as a class, that out of the whole 528 houses destroyed,

there were only *twelve* families deprived of dwellings!—thus showing how very exclusively the merchants had supplanted the former Dutch burghers, and crowded their closely compacted *stores*, into one single cluster of business. If the calamity should serve to disperse this class of citizens in companies, so as to cast different branches of trade into other locations—a thing now very practicable, they may insure a rise of property wherever they may conclude to fix themselves, equal to their losses. This is well worth attention.

It is very remarkable, that while Philadelphia especially, and numerous other cities, have been forward to make appropriations for the sufferers, that it is found by actual examination upon the premises, that only *one family* has been found willing to accept of public charity. It is certainly very strange.

During the fire Hanover Square, which had been for a short time sought as a place of security for goods, piled up in the street, equal to 100 feet in length, 60 feet in width, and 25 feet high, came at last to be totally consumed; and consisting in general of the choicest and richest silks and laces, &c.

Midshipman Wilkins, the son of a chivalric father, covered himself with glory, in rescuing, at the peril of his life, an infant of a poor woman, whom he found crying in the street for succour. What a fine subject for grateful remembrance! He had been cashiered for insubordination, but President Jackson, upon hearing of this fact, reinstated him.

This fire has necessarily arrested many intended fashionable parties for the winter, and made a blank in many of the expected profits in the confectionary establishments. It seems too audacious, to be unseasonably gay.

Alarms of fire occurred every night whilst I tarried in New York, and I could not but remark, how very little concern people manifested for any fire which did not seem to be near. This is one of the evils of an overgrown city, as New York already is, although the pride and ambition of its citizens will make them to cover the whole island, as an area of 13,000 acres. What a city! and yet all the lots have been measured and sold, again and again, with speculation. It is now a fact, that while the large and expensive stores, which occupied the burnt premises, produced rents of two to four thousand dollars a year, that the same merchants who used them, had their dwellings a mile off, in fashionable grandeur; and while there, enjoying *otium cum dignitate*, they can neither know nor take any interest in the destruction of their *active capital*, located in the business quarter. This extremity in their case, calls for reform.

A fire which consumed two large stores, and occasioned a loss of $70,000, was perpetrated by an incendiary, the night before the great fire. Even the latter is quite as likely to have been from such a cause, as from the *supposed* (but unknown) accident

of a gas-pipe explosion. It is only conjectured; and at any rate, the possibility of bursting such pipes and devastating a whole city, is worth the timely and serious attention of Philadelphians, before *they* go too far in imitation of this foreign invention and embellishment, as it is called. We may take solemn warning too, and shun the pernicious imitation of four and five storied houses, producing nothing but ugly deformity in the perspective—with no adequate counterbalancing advantage.

If one could know all the cases of suffering by the calamity, we should perhaps find it too often among quiet and unobtrusive widows, females, and orphans, who had their investments in the Fire Insurance Companies, where the long tide of successful revenues and consequent high dividends of nine per cent, made them a favourite investment. Such persons must pay over their little all to the covered merchants and traders; for these, be it remarked, have been remarkably tenacious of keeping their current interests *insured.* I know one case of a widowed lady, a loser of $5000, and of her grand-daughter another $3000 more. In another family, three maidens and elderly women, orphans too, had their whole interest in insurance stock, and were weeping themselves sick, with apprehension and evil forebodings, after others had settled down to composure. Some persons would inculcate that all this calamity was a premeditated and purposed evil, inflicted by a Divine hand, and employing as its agent, an incendiary culprit. But if so, where is the discrimination among the sufferers —the evil and the good are *equally* involved, and even the Dutch church itself, erected to the worship of God, is among the ruins. Why not rather say, in the language of the Proverbs, that "time and chance *happeneth* to all men," and that it is the province of divine interposition, "from evil to educe good,"—good to those who will improve the occasion to note the uncertain tenure of the best earthly goods, and to lay up *their treasure* where thieves (like fire) do not break through and harm; or else evil to those, who utterly overlook the lessons which the losses and crosses of life should bestow to those that are exercised thereby. But this is, perhaps, speculating on religious premises, where I have no licensed charter for my opinion.

SUPPLEMENTAL NOTES.

The cause of so much unparalleled havoc, was that of *a fierce wind*—felt equally all the way to Philadelphia, which was blowing from the north-west during all the night; and besides this, the weather was too intensely cold, to admit of a due use of the engines and hose. In many places firemen could be seen beating their hose to prevent the formation of ice within them.

It was impossible to find firemen reckless enough to ascend ladders, which might be raised to the eves of houses, of four and five stories—and in narrow streets, the water played so high, necessarily fell back upon the people below. In such extremities, men had to stand useless gazers upon the destruction of their property.

Seventeen blocks, (squares,) containing houses of the largest and most costly construction, were consumed in one night. What an awful picture of the Great Assize, "when the elements shall melt with fervent heat!"

Explosions were often heard, resulting sometimes *purposely* from the use of gunpowder, and in other cases from the bursting of liquor casks, and from the presence of gunpowder held for sale. These when they occurred, were subjects of indescribable grandeur and terror—it set every bosom upon the *qui vive.*

How wonderful, that in so much just cause of personal apprehension and danger, only one person should have been wounded, and one other missing.

It was somewhat peculiar that the fire travelled so readily to *windward*, so that those who conveyed their goods and stored them for safety in the Merchants' Exchange, and the old Dutch church, should have had them overtaken, even there, by the consuming element, and wholly burned. The best refuge was found in the Bowling Green and Battery, where marine guards with fixed bayonets, gave them protection.

The several streets, after the fire, were seen for several days, choked up with rich merchandizes—all trampled under foot, and almost totally ruined. In short, thousands upon thousands of dollars in value, were lying wasted and whelmed in ruin.

Wall after wall, were seen or heard tumbling like avalanches to the ground, while flames were darting their tongues of fire, and were heard roaring from roofs and windows, along whole streets. At the same time, firemen worn out with over exertion, were still struggling for mastery over the storm of fire, which

seemed to revel in its power, and to mock all human skill and prowess.

The next day, all the city military were put under requisition, to be ready to protect property exposed, and to aid the civil authorities in the preservation of order and the civil rule.

It was curious to see occasionally, the harvest which occurred to the poor, and to strolling boys and girls. You could see the rag gatherers, crowding their sacks with scorched fragments of cotton and silk stuffs. In one place was the remains of a jeweller's store, in which ragged boys and girls were very busy searching for sundry trinkets. At the china stores, men, women, and children, were engaged raking among broken china and queensware, for small articles unbroken. In one such place, I saw and purchased, as a relic, an ewer in good state.

It seems strange, that so great a fire should not have been reported by any vessel arriving, as having been observed at sea.

One can see upon the eves of the northern side of Wall street, that several houses there, were intensely scorched with the fire from the opposite side of that street. What an awful career it must have run, had it succeeded to pass *that barrier*. Even the eves of the Tontine Coffee-house, so very high, and at least 130 feet from the opposite buildings, were quite scorched and charred with the flames. Houses up by the Exchange, had even their marble eves pealed and marred.

In naming sundry streets of olden time recollection, and bidding them a last *farewell*, [vide page 374,] the mind is led to consider how very strange it is, that even these first known names, should be all of English formation and origin, and that there should be so little remains of Orange Boven and the Fader land, *retained* by tradition or otherwise, of what must have been the first named streets in Nieuw Amsterdam. The *Hære Graft*, once the name of what is since the Broad street, and which was once literally "the Gentleman's canal," until ordered to be filled up in 1676; and the *Flatten barrack*, near it, which imported the sliding-down hill for the sledding boys and girls of the Dutch race; and the *Nassau* street, which joined to and continued the Broad street, are the sole names of Dutch origin which have come down to us.

An inspector of mason work has been talked of, also an intended restriction upon the elevation of houses, so as not to exceed 40 feet. Insurance offices too, have needed legislative checks, so as not to insure *illimitably*.

When I saw such masses of fallen walls, say of at least 500 houses at once, the bricks therein so much *dissevered* by the inconsiderate use of lime of *secondary* formation, it made me remember the much more *durable* condition of those "seventeen houses" of brick and stone, fired by the British in the revolution, between Philadelphia and Germantown, and which sustained their bare walls undiminished, as the people may remember, for

twenty and thirty years after the event; in short until they were picked down by sledge and pick. Should they condescend to try our *Plymouth* lime, they may find it to their lasting future benefit.

The New-Yorkers will hardly conceive of the interest which their fire will afford to others. They will probably omit the occasion to draw *the perspective* of the scene as it was; and it will be only after it is too late to draw it from actual observation, that any attempt will be made to give to persons at a distance, and to future visiters, and to their own posterity, the chance of seeing by delineation, the things as they were. What men can see every day as a spectacle, seems for the time of little worth to them, but there is a generation to come, which will "earnestly desire to look into these things."

It shall come to this hereafter, that they who have seen the catastrophe of New York, like those who may have seen that of Moscow, may go half a head taller among their cotemporaries. It was *the thing* of a century.

Only think of human ingenuity to gain a penny! I saw a *shanty tavern* of rough boards, actually erected amid the ruins, close by Hanover Square, and plenty of customers too,—even without a license.

The total loss by this great fire, has been eventually reported by the official examining committee, at the sum total of 17 millions; being 4 millions for houses, and 13 millions for goods. There is however some mystification in this report, which moves our special wonder, leaves us in the dark, and makes the whole uncertain still. It is stated that 528 houses were consumed; but out of all these, only 129 houses are positively certified as to their value; and these are set down at $1\frac{8}{10}$ millions, and their goods at $6\frac{1}{2}$ millions; thus making these 129 cases which is but about one fifth of the total, to be worth in value, *the half* of the whole loss; and at the same time, *exactly insured for precisely the same total value.* What a very queer result! If stated in figures in round numbers, it would stand thus, viz:

129 houses, at $14,000, is	$1,800,000
398 " at 5,000,	2,200,000
527	4,000,000
129 stocks of goods, at $50,000,	6,500,000
398 " 16,000,	6,500,000
527	$17,000,000

Such seems to be the result; but can it be true, that houses could possibly cost an average sum of $14,000 apiece. In Philadelphia, we know it to be a fact, that *four* storied brick houses are built by contract for about $3,000. Some on High street are constructed at that price; and Wistar's range, with copper roofs

and granite foundations, of 18 by 75 feet dimensions, and of best finish throughout, were done for $4,100 severally.

It was not till after the water gave out, say at 4 o'clock in the morning, that they resorted to blowing up houses. They used two barrels of 100 pound each, to each cellar, and then laid planks from them to the cellar door, laid over with straw, in which plenty of powder was sprinkled; the straw came out beyond the cellar door. This last had no powder in it, but a firebrand—all the doors and windows were closed. It showed no fire in blowing up—but lifted up and fell, and giving the earth a shake.

The place on Old slip, the "*Market*," was all a *water dock* when I first saw New York. I went up in a vessel *above* Water street. I went up then *into* the city, just as Coenties slip still remains a water dock, to about Water street.

Sales of Real Estate by Jas. Bleecker & Sons, Feb. 23, 1836—at their Sales room, 13 Broad street. The Real Estate of the late Joel Post.

1 lot on Wall street, corner Exchange Place, 28 feet 6 inches by 63 feet 6 inches, - - - - -	$66,500
1 lot on Wall street, adjoining above, 19 feet by 28 feet,	55,750
1 lot on Exchange street, 30 feet 5 inches by 54 feet,	46,500
1 lot on Exchange street, 29 feet 7 inches by 52 feet 9 inches, - - - - - - - - - -	41,000
1 lot on Exchange street, 20 feet 4 inches by 45 feet deep, running to a point, - - - - - -	18,100
1 lot corner of William street and Exchange Place, 25 feet 11 inches by 52 feet 5 inches, - - -	46,500
1 lot next but one adjoining, 39 feet 2 inches by 40 feet,	38,750
1 lot on William street, next to corner of Wall street, 17 feet 2 inches front, 11 feet rear, and 60 feet deep,	25,000
1 lot on Exchange Place, 32 feet 9 inches front by 55 feet deep, - - - - - - - - - -	36,500
1 lot adjoining, 26 feet 2 inches by 66 feet,	28,250
1 lot in rear, on Merchant street, 23 feet 6 inches by 52 feet, - - - - - - - - - -	24,250
1 lot fronting on Exchange Place and Merchant street, 20 feet 5 inches by 91 feet, - - - - - -	45,500
1 lot 20 feet 6 inches / 23 feet } by 88 feet, - - - - -	47,500
1 lot adjoining, 20 feet 6 inches / 24 feet } by 75 feet, - -	38,500
1 lot 20 feet 6 inches, / 24 feet } by 65 feet, - - - - -	37,750
1 lot 20 feet 5 inches on Exchange Place, 24 feet on Merchant street, and 60 feet deep,	44,250
1 lot corner of Exchange street and Pearl street, 19 feet 11 inches front, by 65 feet, - - - - - -	32,500

Amount brought forward, - - -	-$673,100
1 lot on Pearl street, 20 feet by 67 feet, - - -	29,500
1 lot rear on Exchange Place, 28 feet by 64 feet,	33,000
1 lot corner Exchange Place and Merchant street, 28 feet 7 inches front, 38 feet 7 inches rear, by 64 feet,	35,500
	$771,100

From such sales, effected so soon after the great disaster, we may see plainly enough, how little the burnt district was impaired in value; and how much, men of capital regarded the removal of former houses, as an improvement to the locality, and as an advantage to the whole city at large.

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